

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 236.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, May 6, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

"LEFT BEHIND;"

Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER I.

PAUL'S INTRODUCTION TO NEW YORK.

HE was a stray boy, with a very strange story. The two ragged boys, one of whom had a bundle of papers under his arm, and the other the outfit of a boot-black slung over his shoulder, thought that at the best he was stretching the truth to an alarming degree, even though his manner appeared to bear out what he said.

He had met these two boys at the corner of Cortlandt and West streets, in New York city, and had stated his case to them, believing that they could tell him what to do. This was the story he told:

The family, consisting of his father, mother, sister, and himself, had come from Chicago for the purpose of sailing in a steamer—which one he was unable to say—for Europe. They went directly from the cars to the pier, and had gone on board the huge vessel which was to be their home while

crossing the Atlantic. After they had been there some time, and he could see no sign that the steamer was about to start, he had asked his mother's permission to go on deck for the purpose of making the acquaintance of a boy about his own age, whom he had seen when they first came on board. The attempt at making the acquaintance was so successful that in five minutes they were firm friends, and in as many more had laid all kinds of plans for future enjoyment.

Both the boys claimed to excel in the art of mumblety



"HE SHOWED THEM TO PROVE THE TRUTH OF HIS STORY."

peg; but unfortunately neither one had a top with him. Then this one who was telling the story proposed that he should go on shore and buy two, while the other remained to inform the absent boy's parents where he had gone.

He had had some difficulty in finding a top to suit him, and he thought that he must have spent at least an hour in the search. When at last he had procured two good ones—and he showed them to prove the truth of his story—he was nearly as long again in finding his way back to the steamer. Not knowing the name of the vessel, nor the line to which she belonged, he was obliged to visit each pier in succession in order to find the right one.

Then, when from the appearance of the buildings opposite he knew that he was back again to the point from which he had started, he learned to his dismay that the steamer had been gone fully an hour. At first he could hardly realize that he had been left behind, while his parents had started on such a long voyage, and he could not account for the neglect of his newly made friend in not telling them that he had gone on shore, unless it was owing to the fact that he had neglected to point out his father, or to tell what his name was.

After he had fully realized that he was alone in a great city, with no means of providing himself with food and shelter, save through the medium of two very nice tops and six cents, he started in search of the depot which they had arrived at, intending to take the next train back to Chicago, providing the conductor would take his tops in payment.

But he could not find the depot, and at nearly seven o'clock in the evening he had stopped to ask advice from two boys of about his own age—neither one of them was over eleven years old—in the hope that they could straighten matters for him.

These two were very much inclined to doubt his story, until he showed the tops as proof, and even then they would have looked upon some portions of it as false had he not also produced the six cents, and with three of them stood treat all round to that sticky delicacy known as "pea-nut taffy."

Then they believed all he had told them, and, adjourning to a very broad door-step near by, they sat down to consult as to what it was best for him to do. To begin with, and in order that he might understand the case fully, one of the boys asked, as he struggled with the sticky dainty, "What's yer name?"

"Paul Weston," replied the stranger.

"Well, my name's Johnny Jones, though the boys call me Shiner," said the boy with the papers under his arm, "an' my chum here's named Ben Treat. Now you know us, an' we'll call you Polly, so's to make you feel more's if you was at home."

Paul was not certain just how far this nickname would go toward making him feel at home; but he did not venture to make any remark, preferring rather that his own condition, and how he could better it, should be the subject under discussion.

Johnny Jones told him at once that his idea of trying to get home by the cars, without money enough in his pocket to buy his ticket, was an impossibility, for he and Ben had tried riding on the cars without paying for it, even a short distance, and had always come to grief because of either the conductor or the brakemen, whom they looked upon as the natural enemies of boys. It was useless, therefore, to think of getting to Chicago in that way; and Johnny appealed to Ben to decide whether he was right or not.

"It's jest as Shiner says," replied Ben, rubbing the end of his nose thoughtfully. "You couldn't get as far as Newark in a week, 'less you walked, an' you'd better not try it."

"But what shall I do?" asked Paul, in such distress that even the candy failed to soothe him.

"I don't see but one way," said Johnny, gravely, as he took the lump of sweetness from his mouth, lest it should dissolve while he was not able to give it his undivided attention, and he thus lose a portion of the treat. "You'll have to stay here till yer earn money enough ter pay for a whole ticket."

"But how much will that be?" asked Paul, astounded at the careless way with which the boy spoke of such an undertaking.

"I don't know; but it'll be a good deal. We'll find out ter-morrer." Then Johnny turned his attention to the candy again.

"But I can't earn any money;" and now Paul was on the verge of crying.

"Of course yer can," replied Ben, decidedly. "Yer can sell papers like Shiner does, or yer can get a box an' go inter the same bizness I'm in. Ef yer smart yer'll git three or four dollars a week, 'cordin' to the weather."

Paul opened his eyes wide with surprise as this enormous amount was spoken of, and he almost forgot his grief in the visions of wealth that floated through his brain.

"Shiner an' I hain't got much money in our pockets," continued Ben, "'cause we're buyin' some real estate, an' we put it all in that 'bout as fast as we git it; but we can patch up an' lend you enough to start with, an' you can pay it back when you git the chance."

Surely Paul thought he was fortunate in having made the acquaintance of two boys who were so well off in this world's goods as Ben and Johnny, and his position did not seem nearly as bad as it had half an hour ago, even though it was nearly dark, and he had no idea where he should sleep that night.

He did not know, any more than his newly made friends did, that by telling his story to the police he would be taken care of until his relatives in Chicago could be telegraphed or written to, and he believed that he must depend upon his own exertions to get home. Therefore he eagerly accepted the generous offer.

"But where can I live?" he asked, as the thought came to him that even though a chance for making himself rich had suddenly presented itself, he was still without a home.

"Didn't Ben tell yer that we'd been 'vestin' our money in real estate?" asked Johnny, almost impatiently, and speaking rather indistinctly because of his mouth being so filled with candy. "We've got a place we bought of Dicky Spry, an' you can stay with us if you pay your share."

Paul was willing to go into any extravagance for the sake of having a home, provided his two tops and the three cents still remaining of his wealth were sufficient to make the first payment. This he told his friends.

"Shiner didn't mean that you was to pay it right down," said Ben, quickly. "After you get to makin' money for yourself all you've got to do is to buy your share of the things."

As that was only just, Paul agreed to it, and Johnny, who had by this time finished his share of the dark-colored mixture that was by courtesy called candy, started off to dispose of the papers he still held under his arm, while Ben led Paul away with him.

"Johnny has got to 'tend right up to biz," said Ben, in a half-explanatory way, "or else he'd get stuck, you know."

"Would he?" asked Paul, in evident alarm. "Who would stick him?"

Ben looked at this young gentleman from Chicago in surprise, and then pity. He could not understand how any one, and more especially a boy, could be so ignorant of the meaning of one of the most common words of slang. At first he looked as if he was about to reprove

such ignorance; but he evidently thought better of it, for he said, instead:

"I mean that he'd be stuck by havin' a lot of this afternoon's papers left over on his hands, an' he couldn't sell 'em to-morrow, you know."

Paul really looked relieved to find out that no worse danger threatened Johnny, and as he walked along with Ben the latter said:

"Yer see, Shiner would have been about through work if we hadn't met you, an' fooled away so much of our time. Now it 'll take him quite a while to sell out, an' so you an' I might as well go down to the house. I've had a pretty fair day's work, an' I'll get up such a supper as 'll make Shiner's eyes stick out more'n a foot."

Just then they were opposite a grocery store, and he went in to begin the work of making his companion's eyes stick out. It was with the air of one who felt able to purchase at least half the store contained, in case he should want to, that he ordered half a pound of bologna sausage, a pound of crackers, and two candles. He was also very careful to see that he was given full weight.

Paul was a little mystified as to what share the candles could have in extending Johnny's eyes; but he thought it better to await the course of events rather than to ask any questions.

When Ben had been served, and there had been quite a delay in paying for the articles, owing to his inability to count his money three times and have it amount to the same sum each time, he came out and completed his purchase by buying a quart of pea-nuts at a stand near by.

"There!" Ben said, with evident satisfaction, as he gave Paul one of the bundles to carry, "I guess when Shiner gets home, an' finds all these things, he'll think we're havin' a reg'lar party."

Paul agreed very mildly to this assertion, for he had not been accustomed to look upon such an assortment as much of a treat, and already he began to have vague misgivings as to the value of the real estate Ben had spoken of so proudly.

To the poor boy, tired as he was from the walking he had already done, and the excitement through which he had passed, it seemed as if they would never reach the place which Ben called home; for his guide turned up one street and down another until he was quite worn out.

"That's the place jest ahead there," said Ben, in a cautious whisper, as he halted at the corner of a street, and pointed to a small yard in the rear of what seemed to be a warehouse. "That's the place, but we've got to look out that nobody don't see us."

Paul believed that his companion referred to the building, and he was surprised to find it so large, yet why they had come around to the rear was more than he could understand.

"Now you keep right behind me, an' you come quick," said Ben, as he looked carefully around to assure himself that there was no one in sight.

Paul followed the directions carefully, wondering why one was obliged to use such precautions in getting to his own house, and Ben led the way, not into the building, but over the fence and down into the yard, where were stored empty boxes and barrels of every description.

As if he was perfectly familiar with the way, Ben went among the boxes, to the farther end of the yard, where there was a hogshead and a large packing-case close together. He pulled the case a few inches aside—for it had been placed directly in front of the hogshead—and whispered, "Get in quick!"

Paul obeyed, hardly believing that this could be the real estate his companions had spoken of, and Ben followed him, pulling the box against the hogshead again in a way that betokened considerable practice.

When one of the candles was lighted, and stuck into an empty ink-bottle that served as candlestick, Paul was able to see the interior, and he stared at it in surprise.

The case was evidently used as a place in which to keep their food, and as a sort of general store-house, for an old coat was lying neatly folded up in one corner, and opposite it were several tin cans, all showing more or less the marks of age, and in a battered condition.

The hogshead had been lined with old newspapers, and from the fact that quite a quantity of straw covered the bottom, it was easy to see that this was the sleeping-room.

"There!" said Ben, triumphantly, "you can stay here, an' live off the fat of the land, jest as long as you want to."

And Paul never realized that, if he had tried, he could not have hidden himself more completely from those who might be searching for him than by thus sharing the fortunes of these two Arabs of the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY CAMERA.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

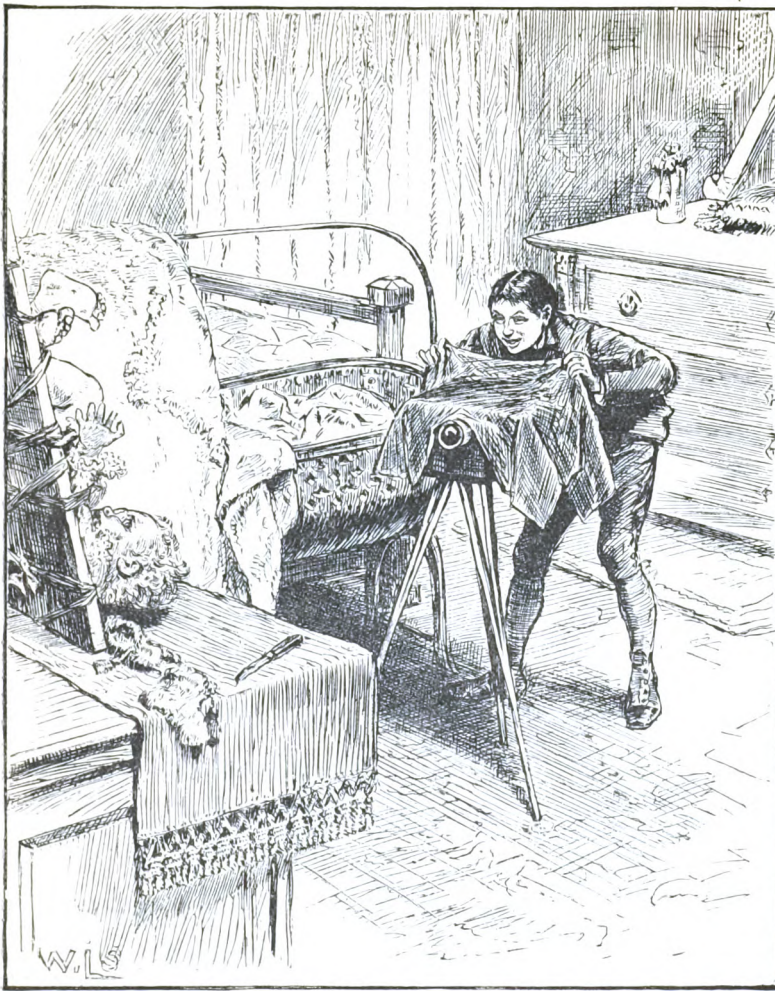
I HAD a birthday last week. When I woke up in the morning I found right by the side of my bed a mahogany box, with a round hole on one side of it and a ground-glass door on the other side. I thought it was a new kind of rat-trap; and so I got out of bed and got a piece of cheese, and set the trap in the garret, which is about half full of rats. But it turned out that the box wasn't a rat-trap. Mr. Travers gave it to me, and when he came to dinner he explained that it was a camera for taking photographs, and that it would improve my mind tremendously if I would learn to use it.

I soon found out that there isn't anything much better than a camera, except, of course, a big dog, which I can't have, because mother says a dog tracks dirt all over the house, and father says a dog is dangerous, and Sue says a dog jumps all over you and tears your dresses a great good-for-nothing ugly beast. It's very hard to be kept apart from dogs; but our parents always know what is best for us, though we may not see it at the time; and I don't believe father really knows how it feels when your trousers are thin and you haven't any boots on, so it stings your legs every time.

But I was going to write about the camera. You take photographs with the camera—people and things. There's a lens on one end of it, and when you point it at anything, you see a picture of it upside down on the little glass door at the back of the camera. Then you put a dry plate, which is a piece of glass with chemicals on it, in the camera, and then you take it out and put it in some more chemicals, the right name of which is a developer, and then you see a picture on the dry plate, only it is right side up, and not like the one on the ground-glass door.

It's the best fun in the world taking pictures; and I can't see that it improves your mind a bit—at least not enough to worry you. You have to practice a great deal before you can take a picture, and everybody who knows anything about it tells you to do something different. There are five men in our town who take photographs, and each one tells me to use a different kind of dry plate and a different kind of developer, and that all the other men may mean well, and they hope they do, but people ought not to tell a boy to use bad plates and poor developers; and don't you pay any attention to them, Jimmy, but do as I tell you.

I've got so now that I make beautiful pictures. I took a photograph of Sue the other day, and another of old Deacon Brewster, and you can tell which is which just as easy as anything, if you look at them in the right way, and remember that Deacon Brewster, being a man, is



"I DID GET A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE."

smoking a pipe, and that, of course, a picture of Sue wouldn't have a pipe in it. Sue don't like to have me take pictures, but that's because she is a girl, and girls haven't the kind of minds that can understand art. Mr. McGinnis—Tom's father—don't like my camera either; but that's because he is near-sighted, and thought it was a gun when I pointed it at him, and he yelled, "Don't shoot, for mercy's sake!" and went out of our front yard and over the fence in less'nasecond. When he found out what it was he said he never dreamed of being frightened, but had business down-town, and he didn't think boys ought to be trusted with such things, anyway.

I made a great discovery last week. You know I said that when you look through the camera at anything you see it upside down on the ground glass. This doesn't look right, and unless you stand on your head when you take a photograph, which is very hard work, you can't help feeling that the picture is all wrong. I was going to take a photograph of a big engraving that belongs to father, when I thought of turning it upside down. This made it look all right on the ground glass. This is my discovery; and if men who take photographs could only get the people they photograph to stand on their heads, they would get beautiful pictures. Mr. Travers says that I ought to get a patent for this discovery, but so far it has only got me into trouble.

Saturday afternoon everybody was out of the house except me and the baby and the nurse, and she was down in the kitchen, and the baby was asleep. So I thought I would take a picture of the baby. Of course it wouldn't

sit still for me; so I thought of the way the Indians strap their babies to a flat board, which keeps them from getting round-shouldered, and is very convenient besides. I got a nice flat piece of board and tied the baby to it, and put him on a table, and leaned him up against the wall. Then I remembered my discovery, and just stood the baby on his head so as to get a good picture of him.

I did get a beautiful picture. At least I am sure it would have been if I hadn't been interrupted while I was developing it. I forgot to put the baby right side up, and in about ten minutes mother came in and found it, and then she came up into my room and interrupted me. Father came home a little later, and interrupted me some more. So the picture was spoiled, and so was father's new rat-tan. Of course I deserved it for forgetting the baby; but it didn't hurt it any to stand on its head a little while, for babies haven't any brains like boys and grown-up people, and, besides, it's the solemn truth that I meant to turn the baby right side up, only I forgot it.

THE PLOT OF PONTIAC.

BY FRANCIS S. DRAKE.

THE long contest between England and France for the right to rule over North America, which lasted seventy years, and which brought untold misery upon the hapless settlers on the English frontier, was at last brought to an end. England was victorious, and in 1763 a treaty was made by which France gave up Canada and all her Western posts.

With the exception of the Six Nations, the Indian tribes had fought on the side of the French, whose kind and generous course had won their affection. But the claims to the country which they and their forefathers had always possessed were utterly disregarded by both parties. Said an old chief on one occasion:

"The French claim all the land on one side of the Ohio, and the English claim all the land on the other side. Where, then, are the lands of the Indian?"

The final overthrow of the French left the Indians to contend alone with the English, who were steadily pushing them toward the setting sun. Seeing this, and wishing to rid his country of the hated pale-faces, who had driven the red men from their homes, Pontiac, the great leader of the Ottawas, determined—to use his own words—"to drive the dogs in red clothing" (the English soldiers) "into the sea."

This renowned warrior, who had led the Ottawas at the defeat of General Braddock, was courageous, intelligent, and eloquent, and was unmatched for craftiness. Besides the kindred tribes of Ojibbewas, or Chippewas, and Pottawatomies, whose villages were with his own in the immediate vicinity of Detroit, a number of other warlike tribes agreed to join in the plot to overthrow the English. Pontiac refused to believe that the French had given up the contest, and relied upon their assistance also for the success of his plan.

All the English forts and garrisons beyond the Alleghanies were to be destroyed on a given day, and the defenseless frontier settlements were also to be swept away.

The capture of Detroit by Google was the task of Pontiac

himself. This terrible plot came very near succeeding. Nine of the twelve military posts on the exposed frontier were taken, and most of their defenders slaughtered, and the outlying settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia were mercilessly destroyed.

On the evening of May 6, 1763, Major Gladwin, the commander at Detroit, received secret information that an attempt would be made next day to capture the fort by treachery. The garrison was weak, the defenses feeble. Fearing an immediate attack, the sentinels were doubled, and an anxious watch was kept by Gladwin all that night.

The next morning Pontiac entered the fort with sixty chosen warriors, each of whom had concealed beneath his blanket a gun, the barrel of which had been cut short. His plan was to demand that a council be held, and after delivering his speech to offer a peace belt of wampum. This belt was worked on one side with white and on the other side with green beads. The reversal of the belt from the white to the green side was to be the signal of attack. The plot was well laid, and would probably have succeeded had it not been revealed to Gladwin.

The savage throng, plumed and feathered and besmeared with paint to make themselves appear as hideous as possible, as their custom is in time of war, had no sooner passed the gateway than they saw that their plan had failed. Soldiers and employes were all armed, and ready for action. Pontiac and his warriors, however, moved on, betraying no surprise, and entered the council-room, where Gladwin and his officers, all well armed, awaited them.

"Why," asked Pontiac, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?"

"To keep the young men to their duty, and prevent idleness," was the reply.

The business of the council then began. Pontiac's speech was bold and threatening. As the critical moment approached, and just as he was on the point of presenting the belt, and all was breathless expectation, Gladwin gave a signal. The drums at the door of the council suddenly rolled the charge, the clash of arms was heard, and the officers present drew their swords from their scabbards. Pontiac was brave, but this decisive proof that his plot was discovered completely disconcerted him. He delivered the belt in the usual manner, and without giving the expected signal.

Stepping forward, Gladwin then drew the chief's blanket aside, and disclosed the proof of his treachery. The council then broke up. The gates of the fort were again thrown open, and the baffled savages were permitted to depart.

Stratagem having failed, an open attack soon followed, but with no better success. For months Pontiac tried every method in his power to capture the fort, but as the hunting season approached, the disheartened Indians gradually went away, and he was compelled to give up the attempt.

In the campaign that followed two armies were marched from different points into the heart of the Indian country. Colonel Bradstreet, on the north, passed up the lakes, and penetrated the region beyond Detroit, while on the south Colonel Bouquet advanced from Fort Pitt into the Delaware and Shawnee settlements of the Ohio Valley. The Indians were completely overawed. Bouquet compelled



"THE LONG-LOST CHILD WAS RESTORED TO THE MOTHER'S ARMS."

them to sue for peace, and to restore all the captives that had been taken from time to time during their wars with the whites.

The return of these captives, many of whom were supposed to be dead, and the reunion of husbands and wives, parents and children, and brothers and sisters, presented a scene of thrilling interest. Some were overjoyed at regaining their lost ones; others were heart-broken on learning the sad fate of those dear to them. What a pang invaded that mother's breast who recognized her child only to find it clinging the more closely to its Indian mother, her own claims wholly forgotten!

Some of the children had lost all recollection of their former home, and screamed and resisted when handed over to their relatives. Some of the young women had married Indian husbands, and, with their children, were unwilling to return to the settlements. Indeed, several of them had become so strongly attached to their Indian homes and mode of life that after returning to their homes they made their escape and returned to their husbands' wigwams.

Even the Indians, who are educated to repress all outward signs of emotion, could not wholly conceal their sorrow at parting with their adopted relatives and friends. Cruel as the Indian is in his warfare, to his captives who have been adopted into his tribe he is uniformly kind, making no distinction between them and those of his own race. To those now restored they offered furs and choice articles of food, and even begged leave to follow the army home, that they might hunt for the captives, and supply them with better food than that furnished to the soldiers. Indian women filled the camp with their wailing and lamentation both night and day.

One old woman sought her daughter, who had been carried off nine years before. She discovered her, but the girl, who had almost forgotten her native tongue, did not recognize her, and the mother bitterly complained that the child she had so often sung to sleep had forgotten her in her old age. Bouquet, whose humane instincts had been deeply touched by this scene, suggested an experiment. "Sing the song you used to sing to her when a child," said he. The mother sang. The girl's attention was instantly fixed. A flood of tears proclaimed the awakened memories, and the long-lost child was restored to the mother's arms.

THE EMPEROR'S GOLDEN PIPPINS.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

WHETHER the pippins were called golden because they were yellow or because they were precious I do not know.

I do not know, either, whether the Emperor was really fond of them. The forester said that he was; and every autumn, or rather every other autumn—for the tree bore fruit only once in two years—the apples were carefully picked, and sent off to the royal palace at Berlin. Around Friedmansdorf nobody doubted that the Emperor ate every one, not sharing them even with the Empress Augusta or the royal grandchildren.

As the apples grew large and ripe the forester's sons, Fritz and Paul, watched them by day and night, turn and turn about, with Bismarck, their great dog. No one could steal the apples, Fritz declared, so long as they were by, and so long as Bismarck remained the biggest and ugliest dog in the village. Fritz, however, forgot that Paul was not so watchful as himself, and that there was one boy with whom Bismarck was on the best of terms.

Everybody said that Hans Schmidt, the blacksmith's son, was a bad boy; and as Hans certainly did a great many bad and foolish things, I suppose they must have been right. No one knew, however, how bad he was, or that he could do so wicked and daring a thing as to steal the Emperor's

golden pippins. And yet that was what Hans had meditated doing for a long time.

It was the forester's favorite remark which first put the idea into his head. "Do you see that tree?" the forester was accustomed to ask visitors. "That is the Emperor's American apple-tree. It is the only one of its kind in Europe, and the apples are worth as much to me as twenty marks apiece. Only they are never sold; they are barrelled up, and sent to the Emperor at Berlin, and his Imperial Majesty eats one every night before going to bed."

Hans, with the rest of the villagers, never doubted this story for an instant, and really imagined that by taking the apples to any shop in Berlin he could get the price which the forester set upon them. The tree was not a large one, but there were easily a hundred apples on it, and twenty times one hundred would be—how many? Hans was not a quick scholar, and it took him some time to figure out that if he sold all the apples at that price he would make 2000 marks. With that sum he would go to America and buy a whole orchard of the same kind of trees.

Hans had no difficulty in finding what night Paul would be on guard, and it did not hinder his plans any that Paul had been kept awake all the night before by a bad toothache. When Hans drew cautiously near, in the gray dawn of the morning, Paul was lying under another tree, some distance off, sound asleep. Bismarck wagged his tail as Hans came up. There was a sort of sympathy between the two: both were ugly, and both were supposed to be bad.

Throwing down his coat to catch the apples as they fell, Hans swung himself up into the boughs and began to pick the tempting fruit. "Twenty marks!" he said to himself as the first apple dropped on the coat below; "forty!" as the next one fell; "sixty!" when the third joined its companions; and then Hans's mental arithmetic gave out, and he went on picking without regard to the increasing value of the golden heap. Such as he could not reach he knocked off with a stick, until by-and-by, excepting two or three on a top branch, the tree was stripped.

Then Hans got down to gather up his spoils. He did not need a basket or a bag, for had he not pockets and sleeves to his coat, and pockets also in his trousers? And by using these convenient receptacles might he not turn his garments into a bag? At any rate, that is what he proceeded to do, and presently he fairly bulged with apples. Not only were his jacket sleeves and trousers pockets filled, but his shirt front was also stuffed, while those that remained he tied up in his pocket-handkerchief, making a bundle so large that he could scarcely carry it.

All that now remained was to get the apples to Berlin, and sell them at the forester's price. There were 109 of them: that would be 2180 marks. Not even the Rothschilds, Hans thought, could be as rich as that.

But so far from going to Berlin with his treasure, Hans did not get twenty yards away from the tree. For as he sneaked off into one of the least-trodden alleys that led into the deeper forest, he met face to face the forester's son Fritz. At that moment also Bismarck came running up, barking as furiously as though he were the most active and watchful dog in the world.

Fritz gave a quick glance from the bag in Hans's hand to the tree. "Ah," he cried, seizing the boy by the collar, "miserable thief! you have stolen the golden pippins. Where was my brother? Paul! Paul! while thou didst sleep, Hans Schmidt has robbed the Emperor's tree."

Paul rose with a start, and Bismarck lifted up his voice and howled, as if protesting that he had been a good and vigilant dog. Fritz was too much occupied, however, with his prisoner to mind either the dog or his brother.

"Come along," he said, threateningly, dragging the boy by his collar; "I'll take you first to your father, and let him see what you've done. Then you'll go to jail."

It was not far to the blacksmith's shop, which stood at

the edge of the wood, but Hans wished it were farther. For the first time he realized what he had done. He had been, he knew, a thief. The father had never done a dishonest thing in his life, and wanted his boys to grow up honest too. What would he say when he knew that his son had stolen the Emperor's golden pippins?

"Herr Schmidt," cried Fritz, rudely, "your son Hans has stolen the apples from the Emperor's tree."

The blacksmith looked as though he did not quite understand the news.

"What is that, Hans?" he said, slowly. "It is not true that thou art a thief?"

But Hans began to cry.

Paul held up a sleeve of the coat, which he had thrown down at the foot of the anvil, and an apple rolled out.

The blacksmith bent his head.

"My son a thief!" he cried—"my son a thief!"

Hans dug his fists in his eyes. "It was to go to America," he sobbed. "The forester himself said they were worth twenty marks each. With that I could buy a whole forest of such trees in America, and then Wilhelm and I need not be soldiers."

Fritz laughed again, as he drew Hans toward the door.

"Thou wilt never be a soldier, Hans," he said. "Thou wilt serve the Emperor with a chain around thy foot, and a ball at the end of it. Come, now," urging the boy with a more vigorous pull, "we must go to my father's. You had better come too, Herr Schmidt, though it will not do any good."

So the blacksmith went sorrowfully along with Fritz and Hans to the forester's. And in an hour or two it was known all through the village that Hans Schmidt had been sent to jail in Berlin for stealing the Emperor's golden pippins.

After his father had gone away, Paul wandered into the forest, with Bismarck at his heels, both looking equally miserable and dejected. He had not realized it at first, but it was his fault that the apples had been stolen. Paul felt mean when he thought how ready he had been to accuse Hans. He and Hans had been playfellows, and Hans had fished him out of the canal once when he might have drowned.

If he had not slept, they would still be on the tree, and it would be his fault if his father should lose his place, and they should all go to jail. Indeed, that seemed not unlikely. But what could be done to prevent it? It was an offense committed against the Emperor himself. No one but the Emperor could pardon it. A bright thought flashed into his brain. He would go to Berlin and see the Emperor.

He had never been to Berlin in his life, and had not the least idea where the Emperor lived. But he had a tongue in his head; he could ask the way. And he could tell the Emperor how it was his fault that the apples had been stolen, and ask that he might be punished instead of his father and—Hans. Yes, instead of Hans.

So, ordering Bismarck back—it would never do to take so ugly and fierce a dog into the Emperor's palace—he started out bravely.

In less than three hours he had entered Berlin by the Brandenburg Gate, and made his way to the statue of the great Frederick. And there too must be the palace—the great building to the right.

But around the base of the statue stood a number of people, most of whom were waving pieces of paper wildly in the air. Paul could not imagine what they were about, and wondered if all of them were crazy. But as no one else was near, he ventured to speak to one of them who seemed less violent than the rest.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "how I can see the Emperor?"

The man stared, but did not stop waving. "See the Emperor! How can a boy like you see him, when I've

been trying for thirty years, and haven't succeeded yet? Ha!" he suddenly exclaimed. "He sees us!" and then all the people waved their bits of paper even more frantically than they had done before.

Paul wondered what it all meant. He looked curiously at one of the windows of the palace, and saw behind the sash, partly obscured by the curtains, the figure of a man. "You don't mean to say—" he began.

"Yes, I do," shouted the man; "it's the Kaiser himself. And he will send an officer out presently. If you've got any petition, take it out and wave with the rest of us. Every one helps."

Paul's heart beat hard and fast.

"But I haven't any written," he cried. "I didn't know about this."

"Go write it, then," the man exclaimed; "there's a shop yonder where you can get paper and ink."

Paul ran as though he had wings to his feet, and in a moment was supplied with paper and ink at the shop. What it all meant he did not yet understand.

"What am I to do?" he asked, helplessly, of the woman who kept the shop.

"Ah!" she said, readily taking in the situation, "you want to write a petition? Very well! Address it 'To his Imperial Majesty Wilhelm III., King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany,' and then go on and tell him what you want just as simply as you can."

There was no time to lose. Paul followed her instructions until he finished the address. Then without waiting to choose his words, he told how, while he neglected his duty, the golden apples had been stolen. "But it was not Hans's fault, your Majesty," he wrote, "nor the fault of my father, the forester. If I had been awake, the apples would not have been stolen. And so I pray do not take away my father's place nor punish Hans, but punish me, for I am the real thief."

When he had finished, Paul was afraid that he might be too late. But no; the people were waving their hands as wildly as before. Presently they gave a shout, as the door of the palace opened, and out came a uniformed officer. Paul held his paper out with the rest. It was so small: would the officer notice it?

Every one bowed low as he approached, but Paul feared that if he bowed the officer would not see him, so he tried to make himself as tall as possible, and looked the great man in the face. The officer stopped a moment, pleased perhaps with the manly look of the lad. "Well, my boy," he said, "what is it that you want?"

"That the Emperor will send me to jail, sir," he said.

The officer stared. This was a most unusual request.

"What!" he exclaimed. "What did you say?"

"That the Emperor would send me to jail, sir, in place of Hans Schmidt, who has stolen the golden pippins."

"The golden pippins!" echoed the officer, more puzzled than before.

Paul nodded. "Yes, sir," he said, "those that grow on the American apple-tree in the forest of Friedmansdorf. My father is forester there, and while I slept the apples were stolen. It was not my father's fault. I had no business to sleep—that is all."

A ray of light dawned on the officer's mind.

"And rather than have your father lose his place you will go to jail. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir; that is it. It is all here in the petition."

The officer took the paper, and slowly stroked his beard. "That is very strange!" he said. "You had better come along with me."

Paul followed the officer across the broad Platz to the door of the palace. Passing through the wide halls, he found himself at length in a spacious room, where he was bidden to take a seat. Others were waiting in the same room—elegantly dressed officers, distinguished-looking gentlemen, none so poor as himself—who looked curi-



"MY SON A THIEF!" HE CRIED—"MY SON A THIEF!"

ously at Paul as he perched himself on the edge of a luxurious chair. Paul did not have long, however, to wait. Presently his conductor came for him again, and ushered him out of this apartment into another and smaller one adjoining, where there were only a few gentlemen. One, who was very tall, very straight, and very old, held in his hand a paper, which Paul recognized as his own.

"This is the boy, sir," said the officer, respectfully.

The old man eyed Paul sharply, but not unkindly, from underneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"And so you neglected your duty, and went to sleep?"

Paul turned crimson. If it had seemed wrong to him before, how much worse it looked now!

"Yes, sir," he faltered. That was all he could say.

"And you want to be punished for it?"

"I don't want my father to lose his place," stammered Paul. "It was my fault, not his."

"And what became of the apples?"

"Oh, my father has them. They were not taken away."

"Then they were not stolen at all."

"Well, sir, they were picked."

The old gentleman hesitated a moment.

"What kind of apples are they?" he asked, absently.

"Why, sir, they are the Emperor's golden pippins. He eats one every night, you know, before he goes to bed."

Every one in the room smiled. Paul did not see why.

"And are they good?"

"I do not know, sir," said Paul. "I never ate one."

"And yet the tree has grown in the forest for years! Has no one in Friedmansdorf ever eaten one?"

"No one, sir. They are always sent by my father to the Emperor here in Berlin."

"And your father has all which the boy picked?"

"Yes, sir, every one."

"And you wish to be punished in the boy's place?"

Paul hesitated a moment. He had no business to have slept. Hans had pulled him out of the canal. If Hans were punished, Herr Schmidt, who had always been kind to him, would be heart-broken. If Hans got off, he might learn from it never to steal again, while as for himself—well, he deserved to be punished anyhow. "Yes, sir," he cried, bursting into tears.

The old man laid his hand on the boy's head. "Go home, my lad," he said; "there is no harm done; no one shall be punished. Only do not sleep again; and tell the boy—I will see that he is set free—that he must not steal."

How he got out of the room and back to Friedmansdorf Paul never knew. He had a dim recollection of thanking the old gentleman, and following the officer once more through the halls, and walking as in a dream back over the road he had trodden in the morning. But he was not quite sure—not sure even that he had been to Berlin, until that evening Hans appeared at the cottage, and told them sheepishly that the Emperor had sent word to the magistrate to let him go free.

The forester heard Paul's story with grave surprise.

"Thou must have seen the Emperor himself," he said, in a tone of awe, when Paul had finished.

But Paul shook his head. "Oh no," he said; "it was not the Emperor. The Emperor would have sat on a golden throne, with a crown on his head; and this was only a man like thyself, father, except that he was older and taller. And, besides, he did not know anything about the golden pippins."



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 426

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

OH, Mamma! Arthur cried, just look
At this in my new picture-book!
It's all about some awful fight
Between a dragon and a knight.

That's brave St. George, who, stories say,
Did once a fearful dragon slay.

How was it?—tell me, Arthur cried,
With open mouth, and eager-eyed.

In Egypt, stories tell, of old,
A fiery dragon made his hold
By a great city, and spread fear
O'er all the region far and near.
His feet were armed with mighty claws,
And flame and smoke breathed from his jaws;
He had great scales upon his back
To shield him against all attack;
His eyes did like a furnace glow,
And where he breathed no grass would grow.
He was so terrible and strong
That every one who passed along
The road near which his cavern lay
The monster seized and bore away.
For miles outside the city gate
He made the country desolate,
And all the land a waste became,
As if it had been swept by flame.

So worse and worse the terror grew,
Till one sad day the dragon flew
Above the city, and declared
(For he could speak), None shall be spared,
Unless you send me, every day,
A youth or maid to be my prey.

Then wailing rose on every side;
The dragon could not be defied;
And youths and maids cast lots to know
Which victim should be first to go.

It falls on Sabra fair, the king's
Own daughter, and the city rings
With lamentations. Pure and sweet,
They lead her through the mourning street.
When, hark! a bugle sounds without;
The watchman sends an answering shout:
A strange knight at the city gate!
Perchance a champion, not too late,
Who this fell dragon comes to slay.

Throw wide the gate without delay!
The king commands—'tis quickly done.
In rides the knight, and sure the sun
Ne'er shone upon a goodlier one!

The mournful story soon is told:
The way! exclaims the warrior bold;
Show me the way; a Christian knight
Has naught to fear in such a fight.

A valiant English knight was he,
A very prince of chivalry,
Who, for great deeds of valor famed,
St. George in after-times was named.
Alone—he asked no help of men—
He sought the dragon in his den;
And back, before the fall of night,
He rode victorious from the fight;
On saddle-bow, all dripping gore,
The dragon's ghastly head he bore.
They placed it, joyous and elate,
A trophy o'er the city gate.

Once more the country bloomed; again
The busy ways were thronged with men;
And often was the story told
Of how the Christian warrior bold
Slew the great dragon in his den.

The story finished, Arthur said:
Mamma, are all the dragons dead?
I wish I was just such a knight,
With dragons all around to fight;
How quick I'd track them to their den!
I might have been Sir Arthur then.

Ah, child, the mother softly said,
Her hand upon his curly head:
The world has many a dragon Wrong;
And when my boy grows big and strong,
I hope he'll be a valiant knight,
A foe to wrong and friend to right.

I s—p—o—se s—o, was the slow reply:
That sounds big too; but, Mamma, I—
I'd rather be a real knight,
And with a real dragon fight.
You know, I s'pose; but I don't care,
I b'lieve there's some left yet somewhere;
And when I get to be a man,
I'm going to find 'em if I can.

S. S. C.

A TRAP FOR FISH.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MANY of the boys and girls who live near the sea-side are interested in making and stocking aquariums, and many, no doubt, have experienced the same difficulty which I did when I used to stock aquariums myself.

I always found that the scoop-net which we use to catch the fish with is good enough for certain kinds of minnows, but there are others which are too lively or too shy to be caught in that way; so I set to work to devise some plan for their capture. I claim no originality for this trap—it is hundreds of years old; but as it answered my purpose better than anything else, I used it. The way I made it was as follows:

I took a piece of wire netting about three feet square, and bent it so as to form a tube three feet long and about one

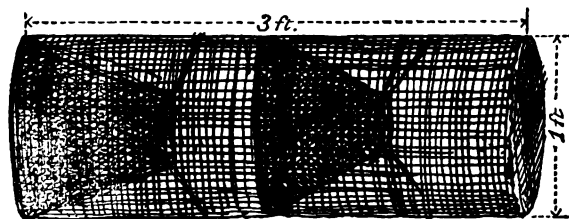


FIG. 1.

foot in diameter (Fig. 1). I then took two other strips of wire netting, three feet long at the top, one foot wide, and two feet at the bottom (Fig. 2); these I bent into funnel shape. I sewed one funnel in about the middle of my cylinder, and another in one end, as shown in Fig. 1, strengthening them in their position with strings from the small ends to the sides of the cylinder. The other end of the cylinder I closed with a piece of strong bagging, so sewed on that there was a space left at one side which could be untied when I wished to empty the trap.

The manner of setting the trap is as simple as its manufacture. A handful of clams or mussels, crushed so that the minnows can get at the flesh, is thrown in between the first and second funnels. The fish, little crabs, small

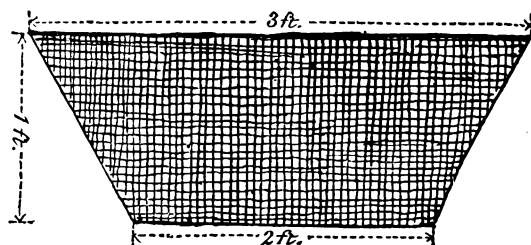


FIG. 2.

eels, and the like, go in, and when they try to get out they find it much easier to swim through the second funnel than to find the small hole in the first. I have had several of these traps, or "pots," as the fishermen call them, in operation at one time, and have caught as many as half a bushel of small fish in one night.

The trap can be made by making a frame of hoops and lath, and covering it with mosquito netting, but it is not as desirable as the fine wire, being more easily torn.

THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

KATY TAMES THE WILD DOGS.

WHEN half-way down the hill on their return they saw Katy, who had been at the beach, wave her handkerchief, and turn to come and meet them. At the same instant they caught sight of wolfish figures stealing along among the rocks and bushes at the base.

"The wild dogs!" both exclaimed, in the same breath, and both felt their blood stop flowing for an instant, for in a minute or two more Katy, unconscious of her danger, would meet the brutes, and indeed she must do so before they could get there to help her.

They shouted to her, as they hurried at full speed down the rough ledges; but she did not hear or did not understand them, and then they lost sight of both her and the dogs behind some bushes. A moment later they saw her again, but with what surprise!

The girl stood in the middle of a smooth grassy plat, facing the three dogs, which were gathered in a little group, the largest one in front, only a few feet from her. They were all silent, and the big one was stretching his neck forward, and debating whether he dared go closer to the girl's outstretched fingers. Katy caught a glimpse of the boys, and quickly raised her right hand, as though signing to them not to advance; but she never took her eye off the animals, nor ceased to speak to them in coaxing tones, while she held out her left hand beckoning them to come nearer. Thus far this had had no effect. The big leader of the pack could not make up his mind to trust her, though as yet he showed no disposition to attack.

"What shall we do?" Aleck whispered to Tug, in an agony of suspense. "She can't keep that up long. Let us rush in."

"All right," Tug whispered back. "But we must get a stone or a club! 'Twon't do to go at 'em empty-handed."

Clubs were not handy, but each took a heavy stone in his hand, and began a stealthy advance. At that same instant they saw the largest dog begin to wag his tail slowly, while one by one, as it were, the hairs upon the back of his neck were lowered. The lads halted, and watched the scene with astonishment and anxiety. Katy still spoke coaxingly, and at last took a gentle step forward. The dog, though suspicious, still wagged his tail. She quietly walked backward three steps, and sat down upon a bowlder—an action which the young dogs imitated by sitting down themselves.

"Good dog! fine fellow! come here; come, Tiger," she said, over and over, changing the name every time in hopes of hitting some one that might have been this mastiff's before he was an outcast. Finally, as she sat there with her eyes fixed steadily on his, and beginning to feel very tired, the dog's big square face suggested a picture she had seen of a general just then beginning to be famous in the annals of war.

"Why, General!" she called out, in confident tones, "don't you know me? and don't you want a bone? Good old General!"

The dog looked at her intently for a moment, and there was a puzzled look in his eyes. The name, evidently, was familiar to him. He moved a step forward, and Katy knew instantly that she had hit it. His ears dropped, and he walked slowly up to the girl, and laid his great head, big as a tiger's almost, in her lap, while

his followers came nearer and nearer to her by slow advances.

"Well, I declare!" muttered Tug, in utter amazement, while Aleck was too astounded to say even that much. "I'm 'fraid we shall spoil that very pretty tea party unless we sneak round the other way; and I 'low two or three bullets in the gun would do no harm."

But their first movement was heard. The mastiff raised his head, lifted his mane, and sprang with a hoarse growl toward them. Katy was terribly frightened, but kept her presence of mind.

"General!" she commanded, sternly, "keep quiet! come back here, sir!" and the great dog, growling and showing his teeth, stopped his course, and slowly returned to his mistress.

"Boys," the girl called out, when she saw this, "go right along, and pay no attention to the dogs. When I see you safely near the house I'll come. Don't be alarmed for me."

"Come on, Tug," said Aleck; "the sister knows best."

Just before they reached the door they turned and saw her walking slowly toward them, the huge lean mastiff close by her side, quiet and submissive, while the whelp, that had never known, as the older dog had, what it was to have a human master, straggled along behind, apparently in great doubt whether his respected parent had not lost his senses.

Tug made haste to enter the house, and quickly appeared at the window with his gun at his shoulder, ready to shoot if the mastiff showed any signs of treachery; but he did nothing of the sort. Forty yards or so from the house, however, he declined to go any farther, and Katy, without once looking round, walked steadily on to the door, where her brother caught her in his arms, almost at the point of fainting, for the strain upon her nerves had nearly exhausted her strength.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ABANDONING THE ISLAND.

AFTER luncheon the three boys went over to inspect their old boat, and came back toward evening, bringing the oars, some straps of iron that had guarded her keel, the drag-ropes, and one or two other things. They had succeeded in pulling the boat ashore, but she was too badly damaged to be of any further use to them.

The next three days were passed in busily shooting and fishing, and in putting runners on the scow. These runners were simply strips of board which they had taken from the house, about fourteen feet long—the length of the boat's bottom—and four inches wide. With the iron from the sled runners and from their own boat they shod these boat runners rudely, and strengthened the frame.

During this time the dogs had been almost always within sight, and their near approach during the night would frequently awaken the sleepers in the cabin, Rex, of course, quickest of all. Katy was sure that if the animals could have been fed they would speedily have become tame; and when Tug proposed to shoot them for food, everybody protested, at least until they should be in a worse strait than now. Nevertheless it was probably fortunate for the mastiff family that it kept out of gun range, for Tug had rather less sentiment about him than the rest.

The departure took place upon the fifth day after Katy's taming adventure. The day before had been very cold, and during the afternoon a heavy wind had brought hosts of birds, so that they captured twenty snow-flakes, and shot over thirty cross-bills, red-polls, and other small-fry. These were placed on the roof as fast as obtained, where they froze solid, and thus kept fresh. This made Katy very happy of all, for she alone knew that everything was gone

* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

except about two messes of coffee and one potful of corn-meal mush.

"Now if we could only catch a big fish, we should be fixed grandly," said Jim, as he went out to look at the lines. When he came back, however, he wore the long face and empty hands of disappointment, but left the line in hope of taking something during the night.

At sunset the gale went down, the stars glistened like gems, and the frost showed no signs of ceasing. By the light of a great fire of drift-wood on the beach the little scow was partly loaded, and then all hands went for the last time to their mattresses of hemlock boughs. What was ahead they had little notion, but they were now used to peril, and eager to begin their journey.

Jim's early visit to his set line the next morning yielded him one small pickerel, while the traps gave a solitary snow-bird. These, with some other feathered mites, Katy cooked, while Aleck and Tug finished the packing. It was not a bad breakfast, you may think, for shipwrecked persons, but try it once for yourself—fish fried in bacon

until the fishermen of the next summer came and took them off, for, after all, they knew no different way of acting so long as they remained dogs, and therefore could not be blamed for their savagery, even though it was needful that our heroes should resist them.

The ice was in good condition, and they made fair progress, so that by noon the dusky line of the mainland was plainly visible ahead.

At last Jim called out that he couldn't skate another stroke, and threw himself down, utterly "done for." Aleck called a halt at once, and began to build a small fire—for fuel had not been forgotten. Nobody understood how fatigued they were by the unwonted exercise in their weak condition until they found that an hour's halt seemed of little account, and decided to make it two. After that they went on slowly and lamely until near sundown, by which time the island had almost disappeared, and the mainland was growing distinct. Then they camped, stewing snow-birds for supper, and making a big corn-meal cake, which was baked in the skillet. Lastly, beds were made up on the cargo, underneath the canvas, and all slept as well as they could.

The next day several hummocks stood in the way, and just about noon they came to a channel of open water about a mile wide. It was not rough, and they slid their boat over the edge of the ice without any difficulty.

"If we had only known enough to have made us a good boat of this shape before starting, we should have got along much better," Aleck told them, and they all agreed with him, talking it over while they picked a few small, lean, and very cool bird bones for luncheon before beginning the ferriage.

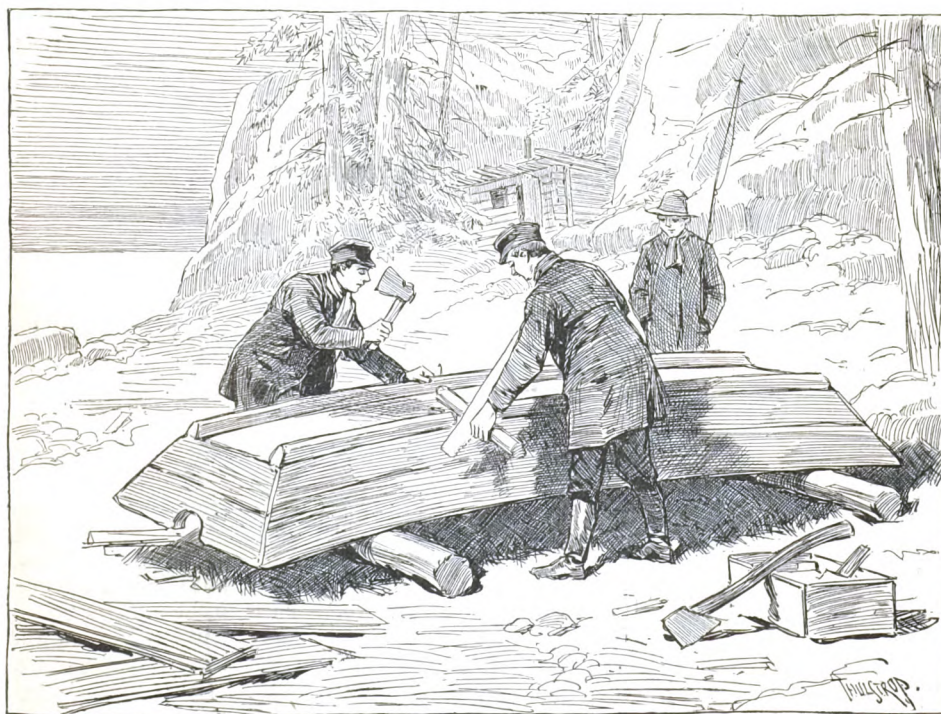
The load sank the weak scow so deeply that the water ran into cracks in her side despite their calking, and as they were afraid to embark the whole expedition, two trips were made.

This was slow and freezing work; and when finally all had got across, and had skated on about a mile, everybody was so cold and tired and sore that a camp was made under the shelter of a tall hummock. Aleck comforted the pride of the younger ones, who worried over their exhaustion, by telling them it was because they were so nearly starved. But this was poor consolation, they thought, so long as there seemed no chance for any increase in their supplies.

"Now," he remarked, "see what we have for supper to-night—two snow-birds and a small piece of corn-bread apiece. That would not make a full meal for one of us. If any accident prevents our getting ashore to-morrow, I don't know what we shall do, for we have only enough food for breakfast."

"That's roughest on me," said Tug, "for breakfast is my strong point. If I can have only one meal a day, I want to take it in the morning."

"That'll be your fix to-morrow, I guess," was the gloomy rejoinder.



REPAIRING THE OLD SCOW.

grease, some fragments of stewed snow-bird, and weak coffee. No bread, no butter, no potatoes, no green relish, no hot cakes, no anything except pickerel and weak coffee! But they thought it the best meal they had had on the island; and after a hasty washing and stowing away of dishes, they buckled on their skates, took their familiar places at the drag-ropes, and with a cheer started southward, steering by the compass.

Their old enemies came rushing down the hill-side as the expedition took up its march, and stood upon the beach, seeming greatly astonished at the departure of the people at the cottage. Rex barked an angry farewell, which caused them to race out upon the ice as though to punish him for his impertinence; but they stopped short of shot range, greatly to Tug's disgust, and presently turned and trotted back to land. The last that was seen of them they were crowding about the deserted house, trying to push their way into the door, or to break through the glass of the little window. I have no doubt they succeeded; and I hope, despite their ferocity, that they managed to exist



Pride in Distress.

Mistress Polly Poppenjay
Went to take a walk one day.
On that morning she was dressed
In her very Sunday best;
Feathers, frills and ribbons gay,
Proud was Mistress Poppenjay.

Mistress Polly Poppenjay
Spoke to no one on her way;
Passed acquaintances aside;
Held her head aloft with pride;
Did not see a puddle lay
In front of Mistress Poppenjay.

Mistress Polly Poppenjay
Harked to naught the folk could say.
Loud they cried, "Beware the puddle!"
Plump! She stepped into the middle.
And a pretty plight straightway
Was poor Mistress Poppenjay.

Mistress Polly Poppenjay;
From your pickle others may
Learn to curb their pride a little;
Learn to exercise their wit, till
They are sure no puddles may
Lie in front, Miss Poppenjay.

Howard Ryle.



H.P.



GRANDPA'S PICTURE AT YOUR AGE.

HERE it is upon this page,
Little grandpa at your age.

Rose-bud on the velvet coat,
Ruffles open at the throat.

Cheek and chin, and eyes of blue,
Somehow have a look of you.

Grandpapa, when he was young,
Had, like you, a merry tongue.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—We had such a charming time in our little school on the afternoon of Easter-Sunday that I must tell you of it. The little church, which is so tiny it looks like a room for size, still looks quite church-like, and was very sweet and lovely that afternoon with its wealth of fresh flowers—most of them wild ones, and brought by the scholars, who seemed so pleased to see them being used to decorate the church. There were many varieties, and some of those so lovely that I would be very glad if I were botanist enough to tell you about them. There were some limbs cut from a tree, or large shrub, that had, with the tender green leaves, large clusters of pinkish-white flowers about the size and shape of a snow-drop. These were perfectly lovely, as was a pure bright blue (not lilac) iris, that was so fragrant the whole church was filled with its perfume.

We had the usual evening service, and then Dr. R. read the Gospel for the day, from the twentieth chapter of St. John, and then talked to them, explaining the Resurrection. We then sang the hymn,

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won," etc.

The chorus is "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" so the Sunday-school call it always the "Hallelujah hymn." After this we read out the names of the scholars and their attendance since Christmas. It was pleasant to find how very regular the attendance had been, quite a number not having been away at all, and still more had lost only one Sunday. We had a card for every one, the best scholars getting the prettiest and largest, and then we had books for the good scholars. The cards and almost all the books I had saved from Christmas, knowing they would so much enjoy the prizes at Easter, and we like to mark out the seasons as they come. It would need an eloquent pen to paint a word-picture that would make you see the smiling faces that came up the little aisle as their names were called. Two pretty white girls, who come two miles, have failed to get here only one Sunday the whole winter. They were so happy to receive, and well deserved, the gift of a pretty prayer-book and hymnal in a case—one red and the other gray. Another was happy with a pretty Bible with a clasp. Some had story-books, nicely bound, and *Kate Greenaway* and *Captain Fritz* for the little ones. I can not tell you all, and perhaps you are now tired; but I must tell you that old Uncle Alfred got a nice prayer-book, with the print large enough for him to see; it had a red ribbon to mark the places, and I do not think there was a happier old dandy in the State than he was that day. Then there are three little boys, all nearly the same size, brothers, that are good little scholars, but such odd little fellows that they give us unconsciously a great deal of amusement. They were just delighted with their gifts, and could only think of one thing that would be nicer, and that would be a "live monkey."

We have now a singing class that meets twice

a month. A good many young people will enjoy and, we hope, be improved by it.

We have also started a sewing school. A friend sent us thimbles and a few spools of cotton, but as so many come, and seem so glad to learn to sew, crochet, etc., we shall be very glad to have you send us some pieces for them to use. They seem so willing to sew, and are so industrious, that our hope is to piece enough quilts to give one at Christmas to every family that comes to Sunday-school. They all need to be taught to sew and do nice work, and seem so glad to learn, and their mothers are very much pleased, and say they will come and help sew and make the "Sunday-school quilts." So if you, dear young people, who have already helped me to everything I have asked for, will send me now some pieces, etc., for this work, I shall be very glad indeed.

The only other thing I need is some very easy, simple readers. Every year we have new scholars. We have some discouragements, of course, but, on the whole, we have enough encouragement to make us feel that we are doing good, and we hope that in the end one little corner of the world will be better for it. Many thanks to you all for the generous help you have already given me, and, with love to you all, I am very truly your friend,
MRS. RICHARDSON.

BENSON, VERMONT.

To-day my mother was telling me of an incident which she saw, and I thought it might interest you. Her cat was a great hunter. One day she brought a chipmunk up before the house, and was tormenting it as cats will torment their prey. The little fellow appeared to be very much hurt. His legs seemed to be broken, and when he tried to run he would fall over and roll a few inches. At the lower end of the side of the yard was a fence; outside of this fence was a row of tall maple-trees. The chipmunk kept getting up and rolling toward the gate. At last he got almost to the gate; he got up, fell down, and rolled under the gate, and quicker than a wink he ran to one of the highest limbs of the nearest tree. There he sat, "Chir! chir!" a picture of triumph, and the outwitted cat sat below lashing her tail and looking as angry as a cat knows how to look.
J. HAWLEY A.

I have often thought of the above incident, and queried was it reason or instinct which caused the squirrel to feign himself so much hurt as to be unable to move. I wonder if you know what a blessing *YOUNG PEOPLE* is to tired mammas whose little ones hunger to be fed with amusing and instructive stories. We all, from papa to baby, welcome its visits.
MARY A.

Mrs. A. will pardon the publication of her letter, as she represents a great many mothers. Thanks to the bright laddie who has so pleasantly told about the clever chipmunk and his happy escape.

SPENCERTOWN, NEW YORK.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the beginning of this year, and I think it is a very nice paper. I go to school, and I am in the Fifth Reader. I am nine years old. I have three dolls—Mary, Jennie, and Belle. Mary is twenty-three years old. I have a sister and a brother, Fanny and Johnny.
CARRIE W. N.

The following essay does credit to its youthful writer, who has shown much industry in studying his theme:

THE CATACOMBS.

I suppose nearly everybody has heard of the Catacombs, but do not know whether everybody has understood what they are. Catacombs are subterranean, or under-ground places for burying the dead. Those of Egypt, from their vast size and extent and elaborate workmanship, are probably the most remarkable. The most ancient are those of the Theban Kings, the mountains around Thebes being mined by a very large number. It has been estimated that, when mummies were used, not less than four million mummies were entombed in the Catacombs of Egypt.

The Catacombs of Rome are also very remarkable, being immense quarries, which now extend under the seven hills of that city. These Catacombs were used as sepulchres by the plebeians, and during the persecution of the Christians under Nero and other Roman Emperors these places were crowded by people who could not live safely in the city. Bosio and several other men who spent a great deal of their time digging in the Catacombs have revealed a great many things about them. Some of the Popes and Emperors of Rome were entombed therein.

The Catacombs of Naples are larger than those of Rome. In the seventeenth century they were used as burial-places for people who died of the plague. The Catacombs of Syracuse are better preserved than any others, and are not so dark and gloomy as those of Naples and Rome. The Catacombs of Paris are not catacombs in the ancient sense. The excavations are three million metres square in extent, and it has been estimated that they contain the remains of three million human beings.
W. H. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl, and have taken your paper all this winter; I like it very much. As soon as I get enough numbers to make a good-sized book I am going to have them bound. I am very fond of reading the letters from the little children. I thought I would like to write one, and see how it looked in print. I have a pet cat, and am very fond of her, so I will write all about her. She is white, with a black tail and two black ears, so you see she is very pretty. She is very nice and gentle, and never scratches or bites. I have heard of many naughty cats that would eat poor little birds, but I don't think mine would eat one even if it were cooked. I heard of a cat that would sit in a chair and hold up a paper and pretend to read, just like a person, but don't think it is true, as I have tried it with mine and she always jumps down and runs away. I once dressed her up in my doll's clothes, and you don't know how cunning and funny she looked. I once tied a piece of cloth on her fore-paw; she went around on three legs, never trying to put the other one down, as she seemed to think she could not. I shall never do it again, for I don't think she liked it. I have her with me in the country in summer, and the boys will throw stones at her just to tease me. Can you tell me why boys will do these things? I think cats much nicer than boys; don't you?
E. L. M.

The naughty boys you speak of can not have read the Post-office Box. I prefer boys to cats, though I confess that some boys are very much too fond of thoughtless play. A boy who amuses himself by throwing stones at pussy, or by annoying a little girl, is very unmanly indeed.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am twelve years old, and have taken your paper for nearly three years, and like it very much. I go to school, and have only two more classes to go through. I have a little cat named Nellie, and when I come home from school, as soon as she hears my voice, she comes running to me. We have a mocking-bird, which has not sung much since the death of its mate, which we have stuffed. We have two canaries. We have a great many pretty plants in the house during the winter, among which is the cactus, which is very pretty; it looks like a head of cabbage with stalks of pretty pink flowers growing out of it. I have passed *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S* printing house in going over the Brooklyn Bridge. I am going to try and make some biscuit, and if it is a success I will send the receipt. I am afraid my letter is too long. I am the only daughter, and long very much for a little sister. With love to the Postmistress, I remain your constant reader,
CARRIE M. T.

LAMONT, MICHIGAN.

Do you think the boys and girls would like to know how we make maple sugar out here in Michigan? My cousin Fred makes it, and sometimes I go in the woods and help him. First we tap the trees (hard maple) by boring a hole in the north side of the tree, about three-fourths of an inch deep; under this we drive a spout, so as to lead the sap into the bucket. When the buckets are full, we go around with a horse and sleigh and gather the sap into a barrel, and take it to the camp, which is quite a large slanty, built of boards; an arch in one end and a lot of dry wood in the other. We sometimes have to stay and boil far into the night. Fred has papers to read, and it is quite pleasant there. One night an owl called on us, and asked who we were. When the sap is all boiled in, and quite thick, he takes it home, and my aunt cleanses it, and boils it again till it will grain, and it is turned into pans to cool. I wish you could all have some. One of the nicest things about it is when we are invited over to eat the warm sugar.
ARTHUR E. L.

I am very glad when my boys tell about what they are doing, or what is being done by others in their neighborhood. This maple-sugar letter is really so sweet that it makes us wish we could enjoy the fun of sugaring off in the woods as some of you do who live where the maples grow.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I am sending you a story I made up, and I hope you will print it.

One evening in the sultry month of August I was sitting in the hammock on the piazza, when I heard a faint sound like music, very sweet. It came nearer and nearer; the music was so lovely that I jumped from my seat and ran down the gravel-walk to find where it came from. When I had gone a little way I saw under a shrub a little door about four inches high, and to my surprise I found I could get through it. I opened the door, and what do you suppose I saw?—the most beautiful garden that ever was! There was a large sign in gold over a gate of flowers at the entrance, with these words written in silver, "Entrance to Fairy-Land." I still heard the music, and so I began looking around for it. As I was searching under some tall calla lilies I stubbed my toe, and fell flat on top of a rolly-polly little gnome who was asleep. He sat up and rubbed his eyes with his fists, and then, glar-

ing at me, he said, "Where did you come from, girl?" I was so scared I did not know what to say, so I stood perfectly still and said nothing. Presently he said: "I should think you would know better than to wake a person up so roughly. I only wish you could be waked up that way." At that moment I felt myself going round and round, and opening my eyes, I found I had rolled out of the hammock on to the grass.

My brother said the music I heard was the frogs; but I think he was mistaken.

I wish Emily M. would write again.

MADELINE F. S. (13 years old).

NEAR VINCENNES, INDIANA.

We live on a farm. I have two sisters and one little brother. We have fine sport riding the horses to water, driving the cows up from pasture, hunting eggs, and gathering wild flowers; I wish I could send you a bouquet. My sisters and I take turn about washing dishes and helping mamma with the cooking. We each have a room to keep in order. Sometimes, when mamma is not well, we get up and get breakfast. We went to school all winter, but it is vacation now. Mamma teaches us music. An aunt and uncle have kindly given us *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years. We all, including papa and mamma, enjoy it very much, and think "The Ice Queen" one of the most interesting stories we ever read.

I am your little friend, JULIA G. O.

You are useful little housekeepers.

MAGNOLIA, IOWA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have never written before. I enjoy reading the letters so much! I have three little black kittens; I can not tell them apart; they are very pretty, and have the prettiest blue eyes. I have a bird too, a white hen and rooster, and a little bantam that is very cute. I had to stay out of school to-day, and perhaps will have to do so to-morrow, because I am sick.

ALLIE D.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—When I was a little girl I made a kaleidoscope, and thinking perhaps some of the young people would like to make one too, I send these directions. Take three strips of glass five inches long and one inch wide; place their edges together so the three strips form a triangular tube; bind these fast with three pieces of strong twine; over one end of the tube place a piece of white paper, which should be oiled; this takes the place of the ground glass in the "store" kaleidoscope. Over the other end of the tube fasten a piece of white cloth with a round hole in it to look through. Now wind from end to end over the tube, covering all excepting the two ends, black dress braid, or any black stuff cut in strips; fasten each end of the braid securely, and all you have to do is to drop bits of colored glass in the tube, and then look through the hole and see a different figure every time you turn the kaleidoscope.

YOUNG PEOPLE is enjoyed very much by my mother, who is sixty-eight, and myself, especially Mrs. Lillie's story of "Nan," which we have read many times.

E. F. S.

A great many thanks to the kind lady who tells you so clearly how to make something which will delight your eyes.

LANGDON, MINNESOTA.

My home is in Langdon, a beautiful little town fourteen miles from St. Paul, the capital of our State. We have a pretty pond near here, called Lake Flora, and in summer-time the frogs sing all the time; my mamma says they are singing for rain. The fast mail-train from Chicago comes past our house, and the mail-bag is hung on a post, and is caught by an iron arm attached to the car. I am eight years old. Papa owns a wheat elevator. I wrote this all alone; can you read it?

Your little friend, MAUD E. M.

Indeed, I read it with ease.

This is a fast age. Just think how amazed our grandfathers would have been had they imagined that a mail-bag could be caught, as yours is, on the fly, by a whirling train!

ANIMAS FORKS, COLORADO.

My little brother Freddie takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we all love it dearly. I am a little girl of just eleven years. I have been thinking some time of writing you a letter, for I think it would just be splendid to have one printed. I live away up in the Rocky Mountains, 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. We have lived here one year, and the only objection I have to it is that we have no Sunday-school nor day school, though we hope to have school next summer. Fred, Mamie (my little sister), and I recite our lessons to our aunt Mamie. In the summer-time it is perfectly lovely here; the mountains are covered with such pretty flowers, and we have lots of fun scrambling over the rocks gathering flowers and hunting mineral specimens. I tried very hard to send a bouquet of flowers to my little friend Howard W., who takes this paper—he lives in Washington, Pennsylvania—but failed, for the distance is so great that they would be spoiled before they

could reach him. I have no pets except my doll, and dog Prince, and dear little brother Harry. We have very long, dreary winters here, and they say we had more snow here this winter than has been here for many years. Our principal fun here in the winter is snowshoeing. We go out every evening when it is not snowing, and go away up on the mountain, and oh, how I wish you could see us flying down as fast as a train of cars would take us! Even my little sister Mamie, who is only six years old, can go on snow-shoes as well as some of the grown-up persons can. The picture in *YOUNG PEOPLE* of a Lapon snow-shoes just exactly looks like papa when he is packing meat for us to eat, only my papa is ten times handsomer than that man; but the snow-shoes and pole are just the same as we use. Well, I fear you are getting tired reading my letter, although I have not told you half about my Rocky Mountain home. Freddie, Mamie, Harry, and myself send love to you. I am your little friend,

LILLIE C. S.

I hope both a Sunday and a day school will have been begun for you before long. Meanwhile you have the bright, flowery summer days to look forward to, and you will enjoy them.

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have a little brother named Morris; he will be five this April. I go to the grammar school, and study geography, arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, language, drawing, and music. We have three examinations in a year, and have had two already; I stood at the head both times. Our school commences at nine in the morning; at half past ten we have fifteen minutes' recess, and at twelve we go home. In the afternoon it begins at two, and is dismissed at four. We do not have recess in the afternoon, so we make the best of our recess in the morning. My teacher's name is Miss V.; she is very pleasant. Our principal's name is Mr. T. There are five grades in our school.

ALICE L. C. (11 years old).

FINCHVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I am a little Kentucky country girl, and I never have gone to school more than five or six months. We are a large family of fourteen, including grandpa, aunts, uncles, cousins, papa, mamma, and six children. My little cousin takes your nice paper, and we all enjoy it, old and young. We also take the *Youth's Companion*. I have such a nice little dog, Rags; he will speak when he wants to get on my lap. I have a chicken named Daisy. I have six dolls, and one is thirty years old; she was given to me by a friend. She is as large as some babies. She don't look much like a French doll. Some of them might have been sent to the fair for sick dolls.

ANNA A. W.

I should look on that old dolly with great affection, for she would remind me of one I used to know somewhere about the time when yours had her first birthday.

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* was given to me for a Christmas present, and I like it so well that I thought I would write you a letter, and perhaps have the pleasure of seeing it in the Post-office Box. I have one little sister, Ruth, who is very cunning, and she is sometimes naughty; but she is away now. My mamma is sick in bed, but we think she will get better soon. I have not a great many pets; a large yellow cat and two birds are all I have. My kitten's name is Fox; rather a funny name for a cat, but he is very pretty and affectionate. He used to sit on my papa's shoulder when he was milking, and we liked him so well that when we moved away we brought him with us. One of my birdies mated with another bird, and laid three eggs and hatched one, which lived; and she mated again, and laid three eggs and hatched them all, and brought them all up alone, as the other bird was taken away. We think she is a very smart bird; her name is Jennie. I like the story of "The Ice Queen" very much, and also "The Fair for Sick Dolls."

MARY G.

DODGE CENTRE, MINNESOTA.

I began taking HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* last year, and soon saw how very much I had missed in not subscribing for it before. I enjoy reading the letters from everywhere, and thought perhaps you'd like to hear from the Western wild where I have always lived. I was born in southern Minnesota just twelve years ago last month. We have a good school here; in fact, Minnesota is second to none in its public school houses and normal schools. But I, for one, wish we didn't have to go to school; it's more fun to play. Last Friday I had to read a piece, and I took Jimmy Brown's "Lightning Experiments." It brought the (house) school down. We have a good organ in school, and somebody plays a march every morning for us to march by. We also have a library of standard books, among which is the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and it cost over a hundred dollars. Another thing I hate worse than going to school is practicing; I have to practice an hour every day on our piano. Do you believe in making boys musicians? I have two pets, one of which is a horse that feels so fine she's had

to run away. The other pet was a Christmas present. I'll send you a sort of riddle that mamma wrote, that you may guess what a sweet pet it is:

With bolts so firm and bars so strong

Secure the house was fastened tight,

And yet a robber cunning, bold,

Came in that cold and stormy night.

We felt quite safe from robbers bad,

So we were sleeping sweet and sound;

And how he came and whence he came,

Is mystery profound, profound.

He scorned to take our jewels rare,

Our wealth he did not seem to prize,

And yet from all of us he stole

What is more precious than our eyes.

In ancient dress, and e'en unarmed,

Save with most keen and subtle darts—

Sweet winning ways and cunning wiles—

With which he stole our hearts, our hearts.

What shall be done with robber bold?

Pray tell us—tell us, if you can.

Shall we not keep, and try to make

Of him a useful, noble man?

If this letter is published, I'll tell you in my next "what I know about" Indians and cyclones. I live in the cyclone-swept district of 1883.

MARK D. F.

The boys want you to write again at once and send the answer to your riddle; also tell what you please about Indians and cyclones. I'm sorry you do not like to practice, but glad to hear that you do so nevertheless.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a boy nine years old. I have two pets—a cat and a dog. My cat is a monster, and his name is Tim, and my dog's name is Gaffney. He is not at home now; he is at Haddam, Connecticut, and is being trained to hunt. He is an Irish setter, and sometimes I call him a four-legged Irishman. I do not go to school now, for my brother has the scarlet fever; he is three years old. At school we have a morning recess of fifteen minutes and an afternoon recess of ten minutes. My teacher's name is Miss Ellen S., and I am in the fourth grade.

ROBERT N. I.

Thanks to Alice H. S., Grace G., F. M., John M., Laura T., Eva E., Robert A. S., Florence W., Lillie W., Willie F. H., Albert N. L., Alexander K., Gussie B., Emmie A. H., Kate Moore S., Bertha B., Mary D., Russell P. R., and A. R. P.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Something to eat.
4. A verb. 5. A letter.
- 2.—1. A letter. 2. To eat. 3. Something which grows. 4. A cooking utensil. 5. A letter.

G. W. VON ETASSY.

No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in lion and also in leopard.
My second is in flock, but not in shepherd.
My third is in under, but not in over.
My fourth is in violet, but not in clover.
My fifth is in silver, but not in gold.
My sixth is in timid, but not in bold.
My seventh is in battle and also in war.
My eighth is in knife, but not in saw.
My ninth is in early and also in late.
My whole is a well-known and beautiful State.

G. E. D.

- 2.—First in chair, but not in bear.
Second in hair, but not in heir.
Third in glove, but not in mitten.
Fourth in kite and in kitten.
Fifth in moon, not in star.
Sixth in mood, not in bar.
Seventh in man, not in child.
Eighth in fair, not in mild.
My whole is of use to us all the year
Whether the weather be foul or clear.

HARRY FRISK.

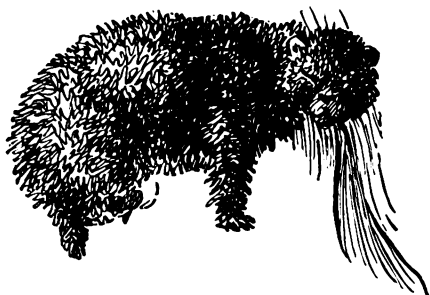
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 233.

No. 1.— Butter. South. Hero.

No. 2.—
R
O E
R O B I N
R I B
N

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eureka, Steele Penn, Marion Burch, Laud M. Williams, Jessie C. Henderson, P. H. Gambling, P. H. B., Harry R. Pyne, Harry Desnick, S. M. Fecheimer, Mary and Myra Vile, Daisy Greene, Theodore Colt, Alma Webster, W. D. M., Elliot Peck, and Richard and Rosie Craig.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE PUSSY PUZZLE.

ADD 65 to this Pussycat,
And see what you can make of that.

WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in a small town in Saxony in 1483, four hundred years ago.

His parents were poor peasants. His father was a miner in the Thuringian Forest. His mother carried their supply of wood home from the forest on her back. His parents obliged him to go out to beg, and often punished him severely. Until he was thirteen he with his school companions earned his bread by singing songs from house to house. He was then provided for by a relative, until his father, whose circumstances had meanwhile improved, was able to send him to the university at Erfurth.

His father intended him to be a lawyer. He had a powerful intellect, and devoted day and night to his studies; yet he was fond of company and gay companions. He was warm-hearted, and had many friends. He was a poet, and was also intensely fond of music.

One day, as he was coming from his home with a friend, a storm came up, and his companion was killed by a stroke of lightning. He was so impressed by the accident that he became a monk in the Augustinian convent, devoting himself to fasting, penance, and the most arduous duties.

In 1510 he visited Rome, and discovered that what he had believed a pure religion was a hollow mockery. He discovered much wrong-doing among the leaders of the Church in that city. He was a man of great force of character. When he became convinced a thing was wrong, danger to himself could not keep him from speaking against it, and for the right. He published books against the Pope, and was driven from the Church.

He was called before the Emperor, and commanded to retract what he had written. He refused to do so, and was ordered to return home until his fate should be decided upon.

His friends saw he would be condemned, and resolved that he should disappear. On his way to Wittenberg, as he was passing through the Thuringian Forest, a party of armed, visored men seized him. They carried him to Wartburg Castle, where he was kept in safety. He went by the name of Ritter George. No one knew what had become of him except the few who had undertaken to protect him. After all danger was over, he returned to his work.

He married Katharine von Bora on June 13, 1525.

He died in February, 1546.

THE LEVERET AND THE KITE.

A FABLE.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

A LEVERET, one day, bounding across a pasture, suddenly came upon a strange and hideous object such as he had never before beheld. While he stood riveted to the spot with fear and surprise, two boys came into sight.

One of them pounced on the hideous object, and the Leveret, as he ran away, heard him exclaim, "Ho! Charley, here's the Kite."

When the Leveret reached his nest he cried out to the old Hare, his mother, "Oh, mother, mother, I have seen a Kite!"

"Then let us all be truly grateful that you are alive and safe," replied the mother; "for those Kites are blood-thirsty and wicked things, who think no more of killing and devouring a young Leveret than you or I would of eating a head of clover."

"Oh-h-h-ugh-h!" cried the little Hare, trembling. "I am glad I ran away. I thought it must be a wicked thing, it looked so ugly, with its great big eyes as large as my head, and—"

"My child! my child! do not indulge in such exaggeration," said the mother.

"But they were, ma; and it had great big sharp teeth, and a tail as long—as long—oh, as twenty cows' tails!"

"Levvy!" continued the parent. "Just as I am rebuking you for exaggerating, you add to your ill behavior the sin of untruthfulness. I have seen Kites, and know perfectly well what they are like. Their eyes are not so large as our own, and their tails not much longer; and as to teeth, they have none at all, but only a sharp hook at the end of their nose, with which they tear honest folk to pieces. I am grieved to see this spirit of exaggeration, and in order to check it shall punish you severely." Saying this, she began to cuff the poor little Leveret soundly about the ears.

She was, however, soon stopped by a hoarse voice, and looking up, beheld an old Raven, who thus addressed her:

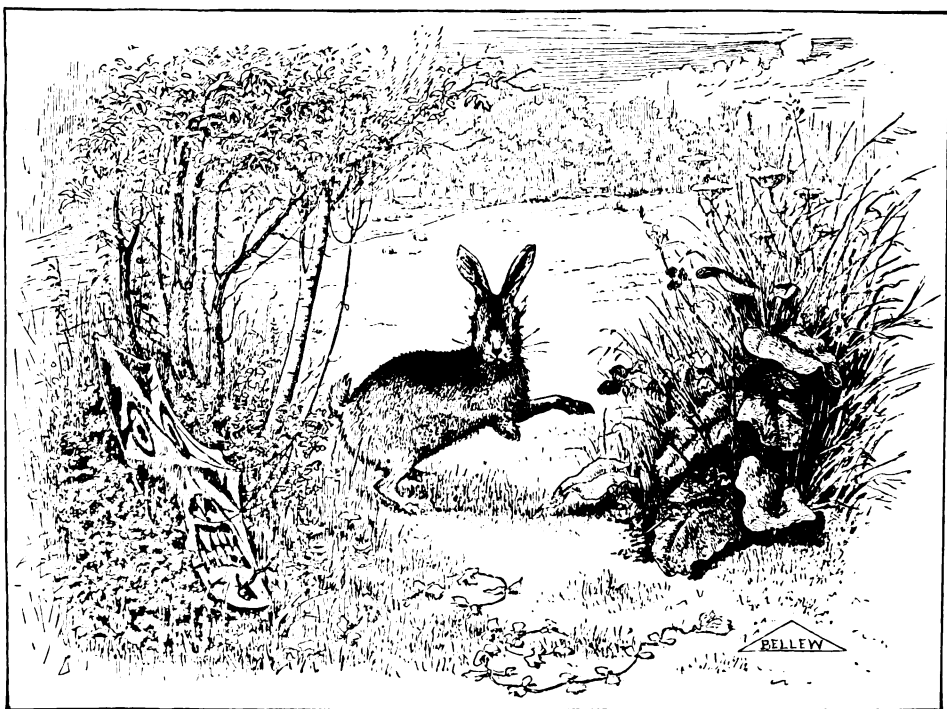
"Stop beating that little thing. I have heard all your conversation, and know very well that the Kite your son speaks of is a very different sort of thing to the one you are thinking of. It is made out of paper and sticks and string by human children, and they fly it in the air by means of a long piece of twine."

"But I never saw or heard of such a Kite in all my life."

"Very likely not," retorted the Raven. "But that only shows your ignorance."

The old Hare's ears dropped, and she slunk away to her nest, heartily ashamed of her conduct.

MORAL.—We should be very sure of the meaning which others attach to their words before we sit in judgment upon them, lest we do them grievous wrong, or perhaps expose our own ignorance.



"HIS EYES LIGHTED ON A STRANGE AND HIDEOUS OBJECT."

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 237.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, May 13, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.



A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

SHE HAD NEVER SEEN A TREE.*

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THEY took the little London girl from out the city street To where the grass was growing green, the birds were singing sweet; And everything along the road so filled her with surprise, The look of wonder fixed itself within her violet eyes.

The breezes ran to welcome her; they kissed her on each cheek, And tried in every way they could their ecstasy to speak, Inviting her to romp with them, and tumbling up her curls, Expecting she would laugh or scold, like other little girls.

But she didn't—no, she didn't; for this crippled little child Had lived within a dingy court where sunshine never smiled, And for weary, weary days and months the little one had lain Confined within a narrow room, and on a couch of pain.

The out-door world was strange to her—the broad expanse of sky, The soft green grass, the pretty flowers, the stream that trickled by; But all at once she saw a sight that made her hold her breath, And shake and tremble as if she were frightened near to death.

Oh, like some horrid monster of which the child had dreamed, With nodding head and waving arms, the angry creature seemed; It threatened her, it mocked at her, with gestures and grimace That made her shrink with terror from its serpent-like embrace.

They kissed the trembling little one, they held her in their arms, And tried in every way they could to quiet her alarms, And said, "Oh, what a foolish little goose you are, to be So nervous and so terrified at nothing but a tree!"

They made her go up close to it, and put her arms around The trunk, and see how firmly it was fastened in the ground; They told her all about the roots that clung down deeper yet, And spoke of other curious things she never would forget.

Oh, I have heard of many, very many, girls and boys Who have to do without the sight of pretty books and toys, Who have never seen the ocean; but the saddest thought to me Is that anywhere there lives a child who never saw a tree.

"LEFT BEHIND;"†

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER II.

STARTING IN BUSINESS.

THERE was a look of delight on Ben's face as he saw his companion examining their home so carefully, and each moment he expected to hear an exclamation of surprise at the very comfortable manner in which they lived. But since, after waiting some time, no such exclamation was heard, he asked, a trifle impatiently,

"Ain't it a stunner?"

Now Paul did not really think the place merited any such praise. In fact, he was very much disappointed, and he compromised the matter by saying:

"I should think it might be real kind of comfortable."

"Kind of comfortable!" echoed Ben, angrily. "Well, I don't know anything about Chicago; but if you know of any fellers there that have got any better place than this, I'd like to go out an' stay two or three months with 'em."

"Well, you see, I don't know much about it," said Paul, conscious that he had hurt his kind-hearted friend's feelings, and anxious to make amends in some way. "I've always lived in a regular house with father and mother, so I don't know how boys do live that haven't got any home."

"You'll see how they live before you get back to Chi-

cago," said Ben, grimly. And then he added, in a softened voice, "I'd like to know how it would seem to have a father an' a mother, an' a house to live in."

"Didn't you ever have any, Ben?"

"No"—and the boy's voice trembled now in spite of himself—"I don't s'pose I ever did. Me an' Shiner have been livin' round this way ever since we can remember, an' I reckon we always lived so. We used to sleep round anywhere till Dickey Spry got a chance to run a stand over'n Jersey City, an' then he sold us this place for fifty cents, an' I tell you we've fattened right up ever since we had it."

The conversation was taking such a sorrowful turn that Johnny's entrance just then was very welcome. Paul stood very much in need of some cheerful company to prevent the great lump that was growing in his throat from getting the best of him.

"Well, you are goin' it strong!" exclaimed Johnny, as he closed the door by pulling one portion of their house against the other. "Why, this is 'bout as good as a 'lectric light, ain't it? I tell you we shall be jest as snug as mice when winter comes, for this candle makes the place so warm."

Johnny's idea of the heat from one candle could not be a correct one if he thought that their house would be as warm in January from it as it was then in August. But January was so far away that no one thought of starting an argument on the subject.

Ben brought forward the dainties he had bought, and although Shiner's eyes did not stick out as far as he had said, there was enough of pleasant surprise in his face to satisfy Ben for the outlay he had made.

"Now this is what I call livin' high," said Johnny, in a choking voice, as he tried to eat pea-nuts, bologna, and crackers all at the same time. "Seems like we'd had a reg'lar streak of luck ever since we bought this house, don't it?"

"It was a good trade, that's what it was, an' it's lucky for Polly that we had it, or he'd have found out the difference in huntin' round for a place to sleep."

Poor Paul! he was doing his best to eat the portion of the feast that had been set aside as his, but, hungry as he had been, he found it difficult to swallow because of the lump in his throat, that kept growing larger and larger every moment, and which seemed to be doing its best to force the tears from his eyes.

He thought of his parents, and his sister, who were probably going further away from him each moment, grieving quite as much, if not more, because of his absence, than he did himself, and when he realized that he might never see them again the tears would roll from beneath his eyelids. But he brushed them away very quickly, as if ashamed to have his companions see them, honest though they were.

Then as Ben and Johnny began to talk of their business, leaving him alone, as it seemed, the tears came faster and faster, until he could no longer wipe them away, and putting back into the paper the cracker he was trying to eat, he threw himself upon the straw, crying as if his heart would break.

Paul's hosts seemed bewildered by such singular behavior on his part. They could not understand why a boy who had had the good fortune to find such a place in which to sleep as they had just offered Paul should cry; and not understanding it, they did the very best thing for him—they let him cry without trying to console him, though it sadly marred the happiness of their feast.

The tears were a relief to Paul in more ways than one, for before they were done flowing he was sound asleep, and he did not awake to a consciousness of his troubles until Ben shook him the following morning.

"It's time to get up," said the boy, in a kindly tone. "You see, Shiner has to get down about sunrise to get his

* An invalid child who had lived in London all her life, and had never seen a tree, was taken into the country, together with many others, at the expense of a "fresh-air fund." She clung to one of the teachers in dreadful alarm on seeing a tree, and could not understand what such a great green thing could be. "Why don't it keep still?" she said, in a paroxysm of terror, as the wind swayed its branches. It was only after some time that she could be induced to go near enough to touch it.

† Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

papers, an' I go with him, so's folks won't be so likely to see us comin' out of here."

It was some moments before Paul realized where he was, or what had happened to so change his sleeping-room from the neat, cleanly one he called his own at home, to this very rude shelter. But when all that had occurred came back to his mind he leaped to his feet at once, striking his head against the top of the hogshead with a force that told him he must be careful to get up no higher than his hands and knees.

"You'll see now what a swell house we've got," said Johnny, when they were outside, and while Paul was still rubbing the top of his head. "We've got runnin' water near every room, jest like any place; an' you can come in here an' wash yer face with jest as much water as Astor can git."

Johnny led the way to one corner of the building where a water-pipe with a faucet jutted out from the brick-work, having evidently been placed there in case of fire, and turning the water on, the three boys scrubbed their faces and hands with the greatest vigor. But Paul found some difficulty in drying himself with straw as his companions did.

During this important ceremony the boys had been careful to screen themselves from the view of any one on the street by the boxes which they had arranged beforehand. When they were as clean as water would make them without soap, they started out of the yard at full speed, going over the fence as a rubber ball goes over any projection in its way.

Once on the street, where they were not afraid of any one's seeing them, their movements were more leisurely, and they began to discuss plans for starting their guest in business.

But the discussion was not a long one, owing to the fact that but two avenues of trade were open to him—that of blackening boots or selling papers; and when he was called upon to decide, he chose the latter, very much to Johnny's secret delight.

"Now, Ben," said Johnny, who appeared to think it his duty to look out for his guest's business education and welfare, "you'd better kinder lay round an' see that the boys don't try to come it on him the first day, an' I'll keep my eye on him too."

Ben nodded assent, and Johnny said to Paul:

"You watch an' see how I do it, after I get the papers, an' then you do jest as I do. If there is a big lot of news, it won't be a great deal of work; but if there ain't anything very 'portant, then you've got to holler."

After this lesson had been given, and while they were walking toward the newspaper offices, Ben divided what bologna had been left from the feast of the previous evening, and also put in Paul's pocket his share of the peanuts which he had not eaten with the others.

On account of finding an early customer who wanted his boots blackened, Ben did not go with them to get the papers, but promised to meet Paul on City Hall Square, where it had been decided he should make his first venture as newsboy.

Now the boys who sell the papers do not buy their stock in the business offices, as Paul had supposed, but are obliged to go into some room nearer the presses, and where they will be out of the way of more important customers. Therefore when Johnny led him into a room lighted by gas, even though it was in the daytime, and filled by a crowd of noisy, pushing, eager boys, all wanting to be served first, Paul felt quite as much alarmed as surprised.

"It's all right," said Johnny, as he saw his companion about to draw back; "there won't anybody try to hurt you here, an' you'll get used to it after you've come two or three times."

Paul hardly believed that he should become accustomed to anything of the kind; but before they had finished their

rounds—for Johnny carried four of the different morning papers—he could look upon the scene, which was almost the same in each case, with something very nearly approaching interest.

When at last the stock was procured, Johnny divided it, giving half to Paul, and saying, as he did so:

"I'll git all the papers for a while, till you kinder git used to it, an' then you can git 'em for yerself. Now come over here on the Square, an' sing out, as loud as you know how, jest what I do."

Then, for example, Johnny began shouting his wares in a way that was more noisy than distinct, and after he had repeated it several times, selling two papers in the mean while, Paul had no more idea of what he said than if he had been speaking in a foreign tongue.

Johnny would have lost a good deal of the morning trade, which was quite brisk, in his efforts to start Paul aright, if Ben had not come along, and offered to give the beginner his first lesson.

Paul found it rather difficult to make as much noise as Ben seemed to think necessary, for the sound of his own voice frightened him; but in the course of an hour, during which time his instructor alternately blackened boots and gave him lessons, he had got along so well that he was selling quite a number of papers. His success did a great deal toward helping him fight off the homesick feeling that would come over him.

At first none of the other newsboys paid any attention to him, perhaps because they were too busy; but as trade began to grow dull they commenced to gather around Paul, until he was thoroughly alarmed at some of their words and actions.

One boy, considerably larger than he was, insisted that if he wanted to sell papers he should go somewhere else to do it, because that particular portion of the city was under the immediate control of himself and his friends.

Paul made no reply, for the very good reason that he did not know but that the claim which this boy set up was a just one, and he remained silent, which caused his tormentors to think—exactly what was the true state of the case—that he was afraid of them.

One boy, the same who had first spoken, began pushing him aside, and poor Paul, seeing at least a dozen boys, nearly all of them larger than he was, standing in threatening attitudes, looked around in vain for his two friends, who had promised to care for him.

"You want to get out of this, young feller, an' you don't want to show yer nose round here agin," said the largest member of the party, as he pushed Paul rudely aside with one hand, and with the other attempted to take his papers from him.

It was this, more than anything else, which made Paul resist, for even if he had no right to be on that particular spot, they surely had no right to take his papers from him, and, besides, they were Johnny's property, not his. Therefore he felt he should defend them all the more strongly.

He was trying to call up all his strength and will in defense of his own rights, even though he knew the struggle could not be a long one, owing to the numbers that were opposed to him, when suddenly the crowd were pressed apart at one side, and Ben and Johnny stood ready to defend their guest.

"This feller lives with us," said Ben, defiantly, as he looked fiercely at the boy who had been trying to rob Paul, "an' he's goin' to sell papers here every day. Now don't any of you forget that if you pick a row with him, you pick it with me an' Johnny."

More than one of those present knew just what Ben could do if he should swing that box around in defense of any one who was being imposed upon, and they concluded that it was not best to discuss the matter any further. The crowd fell back, and Paul was safe, for a short time at least.



"IF YOU PICK A ROW WITH HIM, YOU PICK IT WITH ME AN' JOHNNY."

Johnny had sold all his own stock out, and taking half of Paul's, the two commenced business again. They had no further trouble from those who had been so eager to drive the new boy away, and by dinner-time all the papers were sold. But Paul did not know that in every one was an advertisement setting forth an exact description of himself, together with the promise of a large reward to the person who would take him to his father at the police head-quarters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOM FAIRWEATHER AT CAPE TOWN.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

TOM FAIRWEATHER was disappointed in two respects on his trip from Madagascar to Cape Town. In the first place, the *Neptune* did not encounter any bad weather, and Tom saw none of those mountainous waves which his geography had told him were to be found off the Cape of Good Hope. Again, he was disappointed, if I may call it so, to find that he did not know that Cape Agulhas, and not the Cape of Good Hope, was the southernmost point of Africa.

When, in the early morning, they steamed into Table Bay, there was a light mist, and the Table-cloth, as the colonists call the white fleece-like vapor, lay on Table Mountain; but this gradually rolled away, and the city of Cape Town, backed by its grand and rugged hills, stood out clear and bright as they came to anchor. There were old friends awaiting their arrival, anxious to extend to them the hospitality for which this colony is noted. Captain Fairweather could not so soon leave his ship, but Tom was captured and carried off for a few days' pleasure and sight-seeing.

You can readily imagine that he in no wise objected to this, although, as he went over the side, he turned to his friend Jollytarre, and said, "If only you could go with me!"

Tom was very much attached to this officer, who had been so kind to him, and had done so much to make his cruising pleasant and profitable. Nevertheless, he was very light-hearted by the time he reached the shore.

The first thing that attracted his attention was the number of colored people moving about. These, he afterward found, were Malays, descendants of the slaves of the early Dutch settlers, and a sprinkling of Guinea Coast men and Caffres. Among them were also a number of Hottentots. This curious name was given to the original inhabitants of Cape Colony by the Dutch settlers, probably in imitation of the clicking sounds in their language. There were hansom cabs rattling to and fro, all with black drivers and little shabby horses, and swarms of children, black and white, romping and laughing, many of them driving each other,

for playing "horse" is a great game with these baby colonists.

Tom's friends first took him to their house, where he had what he called a good "shore" breakfast, which being dispatched, it was suggested that the forenoon be passed by strolling through the town, and that after lunch a drive should be in order. They first went to the Castle, which is the most striking building in Cape Town. It is a low stone edifice surrounded by a wall and a ditch, and divided within into two courts, where are kept a small number of British troops. This castle was first built of mud by the Dutch, and in their time served admirably as a defense against the hostile natives. From there a delightful walk took them to the Botanic Gardens. On one side ran a beautiful oak avenue, near which was the residence of the Governor. Near by were the Museum and the Library, in the first of which Tom was shown a model of a famous diamond, called the "Star of South Africa," which was originally sold in Cape Town for \$60,000, and a few years afterward resold for twice that amount. Tom asked if there were many such found in the South African diamond fields.

"No," said Mr. Hubbard, for that was his friend's name, "there are not; but the first diamond known to have been found in South Africa brought \$2500. It was discovered by the merest accident. In 1867 the children of a Dutch farmer who lived near the Orange River were playing one day with some pebbles. Another Boer in passing by noticed that one of the pebbles seemed brighter and heavier than the rest; he asked the children's mother to sell it to him, but she refused pay for such a trifle, and gave it to her neighbor. This man carried his pebble to Cape Town, where every one laughed at the idea of its being valuable. Finally it was seen by a geologist, who pronounced it an undoubted diamond. It weighed twenty-one carats,



HOTTENTOT MAN.

and the Governor bought it for \$2500. From this grew the great diamond fever, until now at the famous Kimberly mine there are between three and four thousand Caffres at work, and the town of Kimberly, which has sprung into existence, is the second largest in South Africa. Do you know that

there are annually exported from Kimberly alone over ten million dollars' worth of diamonds?"

Tom admitted that although he had read of these famous diamond mines, he was not aware that there were so many gems found there. He took another look at the model, and then searched about for other curiosities. He found the Museum and Library not very interesting, probably because he had seen many other similar institutions. What he liked was novelty—something different from what he had ever seen before.

He begun to wish for Jollytarre, who had such a way of finding out the curious and interesting phases of every new place.

But as he stepped into an open carriage with four horses, after his lunch, and was told that he was to be driven to the Constantia Vineyards, his spirits rose again, for he wished to go to that very place. A half-mile took them to a flat red road, with Table Mountain rising straight before it, and on the left a range of mountains beautiful in color and tone.

Farther on they came under the lee of the great mountain, where splendid oak avenues bordered the road, and little forests of straight-stemmed pines and the silver-tree

ran far into the mountain clefts, while the white of the leaves contrasted finely with the green of the fields and vineyards.

The vines were dwarf plants, and only grew to the height of gooseberry bushes, a particular species found to answer best.

Tom became talkative under the effect of this drive. He began to ask questions. Said he, "Please tell me, Mr. Hubbard, why the vineyards are called Constantia."

"Oh, that was the name of a pretty daughter of one of the early Dutch Governors, who called his farm after her. We are going to a Mr. Cloeté's. You will see written upon the stone gateways, 'Cloeté's Constantia.' Constantia has come to be a general term for the especial vineyards in this vicinity. Mr. Cloeté's house has stood there for over two hundred years, and was built by one of those old Governors I have mentioned."

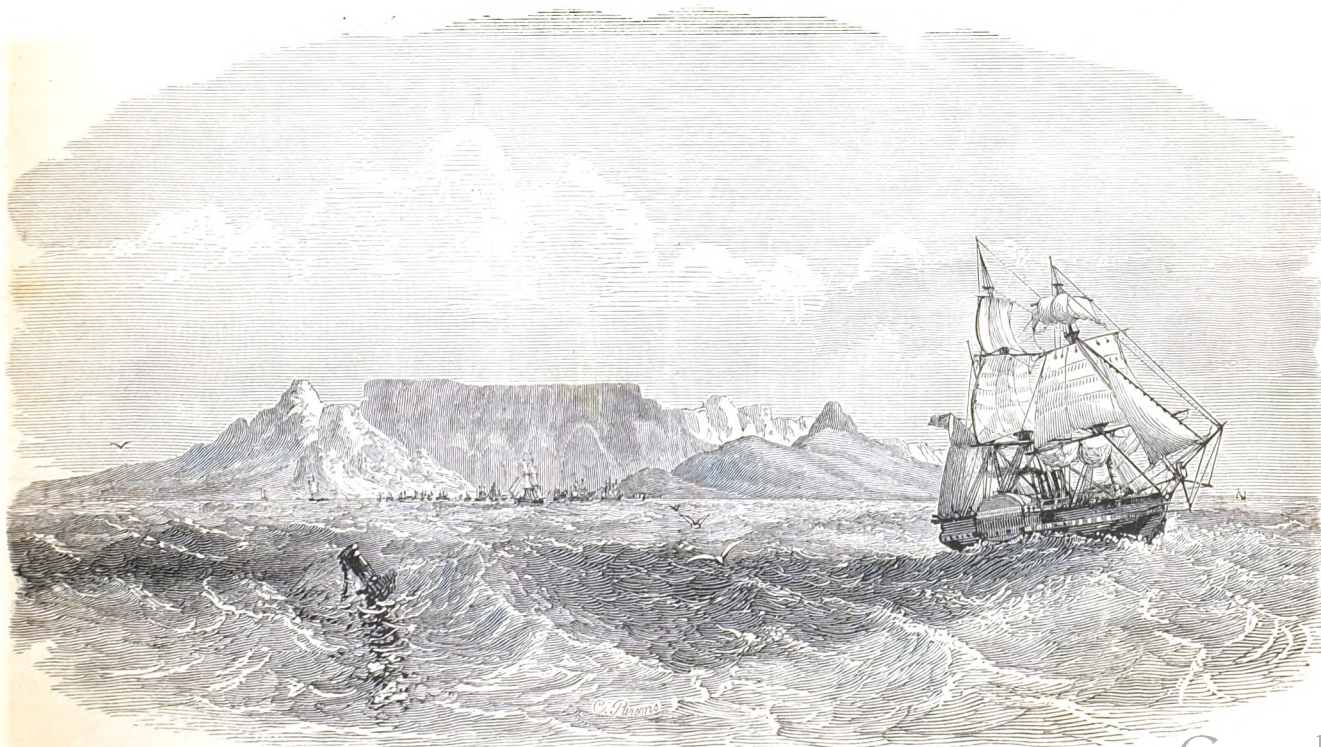
It seemed to Tom when he reached the house that it might continue to stand forever, it had such an air of comfort and strength. In the flagged hallway was a huge stalactite brought a hundred years ago from a cave in the distant ranges.

The stately drawing-room was large and lofty, ceiled with great beams of cedar, and the windows had scores of small panes of glass. Then there were pieces of rare old china and curious carved stands scattered about, which were relieved by swinging baskets of ferns and flowers.

In the wine cellar, which was not a cellar at all, but a



HOTTENTOT WOMAN.



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

spacious stone building above-ground, were rows and rows of huge casks. Here a servant brought a tray of tiny glasses filled with sweet wine. There was red Constantia, white Constantia, young Constantia, and Constantia so old as to be almost priceless. In a room beyond were many relics of old Dutch warfare, and on the wall hung a map of Africa, drawn somewhere about the year 1620. It was dim and cracked with age, but very well executed, and even better filled in than the maps of to-day.

There was a long corridor next this room, and in it were kept what they called the "stuck-vats"—puncheons which held more than a thousand gallons each.

Tom certainly saw something novel then.

"Look at the ends," said Mr. Cloeté. "Those doors can be made perfectly tight, but can also be removed, so that a man may walk in and clean them."

Leaving the wine vaults, they started on their way back to Cape Town. They were about half-way, when Mr. Hubbard said, "Tom, would you like to see Langalibalele?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "Who is he?"

"He was the chief of a tribe of Zulus who refused to obey the authorities of Natal; that is, he was sent for, and wouldn't come. When he was pursued, he turned and fought, but was taken prisoner and brought to Cape Town. He wished to take his family with him, but as he had seventy wives and a whole lot of children, he was allowed to bring but two wives and one man. He is living a few miles out of Cape Town at government expense, and is quite a character."

"Well, I should like to go," replied Tom; "I would like to see a real live Zulu warrior."

So they branched off the main road, and drove to see Langalibalele at his house. They found him in the veranda, sitting on a brick, looking as comfortable as possible. As the visitors came in, he walked quietly into the house, took off his old felt hat, and with great dignity and deliberation sat down in an arm-chair. He was very ugly, and nearly seventy years of age. One of his sons, as black as ink, was with him. Mr. Hubbard gave the old man a piece of tobacco, which he seized with great delight, and hid away exactly like a monkey, lest his son should wish to share it with him.

The old chief is always sending orders for the rest of his family to join him, but they send back word that they are working for somebody else. That is what Langalibalele wishes them to do for him, for it would be very undignified for him or his son to touch a spade or a hoe.

When they parted from the old Zulu they drove directly home, and Tom, after thanking his hosts, returned to the *Neptune*.

On his way the boat passed close to a mail steamer, on board of which there seemed to be some confusion.

He stopped to see what it was, and learned that a number of Caffre laborers were to be transported to another part of the coast. They had come off in a lighter, but as there was considerable sea, the accommodation-ladder had been unshipped. Now Caffres are as active as kittens on land, but are not accustomed to the sea, or to the motion of ships and boats. There was some difficulty, therefore, in getting them on board. A hogshead had been slung and lowered into the lighter, and most of the Caffres had been hoisted up in that way, but there were a few who objected to such treatment, and the sailors urged them in vain to get into the cask. Tom arrived just in time to see the fun.

"Come along, old boy," said one sailor, grasping a Caffre; but the man held back. Jack, therefore, gave him a powerful shove, and he went into the cask head-foremost. Another was pushed gently until he tripped against the cask, and went in backward, squeezing the first one almost flat. The next man decided to step in, and another half stepped and was half thrust in.

"Hoist away!" shouted Jack.

At that moment a forgotten Caffre caught Jack's eye. He seized him by the neck; his friend Bill helped him; the man was thrown on the top of all, and went up the next moment like a spread-eagle cover to the cask.

Tom lay back and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and as he stepped on board the *Neptune* he had to tell that story before he could speak of what he had seen on shore.

MARY, TO THE GARDENER.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON.

OH, Donald, have you seen my bird?
My heart is almost breaking.
Each morning his sweet notes I heard,
Half sleeping and half waking.

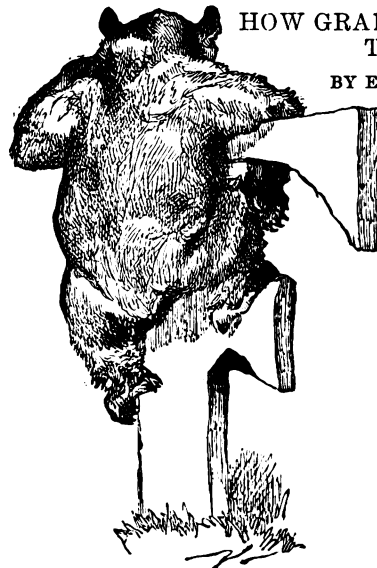
All day he warbled, and at night
He sang a farewell measure;
He was my very heart's delight,
And now I've lost my treasure.

You're always singing, Donald, how
Your "heart is in the Highlands":
Oh, do you think *his* heart was in
His own Canary Islands,

And that he's flown to that fair land,
Where now he sings for pleasure—
To— What's that hidden in your hand?
Oh, welcome back, my treasure!

HOW GRANDMOTHER KILLED THE BEAR.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.



FIRST among the pleasures of our childhood was a visit to grandfather's. Like other children, we were very fond of listening to stories, and grandfather was a famous story-teller. Most of the stories he told us were true ones—narratives of life and adventure in the wilderness to which he had moved to make a home for himself and grandmother shortly after they were married.

Here is one that he told us one evening as we sat about the old-fashioned fire-place.

"I don't remember that I have ever told you how grandmother killed a bear the first year we lived in the woods," he said.

We had heard the story a dozen times, but of course we all cried out, "Tell it, grandfather." His stories would bear repeating better than some stories I have heard since then.

"When I first moved into the woods," began grandfather, smiling into the eager faces of the group about him, "we had no pastures to keep our cattle in. All the fields we had were the little 'clearings' where the house stood, consequently the cows had to run in the woods, and get their living there. We had a cow called Dolly. We used to give her a lick of salt almost every night at milking-time, and her fondness for it generally brought her home, thus saving me the trouble of searching through the woods for her. But once in a while she got lazy, and staid where she happened to be when night came.

"I guess Doll's going to camp out to-night," said mo-

ther, one evening in September. 'She ought to have been here an hour ago. I don't hear her bell.'

"Dolly didn't come home that night, nor the next day, and we began to get frightened about her.

"'I'm sure she's mired,' said mother. 'Dear me! what 'll we do without her?'

"'Like enough she's got along with some of the cattle from the other settlement,' I said. We had some neighbors about five miles away, and their cattle ran in the woods, and I thought it quite likely Dolly had found them and concluded to put up with them for the sake of having company.

"'I can't help thinking she's got into one of the swamps, and can't get out,' said mother.

"'I guess I'll take a tramp through the woods and see if I can find any tracks,' I said, and started off about sundown. I went through the corn field, and when I got to the edge of it, next to the woods, I found a good many hills all trampled down, and the ears broken off and scattered about. I examined them, and saw that they had been gnawed and chewed up by some animal with powerful jaws. I knew that a bear had made a raid on my corn field, and I made up my mind that I would take my gun, after I got back from searching for Dolly, and hide in the corn field, and see if I couldn't surprise the bear when he came again. I felt sure he would be coming back, for bears are fond of green corn, and one taste of it makes them crazy for more.

"I searched for Dolly until it got to be dark, and found no tracks less than two days old. She was mired, as mother feared, or had gone off to the other settlement, it was quite evident, for she had not been in the places where she usually fed.

"I started for home. I went toward it, as I supposed, but I failed to reach the clearing after I had walked far enough, I was sure, to be there. Then I knew that I was 'turned round,' as they say when a person loses his reckoning in the woods. I couldn't tell which way home was. It was a cloudy night, and there were no stars or moon to help me out of my difficulty.

"I kept on, hoping to strike the trail that would take me out of the woods. But I did not find it for a long time. At last, however, I found the path Dolly had made, and I started homeward. That must have been about midnight. I knew mother would be worrying about me, for she never liked to have me out in the woods after dark.

"As I came near the corn field I heard the brush of which the fence about it was composed crackling sharply, and just then the moon shone out faintly, and I saw an enormous bear making straight toward me. I was frightened, and sprang for the tree that stood nearest. It was a beech with thick branches, and I had hard work to pull myself up through them. I wished they were fewer as I struggled to get among them; but when I got there I was glad there were so many of them, for I felt satisfied that they would help keep the bear back if he attempted to climb after me.

"He had seen me, and came straight to the tree, growling. He walked about it, with his head turned up toward me. Then he came to it, and put his fore-feet up against it, as if he meditated coming up after me. I stamped about among the branches, and yelled at him, and pretty soon he got down, and began walking about the tree again, growling all the time in a threatening way. I could see that he was a very large animal, and it made me shiver to think of what might have happened if I had not been quick enough to get up the tree, and out of his reach.

"I thought he would get tired of staying there after a little, but he seemed determined to make a night of it, and kept up a steady march about the tree. He knew I was his prisoner, and he was determined to give me no chance to escape. I cut a good stout limb, and trimmed

off the branches, thus making quite an effective weapon if he should attempt to come up after me. The end of it I made sharp, so that I could use it as a spear as well as a club.

"By-and-by he did attempt to climb the tree. I found then that my sharp-pointed club came handy. I thrust it down through the branches, and stabbed it into his face, and struck him on the paws and legs. This, with the thick tough branches, was more than he could contend against successfully, and he slid back to the ground, growling and snarling with rage. If he could have got hold of me then, he would have made short work of me.

"The sky began to grow bright in the east, and I was glad to see the day breaking, for I felt sure the bear would soon go away, and I was worn out with fatigue and excitement. And I felt worried about mother. She had never been left alone before all night, and I knew she must be frightened half to death.

"All at once I thought I heard some one call my name. I listened. Pretty soon I heard it again. 'William! William!' It was mother's voice, from the direction of the corn field.

"The bear heard it too, and turned his head that way, and stood there snuffing the air and growling. I was terribly frightened then. If he should take it into his head to attack mother, there was no possible chance of her getting away.

"'Go back!' I cried. 'I'm all right; I'm treed by a bear, but he can't get at me. If he sees you, he'll be likely to come for you. Go back to the house as quickly and as quietly as you can. I'll be sure to come as soon as it gets to be daylight, for he'll leave then.'

"'Where are you?' called out mother, who had not understood half I said, and then I turned faint with fear as I saw her coming through the corn.

"'Go back! go back!' I cried. 'There's a bear here, and if you come farther, he'll see you, and you'll be killed. Go back! go back!'

"'But I've got your gun,' answered mother. 'Can't I shoot him?'

"'Don't try it!' I cried, in terror. 'Go back!'

"The bear sniffed the air for a moment, and then started for the corn field.

"'He's coming!' I screamed. 'Run for your life!'

"But mother didn't run. I saw her dodge behind a big stump, about which some bushes grew. The bear climbed the fence, and started straight toward the place where she was hidden.

"'Oh, she'll be killed!' I groaned; and I dropped from the tree and started after the bear, hardly knowing what I was about.

"Bang! went the gun that mother had brought with her. The bear gave a wild snarl of pain and rage, sprang into the air, and then dropped on the ground in a heap, where he lay kicking and twitching about in what I knew was his death-agony.

"'You made a good shot,' I called out to mother. 'He won't be likely to tree any one again,' and then I felt so weak in the reaction from the excitement I had gone through in the last few minutes that I had to sit down on a log. I trembled all over, and mother said I was as pale as a ghost when she came to me.

"That bear weighed six hundred pounds, it was estimated by the neighbors, when they came to see the game mother had brought down. He was very fat, and we got oil enough from his carcass to make light for our use all that winter. His skin we used for a rug for the baby to play on, and it was better than a carpet.

"I told mother never to start out in search of me again. She was fortunate enough to make a good shot that time, but the next time she might fail. And that is how your grandmother killed the bear."

So ended grandfather's story.



THE KITE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN EARNEST TRIFLER."

IF in a tree-top
His kite chance to stop,
With its new-fangled
Tail entangled;
Or if the light flyer,
On a journey still higher,
With a telegraph wire
Conspire;

Or if the gay thing
Should break from the string,
And to regions remote
Should float;

Or if a church pinnacle,
A steeple, or finical
Vane, or some other thing
Cripple its wing—

The owner regains
Its mangled remains,
Or breaks his own limb,
So help him!

But if over the wall
It chances to fall,
And a girl straying by
Happens to spy
It nigh,

The owner, in fright
At its terrible plight,
'Twixt her arm and her waist
Embraced,

Is suddenly struck
By his miserable luck
Quite utterly dumb,
Ah, hum!

THE WALRUS AND HIS HOME.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

STRANGE-LOOKING family group, is it not?—father, mother, and baby. Do you remember that comical young couple in your *YOUNG PEOPLE* last October, the young gull and the young seal, who were having such an angry discussion, while the old mother seal looked on, but said nothing?

Well, here we have another mother and her baby, and a right loving time they seem to have of it. Kissing one another, I should say they were, only I do not believe that lips like those were ever made for any such purpose. But I dare say she is as fond of him as though he were handsomer. Snugly tucked up the little fellow is, and perfectly contented with his hard rock for a cradle.

And where do you suppose it is? Away off to the north, almost to the North Pole, so to speak, you must go before you can find rocks with groups of walrus lying on them as you see those in the picture on the next page. In May of last year I told you a story of "The Lost Boat of '37." That boat, which had been frozen for thirty-five years into ice which had never melted in all that time, was north of Hudson Bay, and I went on that same voyage more than five hundred miles further north still, and yet I saw only two or three walrus, and I have never seen a group of them such as you see in the picture.

But I will tell you a story of walrus-hunting just as it was told to me. I showed this drawing to my old friend Captain Perkins, the whaleman of whom I have spoken to you before. I knew that he had probably had more experience with walrus than perhaps any other man in the United States. The picture aroused his interest at once.

"Well, well, there you go again with your baby pictures! Don't you recollect the one you showed me of that old bowhead whale and her baby, and how I had to spin you a yarn about it? And you know I showed you my left arm, all smashed to pieces as it was on the Northwest by a blow of her flukes. Now just look at this right one;" and off came his coat, and rolling up his sleeve, he showed me a huge and ragged scar below the elbow, reaching nearly to the wrist. It looked as though some large thing had been driven through the flesh completely, and then torn out sideways, tearing the arm fairly open.

"That is a terrible wound, Captain Jim. The crushing of your left arm must have been a small matter compared with it."

"Yes, it was pretty ugly. But then, as I told you the other time, I hadn't nothing to say. It served me right. I ought to have knowed better. It was what I got for meddling with a walrus pup and his mother up in the artic"—



"SEA-HORSES."

that is the way the Captain always pronounces arctic—"and I will reel off the yarn for you, though it only shows what a fool a man can make of himself.

"It was on the 9th of August, '52, that the *Eliza Min-turn*, with Jim Perkins for captain, sailed through Behring Strait on her way north. We cruised here and there, looking for whales, and by the time we struck the ice, which we did on the 1st of September, in latitude $70^{\circ} 46'$,

we had got three right-whales, making us 274 barrels. Just at that time we hadn't seen a whale for a week, and we was beginning to feel kind o' restless.

"My first officer, Mr. Alden, came up to me as soon as the lookout at the mast-head hailed the deck that he saw ice. 'Captain Perkins, what do you say? Whales has been mighty skase of late. I hain't seen ile enough for ten days to grease my boots. Supposin' we should shove

in there alongside of the ice, we might pick up a sea-horse or two, and every barrel counts, you know.'

"This seemed to me a good idea. I gave the orders, and as we got near to the pack Alden went up with a glass, and hailed me that two 'hosses,' as he always called them, were asleep on the ice close to its edge.

"He was soon on deck again. 'Captain Perkins, we can get 'em both, but we had better take two boats. They are on a little point, and we can paddle up from the two sides without waking 'em at all, and get a lance into both before they can start.'

"This sounded well enough, and I decided to do it. I took my boat, and the mate his, with their crews. We pulled in easy together until we were within about two hundred yards, when I ordered Mr. Alden to go up on the port side of the point, and I would take the starboard. We were to paddle as still as possible right up against the two. This would give the mate and me each of us a blow with a lance, for one animal was about ten feet from one edge of the ice, and the other the same distance from the edge on the other side.

"Now there is no doubt but we should have come out all right and killed both them walruses, and that without trouble, if Mr. Alden had obeyed orders. He was to time himself so as to strike the ice when I did, but he was so anxious to get the first blow that he ruined everything.

"I saw in a minute that he was coming up too rapidly. I made him a signal to slow down, but he did not do it, and the only thing I could do was to start my own boat quicker. This made a slight noise, and the old cow raised her head just as the mate made a spring for the ice, while my boat was still as much as ten feet away. With a snort she made a bound for the water, knocking the pup clear from the ice as she did so.

"I was so angry to see her get off that way that I just acted from passion, and did what I knew I ought not to do. I saw the pup's head come up for a moment, and my lance was through his body quicker than a flash. But the blow was not fairly given before I was sorry for it. I knew I should have trouble, and without looking to see where it would come from, my lance was up again ready to strike.

"And I needed to be ready. A walrus on land or ice is almost as clumsy as a fish out of water, but in swimming I never saw anything quicker. Their strength is so terrible that they almost seem to fly. As I drew back my right arm with the lance I saw that old cow within six feet of me, *in the air*, or at least so it seemed, and the men in the boat said that her whole length was out of the water with the fury of her spring. It was their common boast all the rest of the voyage that 'Cap'n Perkins killed a sea-horse a-flyin'.' For my blow was as quick as her own motion, and when she struck the boat she was dead. My lance went through her brain, and her tusk went through my arm at the same instant.

"But the going through the arm was only a small part of it, for the fury with which she came, and her enormous weight, fairly tore it out, and the whole flesh was ripped off the bone from the elbow to the wrist.

"I am not much of a chicken, as you know, but I fainted that time from the pain and the loss of blood, and I know nothing of our getting back to the ship, nor of anything else for several hours afterward. I knew enough, however, before night to give Mr. Alden such a rating as he never got before, and has never forgotten since. His disobedience of orders almost cost me my life, and it left my arm useless for a year."

"A wonderful escape you had, Captain Jim, and your 'baby' experience with both whales and walrus is something you will not easily forget. I have seen accounts of walrus gathering in companies and attacking boats. Do you believe that those stories are true?"

"I have never seen any such thing. I have always found them very much disposed to git away rather than to

fight, unless one was wounded, or, as in this case, it was a mother fighting for her young one. They have been hunted so much for their oil and their ivory of late years that they have grown very shy. Speaking of their ivory, I have very often seen tusks nearly twice as long as those in this picture; some of them weighed over fifteen pounds each, and were twenty-five inches long."

THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN ASTONISHED FARMER.

THE next day's run was a slow one, for the ice was bad in many places, and several hummocks had to be thoroughly explored before a crossing-place could be found. But they kept up their courage, and the shore came nearer and nearer, until they could see that they were entering a great "bight," and that one mass of land toward the left, which they had taken for an island, was really a headland; so they shaped their course for it. They could see that a little house stood near the beach, hemmed in by the leafless woods. Toward this cottage they made their way, and its owner evidently saw them coming, for a grizzled old man, helping himself with a cane, hobbled down to meet them as they approached the beach.

"Wa'al, I declare!" was the farmer's exclamation, as he stared at the strange-looking party invading his shores. "Who be ye? and where did ye come from?"

They began to tell him, and at every sentence his "Wa'al, I declare!" was thrown in to show the astonishment with which he listened. At last he seemed to recollect himself.

"Ye mus' be about beat out—an' cold too. Come into the haouse an' git suthin' to eat. They ain't nobody to hum, but I 'low ye can find suthin' to eat."

Something! Why, my dear reader, they found in the buttery and milk-room and cellar of that little house on the shore a dinner which they believed never was equalled. They ate and ate, laughing and almost crying by turns over their good fortune. Meanwhile the old gentleman gossiped on.

"My wife," he told them, "has gone down to the Port to see darter an' her husband for a day or two. They wanted me to go down to the Port too, but I'd ruther be to hum, an' I told mother I 'lowed I'd be more comf'able stayin' 'long with the cow an' chickens."

"What is this Port you speak of, sir?" Aleck asked him.

"What? why, Port Linton, to be sure. Don't ye know where that is? Oh, I forgot! ye're lost, ain't ye? He! he! Wa'al, Port Linton is a town on the railroad, and also on the shore to the west'ard o' here, or leastways to the s'uth-'ard, 'cause we're out on a p'int here, an' the Port is up at the head of the bay, behind the big ma'sh."

"Can you let us stay with you to-night? To-morrow we'll go on to the Port."

"Oh yes, ye can stay, an' welcome. But ye'll have to double up some, 'cause I ain't got four beds."

Their rich supper and deep sleep and hearty breakfast made a new crew of them, and the next morning they were eager to get on. When they were ready to go, Aleck thanked the kind old farmer heartily for his hospitality, and asked how much he should pay him for their entertainment.

"Oh, I don't want nothin'—nothin' at all," he said. "Ye're what they might call mariners in distress, an' I jist helped ye as well as I could. I ain't done nothin', an' I don't want no money."

"Oh, but we have eaten so much, and made you so much trouble, I won't feel right unless you let us pay you."

"Wa'al, if ye feel so, I 'low a dollar would be about right. I reckon ye didn't hurt me more'n about that's worth."

Surely this was little enough, but the farmer was entirely satisfied, and said he was sorry to say good-by.

They swung along over the ice in good style after leaving the farmer's cottage, and the buildings and ice-bound shipping of the village were soon in plain view. There was the end of their troubles, so far as the present was concerned; but they were not a great deal nearer Cleveland than when they started, and thoughts of the future began to fill their minds.

They were to be helped in this respect, however, in a way they could not have dreamed of, and the help was now approaching in the shape of a skater who came on toward them with swift strong strides.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"THE TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

As this skater approached they could see that he was a tall young man wearing cap and gloves of seal-skin, and altogether seemed to be what Tug pronounced him, under his breath, "a swell."

He slackened his pace as he came up, and then, seeing the boat they were dragging, and the queer appearance of the whole party, he stopped short, raising his hat to Katy.

"What kind of an expedition is this?" he said, pleasantly, but with his face full of curiosity.

"I'm 'fraid we ain't any too scrumptious," Tug replied, "but you could hardly expect it, I s'pose, seein' we've been a month or more on the ice."

"A month on the ice! How? Where?"

So they told him, each one talking a little, but making a short story of it. He did not interrupt, as the old farmer had, but kept his eyes sharply fixed upon each speaker's face.

"That's a mighty good story," he said. "What are you going to do now?"

"We shall go on to my uncle's in Cleveland right away—that is, if we have money enough to take us there."

"I suppose you wouldn't object to earning a little more money?" the stranger remarked, in a questioning tone.

"Nothing would suit us better," Aleck rejoined. "Do you know how we can do it? My name is Aleck Kincaid, and this promising youth here is Thucydides, otherwise 'Tug,' Montgomery. This is my sister Katy, and the Youngster is my brother Jim."

"I am Harry Porter," the young man announced, shaking hands with them all, "and I am glad to get acquainted with you. Now sit down a minute, and I'll make you a proposition. I live in New York city, and am on the staff of *The Times*, but am out here for a few days on a visit to my father. Your adventures would make a capital story for what we call a 'sensation' in my newspaper. Do you think you could write it in good shape?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," Aleck said. "I've never had any faculty in that direction; but I could make you an automatic brass valve if you wanted it."

"Could you? That's more than I could do. Well, now, you see you have the facts; but you must make use of my training to put them into readable shape, so that the story will be worth money to some newspaper. I can see how two or three very good articles can be made, and what I propose is this: You come to a boarding-house kept by a friend of mine in Port Linton, and stay there as long as is necessary to tell me everything. Then I can write it all in a connected story, and we'll divide the profits. I'll pay your expenses in the village."

"But supposing *The Times* shouldn't want to print it?"

"I'll take care of that," Mr. Porter replied, in a confident way that showed he had no doubt on that point.

"But we would have to wait a good while to get the

money back, wouldn't we?" Aleck asked. "And we want it now worse than we ever shall again probably."

"Ye—es, that's a difficulty," Mr. Porter admitted, slowly. Then he thought over it a minute or two in silence. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at last, "and I think I shall be safe. I estimate that you can give me facts enough for ten or twelve columns—say ten; and that for this 'special and exclusive' they will pay me twenty dollars or more a column. So if you are willing to take one hundred dollars for your information, I'll run the risk of getting that back and another hundred on top of it for the labor of writing it out. What do you say?"

"I say that we shall be very glad to do it if you think you are not cheating yourself."

"That's *my* lookout," said the newspaper man. "And now, Miss Kincaid, if you will allow me to pull your rope, I think we should all regard it as a pleasure to draw you the rest of the way."

Katy demurred, but all the boys insisted; so she unstrapped her skates, and took her place in the boat. Mr. Porter folded his fur-trimmed coat about her, saying he should be too warm while skating to wear it, and they set off gayly.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

THE plan thus made upon the ice was fully carried out. Mr. Porter gave Tug twenty-five dollars and Aleck seventy-five—the latter "for the family," as he said. The old boat was disposed of, and their few remaining goods were packed up and sent on to Cleveland by freight.

When this was all attended to, the four adventurers—yes, *five*, for Rex was not forgotten—feeling themselves already famous in New York, and hence throughout the world, took the train for Cleveland, and reached their uncle's house in time for dinner. They were all heartily welcomed, and told their adventures again and again, until they got so tired of being "trotted out" that Tug one day said he almost wished he had never left the island.

This lasted only a few days, however, for they were all anxious to relieve their hospitable relatives of the burden of their support, and it was not long before they succeeded. Aleck and Tug found profitable work to do. Katy was eager to go to school, and so gladly accepted an invitation to stay with her aunt and help her in her sewing before and after study hours. Jim roomed with his brother, and went to school also, acting morning and evening as an office boy for a lawyer to whom Mr. Porter had given him a letter of introduction.

To prepare themselves for these different stations used up all of their little stock of money, but by close economy they came through without any debt; yes, even with some money left—just nineteen cents among them all! To this Tug's pocket contributed nothing, but he was happy. "There's one great comfort in being 'dead broke,'" he told them. "You know precisely where you are, and that matters can get no worse. You are ready to begin all new again."

That was what they all felt, and each one knew that though he had no money, his feet were planted firmly on the first round of the ladder which might lead to prosperity if steadily climbed.

With this satisfactory state of things the story might end. But twenty years and more have passed since that hard winter which made their journey to the island and escape from it possible—twenty years in which no such hard winter has been seen again.

Aleck is manager and part owner of a manufactory of gas fixtures and brass fittings in Pittsburgh, and Jim is his cashier. Tug lives in Cleveland, where he is busy as an inventor, and expects some day to be made rich by his improvements in railway brakes and in oil-pumping machinery. But nobody addresses him as "Tug," except his



“WA’AL, I DECLARE!”

wife (whom he calls Katy) and little boy, who never tires of hearing how papa and mamma and Uncle Aleck got adrift on an ice-floe in Lake Erie.

THE END.

AT THE KIRMESS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

IT was like a peep into fairy-land to visit the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York a few days ago, when the Kirmess was in progress.

What is a Kirmess? Well, from what I saw, and the few remarks which a young friend attired as a Tyrolean Shepherdess favored me with, I think it is some kind of a country fair.

“Kirmess?” said my little Shepherdess. “Oh, it’s lots of fun! You have booths, don’t you see, and sell things, and get lots of money for them—dollars and dollars! Each nation has one. There’s Holland, and there’s Sweden, and there’s Spain, and there’s— Oh, there’s Dottie Smith!” Whereupon my Shepherdess darted off as if she were Little Bo-Peep, and Dottie Smith were one of her lost sheep.

Yes, there was Holland, indeed, and there was Spain and the other countries, represented by their booths, all arranged very prettily, but with utter disregard for geography. Here was Turkey in the middle of a large ocean of vacant floor, as if it were an island. Russia and Germany were near neighbors, as was proper; but how America came to be placed in a corner between Russia and Spain I can not imagine. But I suppose they don’t study geography in fairy-land.

Of course our own country should be the most interesting of all, and at the Kirmess it certainly was so. It was represented by a little farm-house, surrounded by a yard in which were a pig, a hen (labelled “Rabbit”), with a brood of chicks born about five o’clock yesterday, a turkey, stuffed, and other creatures common in a true American barn-yard. There was also a small live monkey, which, with the parrakeet, represented South America.

The booths were beautifully decorated, and inside them ladies in characteristic costumes were selling various pretty things at prices which would ruin the richest of us if

we were obliged to do all our shopping at the Kirmess. In one of the booths—that of Sweden—Christine Nilsson, the wonderful singer, the “Swedish Nightingale,” as she has been called, was selling rose-buds at five dollars apiece, and found plenty of customers, for sweet charity’s sake.

On one side of the dancing floor was an orchestra composed of eight boys, who, besides playing delightfully, made a very picturesque group, for they were attired and grouped after a celebrated picture representing the great musical composer Mozart surrounded by his orchestra.

But the most beautiful of all the spectacles at the Kirmess were the fancy dances by a number of girls and boys whose ages wandered all the way from six to twelve. First they had a dance of shepherdesses;

then a squadron of Swedish cavalry, in gorgeous uniforms, performed a national dance. After this came other dances also characteristic and beautiful.

The most amusing of all was that in which Little Red Riding-hood, the Enchantress, and the Wolf took part. The Enchantress, who was a pretty little girl of eleven, appeared first on the scene, and was supposed to enchant the ground. Then Red Riding-hood came forward in a pretty red cloak and hood. While she was dancing, a fierce Wolf appeared, making sounds horrible enough to frighten Red Riding-hood into fits.

Suddenly the Enchantress comes back, and the Wolf is greatly frightened in his turn, and runs back to his den. In the mean time Red Riding-hood has come under the spell of the Enchantress. She waves her magic wand, and, behold! Red Riding-hood is Cinderella, and she dances as Cinderella must have done in the fairy tale when she enchanted the young Prince.

This brought the dancing to a close, and the young performers mingled with the gay crowd, and the business of the Kirmess went on again.

And now it may be asked, What was all this for? why this gay scene? Was it all for pleasure’s sake only, and in order that they who danced and we who looked on should be amused? No, it was not all for pleasure.

Every great city has its great charities, its asylums, and its hospitals for the sick and crippled. New York has many, but it needs more; and the ladies who got up this splendid entertainment did it for the benefit of the Skin and Cancer Hospital, so that people who are suffering from these terrible diseases may have a place where they can go and be cured.

And it was for these poor people Cinderella danced and the Wolf chased Red Riding-hood. Children can do much for charity even by their own efforts. Have not their hoarded pennies endowed the YOUNG PEOPLE Cot in St. Mary’s Hospital? They can not, of course, build hospitals alone, but they can assist in such work, and every step that the light-hearted, light-footed dancers took at the Kirmess will bring some relief and comfort to some weary sufferer in the hospital for the benefit of which the festival was given.





THE MERRY MAY.

WHAT do you see in the rose, my child?
What do you hear it say?
Does it whisper that God on the earth has
smiled,
And sent us the merry May?
Merry, merry May—
We are glad for the merry May.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

RUMMERFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are two little cousins. Jennie's papa has been in Washington Territory all winter, but we expect him home every day, and with him many curiosities—a museum of 800 or more of mounted animals from the Pacific coast. Jennie has a tabby cat that opens all the doors that have latches. We went to the woods yesterday, and found our first spring flowers. We know the little girls in the South gathered their first flowers long ago. Susie's papa has a steam mill near the Susquehanna River, about sixteen miles from here.

SUSIE AND JENNIE C.

How interesting your museum will be!

To match the cleverness of Jennie's cat, here is a story which Sadie tells about her dog:

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This morning the cook was cutting up some meat on a low table in the kitchen, and I suggested that we should leave the meat there and see if our shepherd dog would touch it. So we went out, and then went quietly around to another door and looked through the crack. Sport smelled around the floor a little, to see if there were any scraps there, and then he looked at the meat for about a minute. I suppose he was thinking whether it was right to take it or not; he evidently decided it wasn't, for he gave a long sigh, and then went out of the door. Wasn't he good? Sometimes we drop something on the floor, and he will never even smell it till we tell him he may have it. SADIE.

OAK KNOLL, GERMANIA, ALABAMA.

It is a long time since I wrote you a letter, but I've read every paper and every letter each week, and think YOUNG PEOPLE is nicer than ever now. Last Friday Mattie S. came home from school, and spent the night with me, and on Saturday Annie C. drove over in her phaeton. We all went to spend the day in the woods. Well, we went first to a lovely great spring, and the first thing we did was to get a drink of water. Then we crossed the creek on a log and went up the mountain, and when we got to the top we sat down and ate all our lunch up except a few crackers, and it was only ten o'clock, and we had come to spend the day. Then we came down the mountain, and gathered lots of violets, wind-flowers, and spring beauties. We then went to the spring and put our flowers in water, and then we went to fish in the creek. I caught one little fish, and Annie caught a craw-fish. Well, pretty soon we got tired of fishing, and we played Indian all the rest of the time, and went home at four o'clock. We had a splendid time.

Now I must tell you something about my little sister, who is five years old, but we all call her Baby. There are little darkies here, who always say "done" for "did," and talk so funny, and mamma is very particular about Baby's not imitating them. So one day, when it had been raining all day and had stopped in the evening, I said, "Oh, mamma, it's done raining," and Baby opened her eyes very big and round, and said: "Oh, mamma, hear her! She said 'done'." She ought to have said, "It's *did* raining." And then that night, when we were in bed, I told

her something, and she said, "Yes, I *known* it," and I said, "Oh, Baby!—*known*!" What ought you to say?" "Well," she said, "I can't say *did*." And when I told mamma in the morning, she said it was funny enough to tell the Postmistress about it, and I thought I would write. Your little friend,
JULIE V. G.

Bless the Baby!

CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY.

When YOUNG PEOPLE comes we all wish to get it and read it at once. We all like "The Ice Queen" very much. My brother thinks Jimmy Brown's stories are splendid. We have had a great snow-storm here lately. One evening it thundered and lightened, and the next morning there was seventeen inches of snow on the level. Some people think this is the "far West," but we have as good schools, churches, and public buildings as there are in many of the Eastern towns. I have a brother and sister, but no pets at present, as our bird died lately, and our dog was stolen. I have tried some receipts, and succeeded very well.

ELFIE A. R.

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy eight years old. I thought I would write to you, as I never have done so. I will tell you about my pets, as other children have. I had a pet cat, and she had some little kitties, and I liked to play with them. Then she had two more, and because I took them out of their bed they ran away. We caught a little live mouse, and we kept him, and he was a funny little mouse; but one night he got away, and we have not seen him since. I like "Raising the 'Pearl'" and "The Ice Queen" very much.

WINTHROP B. A.

I fear Winthrop grew very tired waiting and watching to see his letter, but here it is, dear boy.

ODELL, ILLINOIS.

The board which we cover our cistern curb with is not wide enough, and to-day it was not put on very well, and one end looked as if it would slip in. After a while we saw that the board was gone. We looked in the cistern, and there it was, and one of our young roosters was standing on it. He must have jumped on top of the cistern, and his weight made the board fall in. He got out of the water on to the board, so he was all right, but how to rescue him was the question. We thought we could let a pail down, but we were afraid it would frighten him and he would jump into the water. We tried it, and he didn't get frightened at all, but it didn't do any good. So my big sister reached her hand down and pulled him out by the tail. He was real wet. We had to bring him into the house to dry him, for it is February, and we were afraid he would freeze. I think he was very sensible to stand so quiet, for if he had flopped around he would surely have been drowned. Good-by for this time.

ROBERT F. A.

WALLESKA, GEORGIA.

I am a happy little girl eight years old. I live on the Etowah river, and sometimes the water rises over our orchard and spring. The name of our place is Walleška. My grandfather named it after an Indian chief who lived here before the white people came to this country. There are three Indian graves on the place. I have two sisters and one brother. We go to school at home. I study reading, spelling, geography, grammar, history, and arithmetic, and take lessons on the piano. I would like to know some of the children's favorite studies. I have a little class-mate named Clara; she walks to school two miles every morning. We ride on the donkey, and play with the puppy and cat. I have books, dolls, and other toys. My mamma gave me YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. My teacher calls me her "little comfort."

M. M. E.

DAYTON, OHIO.

My only pet is a canary; it is tame, and we let it out of the cage nearly every day. It likes to be where the family are. One day I went to school and forgot to put it back in the cage, and there was no one in the room, as mamma had gone out into the kitchen, and I guess birdie felt lonesome, for he followed mamma out and hopped into the sink and was going to bathe. His name is Goldie. We have a horse, and I go horseback-riding in the summer. I go to school, and I am in the Fifth Reader. My studies are reading, spelling, writing, drawing, geography, grammar, mental arithmetic, singing, and fun. My sister and I both take music lessons. Your loving little friend,

NELLIE G. N.

EAST WINDSOR HILL, CONNECTICUT.

I have a little brother two years old; his name is Roger. He says he is auntie's naughty darling. I am seven years old. I go to school every day, and I love my teacher. I write in the No. 3 writing-book. It has been very foggy here. Two of papa's friends got lost on the river with their horse and sleigh one night. My sister Maude is afraid of cats; I am not; I chase them. Papa has

lots of cows and bossy calves. I can milk Daisy. Good-by.

WILLIE G.

Willie, boy, don't chase poor puss!

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.

I have spent the last year very pleasantly visiting my relations in this nice sea-side resort. We have had a very mild and wet winter, but it is clear now, and while the birds are building their nests the flowers are blooming profusely. I never saw such beautiful callas or geraniums as those which grow here, and the golden poppies grow so thick on some of the hills that they can be seen at a distance of several miles spread out like a great yellow sheet. I went in bathing last February, and the climate is so mild that bathers go in the surf every day in the year. When in San Francisco I had the good fortune to make one of a party that the lieutenant of police took through the Chinese quarters after night. We visited many of their shops, restaurants, and bakeries, and saw the opium dens, pawnbroker's shop, the idols at the joss-house, and the pig-pens hung over the alleys. While at their theatre we heard the most terrible screeching, known as Chinese music, and though I could not tell what the play was about, I knew it was intensely interesting from the antics of a little Chinese boy, who was continually grinning at me and gesticulating toward the stage.

WILLIE D. V.

How I would like to see those golden poppies!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I have just had a birthday, and am ten years old. One of my presents was a large French doll. It has large brown eyes and light hair, and cunning little bisque hands. You can judge something of its size when I tell you that it wears mine and my sister's baby clothes. My mamma is making it some white short dresses. I call it Fansy. I have a little iron stove, and almost every Saturday I invite some little girls to come and cook on it with me. I have some pets, as most of the other girls and boys have. The first flowers I have planted are mignonette and poppies. Good-by.

MAY A. A.

Fansy is a pretty name for a pretty dolly.

ST. JOHN'S FARM, NEAR WARRENO, TENNESSEE.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I have a pet dog, and his name is Gipsy. I have two brothers and one sister. My papa has a large vineyard. He is having a large barn built.

VICKY A. L.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy nearly seven years old. I can write some, but not well enough to write a letter, so my auntie is writing this for me. I have been very sick, and have not been out for nearly two months; but I am better now, and am going for a walk the first warm day. I wish it would hurry up and come, for I am so tired of staying in the house. I have two pet pigeons and a canary. My brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like to have the stories and letters read to me, especially the letters, which I like best of all.

JIM.

I hope my little friend Jim is as well as ever by this time.

PLAINVIEW, ILLINOIS.

I thought I would write a letter to the Post-office Box. I would like to be one of your friends. The 6th of February mamma gave me a birthday party; I was thirteen years old. I invited my Sunday-school class and teacher, and also my school-teacher and a number of other boys and girls. I received a number of nice presents.

My sister Gracie told you of the cyclone, and I can tell you something more about one that happened one May. While my sister Mary was walking in the meadow, in November, that had been mowed and raked over in July, she found a gold bracelet that belonged to Miss Tentie R., and had been blown out of her mother's house. She lived about a mile southwest of our home. She was very glad to get it. It was not so nice as when new, but of course it will be quite a keepsake. Would not you think so if it were yours? Papa is quite busy trying to improve our home. It was much injured in the cyclone. But we must not look on the past.

Mamma, sister Mary, and myself belong to the Good Templars' Lodge, and I belong to the Presbyterian Church. I am a farmer's daughter. I can milk the cows, feed the chickens, cook, and wash dishes, and do anything in the way of house-keeping that any little girl of my size can do.

Yours forever,

KATIE M. C.

One bit of a message in your letter, Katie dear, I have kept all to myself, and I am very, very glad that you told it to me, though I prefer not to print it for everybody else to read.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

My funny little sister has written a letter and "made up" a "Chinese Fairy Story" for you, which she hopes you will think good enough to print. The little dear has "made up" stories, usually fairy stories, and songs (composing words

and tune at the same time), ever since she could talk. At first we did not notice them; she then would tell them to her dolls; then, as she grew older, she told them to any one of the family who could be prevailed on to listen to them. The one she sends you is literally as she told it to me one day as we were coming home from the Post-office. When "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" was appearing in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, the next day after it came she would be very anxious for the next paper, and say: "Will *YOUNG PEOPLE* come to-day? How I wish it came every day! I just love it."

Your little paper fills the place, so long vacant, waiting for some live, charming publication to appear to the little ones oftener than those published but once a month, and it does us all a world of good, like the good fairy that it is.

I have thought best to copy little sister's letter and story, because I can make them occupy a little less bulk. But they are not changed one word. The spelling, punctuation, and capitals are all hers too.

JENNIE R. B.

I think *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* is very nice. I have not seen anything of Jimmy Brown or Mr. Thompson for a long time. The other day, when I went to the Gaudalupe River, I found some pussy-willows, but some of them had grown to be old cats. I thought I would tell you about some mines and mountains. Mount Hamilton is the mountain where they are going to have the biggest telescope in the world. I will first tell you about the Gaudalupe Mine; it is about nine miles from where I live. On the hill there is a dump pile, where there is cinnabar. I think it is very pretty. The big wheel was going when I was there, and it never made a bit of noise at all, but went round and round, and brought up water from three hundred feet. I have been to New Almaden on a picnic, but it began to rain before we had a chance to see inside the mine, and I was very sorry, too, because I wanted to tell you about it. New Almaden is about fourteen miles from where I live, and four from the Gaudalupe Mines across the hills. I have no pets, or little brothers, or little sisters, but I have a big sister. I have a doll three feet and two inches named Kristeen, and a wax doll named Lilly Bell. Good-by.

ANNIE M. B.

A CHINESE FAIRY STORY.

Once upon a time there lived an old, old, old Chinaman, whose name was Ling Hong. He was a witch and changed anybody into an elephant if they did anything wrong. The people did not like this, and they thought they would kill him but the first time they tried they forgot his head and the next day he was a chinaman again. The next time they tried they fared no better for they forgot one of his feet, the next time they got all of him burnt, but the next day the King died and they thought that it was because the witch was dead, and so they sent for a Saint, who took the bones and ashes and said something to them, then the Saint took the King into another room and did not let any one in only the old witch who had become a chinaman when the Saint said something to the bones and ashes. The old witch touched the King and he rose well and strong. Then the old witch said he would not change anybody to an elephant again unless they did something very wrong. Now this old witch was getting to be two hundred years old and had a pigtail two miles long and very thick, and one day he thought he would cut it off, and drawing it up he found it so muddy he thought he would let it be and have the barber cut it off, and so the next day he went to the barber, but before morning a poor farmer had cut it in two and carried the piece he cut off home with him, and he and his wife were brushing it and the farmer's wife was going to spin the hairs and there came out ever so many little chinamen as big as a pin, and went all over the farmer and bit him, and his wife and his children till they all said they would not touch the old witch's pigtail again. Then the little chinamen hid in the pigtail again, and the old witch said he would go everywhere and see the whole world and learn about everything. So he got three ships and some men to go with him and they visited every place to see the wonders as the old witch called them. And they visited last of all California and at every place he stopped in California he left some of his little chinamen, and of course they had to build them some houses to live in, and nobody else lived in their houses with them and so they called it Chinatown—and that is the way so many chinatowns came in every place in California.

Thanks, little ten-year-old Annie, for the story, and for the pussy-willows you sent in your letter.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—The story of "Pearl's Easter at Merrivale" makes me think of how I spent Easter a year ago. We were in the country all the spring and summer. The night before Easter the boys where I was went out in the fields near the house and dug holes, where they said the rabbits would come and lay eggs for the children to have at Easter-day. No one but the father of the boys was allowed to know where the holes were. In the morning early they ran out to look, and sure enough each hole was filled with colored eggs.

As we were near a river, I learned to row. I

am not a very strong boy, but I could take five people in the boat quite a distance before I was eight years old. We live in the city, but I like the country very much.

WINFRED H. R.

LIBERTY CENTER, IOWA.

I am a little boy eleven years old. My birthday is on Christmas. We have two little calves, three cows, and three little pigs. I have a little colt; I call her Flora. I have seven little chickens four weeks old. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. My uncle sends it to my sister. Mother made me a sugar egg. Our school begins this morning.

JAMES B.

LEXERA, JOHNSON COUNTY, KANSAS.

We are two little cousins, and we thought we would try and write to you. We live out in the country, a few miles apart. This afternoon we went down to the creek, and took a basket of provisions with us. We gathered moss and picked up shells and pebbles, and caught a few minnows, and altogether we had a very fine time. Our teacher teaches singing, and we like it very much. Our friend Hattie says she does not believe that the children write the letters that are in the Post-office Box, but we do. We will close now.

LETTA C. and MEDA C.

I wish Miss Hattie could make a call on me to-day and see my lap overflowing with letters. I fancy she would believe that children write letters after that.

ESTHERVILLE.

I have taken three terms of music lessons. There are three kinds of spring flowers here—wake-robin, periwinkles, and wind-flowers. I have four scrap-books, and about four hundred advertisement cards. I would like to know what your name is. The ball season has come; we play ball every evening. I go to school every day. I have a cat whose name is Bobby, because it has a bob-tail; it jumped into an open window, and the window fell on its tail, and part of it came off. I had a canary, but Bobby caught it and ate it. Do you like ferns? We have a great many here. I press some every summer. There are a great many cat-tails too. We have lots of small candy-pulls in the winter. I send this recipe for taffy—it is very nice: ten table-spoonfuls of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, a lump of butter the size of a walnut. I wish some one would send a nice recipe for lemon-drops. I hope you will print this letter.

RUTH M. B.

So you want to know my name, dear. I'll have to think about it awhile first. Will somebody send a splendid receipt for lemon-drops as soon as possible?

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I think the engravings in *YOUNG PEOPLE* are very lovely, especially those by Miss Jessie McDermott and the one who puts her monogram with a J over an S. My drawing teacher has had me copy a great many of Miss McDermott's drawings. She has me copy from cast, and I don't enjoy it at all. How shall I address a Wiggler? I have drawn several and sent them, but they have never been printed. Scranton is a very busy city; it is increasing in both size and population. The large Court-house is almost finished. It is a very handsome building; it occupies a square, and can be seen from all the houses from Adams Avenue clear up to Shanty Hill. I wish you could see some of the handsome residences in Scranton; they are most of them built in the latest style, having been built in the past few years. The extensive coal mines here keep the poor in constant work, so you don't see any beggars or objects of charity on the streets. You would enjoy going down a mine. It is very nice down there to watch the miners take out coal from the sides and roof of the mine. A good many men have been killed or have had their legs or arms taken off by blasts, but it is mostly through carelessness that it is done. Next time I come to New York I am coming to see your large publishing house. We have a large Maltese cat that is five years old, and a lovely greyhound called Beauty. I have a very pretty room. I have two dozen beautiful peacock feathers and about thirty cat-tails behind my writing-table, in a large jug. My paper is pale blue, with a delicate clematis vine with its feathery blossoms. My curtains and portiere are peacock-blue with terra-cotta trimmings. I must close now. With love, your constant reader,

AMY S.

You know, dear Amy, that it is impossible for our artist to do more than select a few for publication from the thousands of Wiggles which the little Wigglers send. Address yours to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and, if you persevere, no doubt you will one of these days see one of your drawings in the paper.

NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a nice little dog; his name is Fido. I have a canary; he sings very sweetly. I also have two paro-

quets; they can talk; we have them in the conservatory, and when I leave them they say "Good-by." I am going to Europe in May. I feel sorry to leave my pets. I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much, and feel very thankful to a dear friend who gave it to me for a year.

H. E. R.

ILCHESTER, MARYLAND.

My sister and I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years, and think it is the best paper that ever was. We had a pet chicken called Blackie. He would fly on my shoulder and eat out of my hand as nice as could be, and he would come to the window where I sat and look up at me so cunning. The other day I saw a number of bluebirds. I have heard that it is a sign that spring is coming when you see them. I am glad, because I want to go to work at my flower garden. We live on a farm eleven miles from Baltimore. I have a horse named Charley; he is very nice to ride. We have three cats and four kittens. I have a dog which I trained myself. I know Katie R.; she lived not very far from us, but is now in Europe.

M. N. S.

RAVENSWOOD, ILLINOIS.

I am a little boy almost seven years old. I have a pet dog; her name is Rose, and when she comes into the house she will put her paws up on my shoulder. And I have a pretty wood-dove; she will eat out of my hand, and she will beg for water or barley. I study the Second Reader and writing, and I hope that you will publish this.

JAMIE B.

Edward F. S.: You seem to have fun at your military school, but do not play too many tricks. —Adelia H., Henry S. P., Julius F. K., Willie A. L., Gracie A. C., Francella P., George B. B., Mary O., Charles M. H., George F., Wilbur B. C., and Winnie M. will please accept thanks.—Two Little Boys from St. Louis: I am very sorry I did not see you when you came to visit the home of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I received your sweet spring flowers safely, and they stood on my desk a long time.—Ella G. McS.: I like your suggestion, and shall have something to say about it soon.—Little Adnee was sent for a pint of milk, but by mistake brought home a quart. She asked if she should drink half of it and make it a pint. The same child said, "Auntie, all the days come to us dressed in their clothes, and say good-morning." "Put the flowers in water quick; they look faint."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am a familiar saying composed of 20 letters.
My 5, 1, 4, 12, 13 brings some people to want.
My 17, 18, 19, 20 is sought in the desert.
My 15, 6, 7, 8, 16 are favorite places for wild flowers.
My 2, 11, 9, 10 is slender, long, and thin.
My 3, 11, 14, 18 is a lovers' walk.

LUCY P.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A body of water. 3. A lamina.
4. Motives. 5. Clamorous. 6. Period. 7. A letter.
HOBOKEN.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

You'll find me in lily, in lace, and in lute.
In lark, and in light, in the cymbal and flute.
I am never in rose-bud, in perfume, or sigh,
In sweet maiden's kiss, or in cross infant's cry.
I am not in tornado, but am in cyclone.
But I never am found in the fierce torrid zone;
Yet tropical fruits never blush without me.
Now, quick-witted puzzler, pray who may I be?
No puzzle e'er printed but needed my aid,
Yet I'm in no enigma that ever was made.

MOTHER BUNCH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 234.

No. 1.— G O L D K N O B
O V E R N A M E
I E N A O M E N
D R A W B E N D

No. 2.—Fox. Tour. Roost. Piece. But. Fox.
Our Post-office Box.

No. 3.—Persia.
No. 4.—Pitchfork. Cowbird.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Nellie Thorpe, Mary Mayfield, Paul, Albert, and Theodore Keese, Elsie Cuyler, D. C., Alma Jones, Robert Fair, George G. Dawson, David Armour, Mollie Culbert, Emily C. L. A. R., Lucy Pease, John Todd, and Frank Hylton.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

A FOOLISH LITTLE MAN.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

THERE is a little man
Who might be very wise,
If half the time the stupid tears
Were not in both his eyes.

There is a little man
Who might be very strong,
If half the time he did not fret
Lest things were going wrong.

There is a little man
Who might be very bright,
If half the time he did not shut
The sunshine out of sight.

HOME-MADE TOPS.

THE diagram Fig. 1 shows the materials for making a balancing top that will spin upon a string or the edge of a knife.

A is an empty blacking box with a hole cut through the centre of both parts the size of the thinner part of a spool. B is the spool; one end is whittled down, and pushed through the

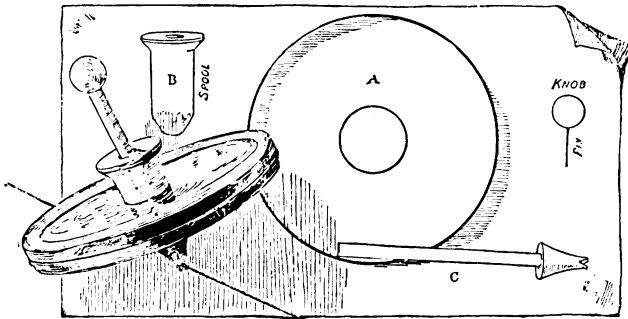


FIG. 1.

hole until it projects about half an inch beyond the under side of the box. The peg must be made in the form of a straight cylindrical stick or spindle two and a half inches long, and ending in a conical piece about half an inch long and half an inch in diameter at its larger end, with a notch in the smaller end, as shown by diagram C. The top should be weighted by

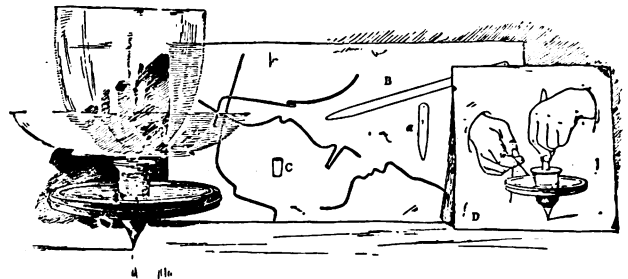


FIG. 2.

pouring melted lead into the blacking box before putting it together.

Fig. 2 is another style of top made in the same manner as that described in Fig. 1, only that the peg (a), which is about one inch long, is stationary. D shows how to spin the top by using the long stick, B, which is withdrawn when the cord is unwound.

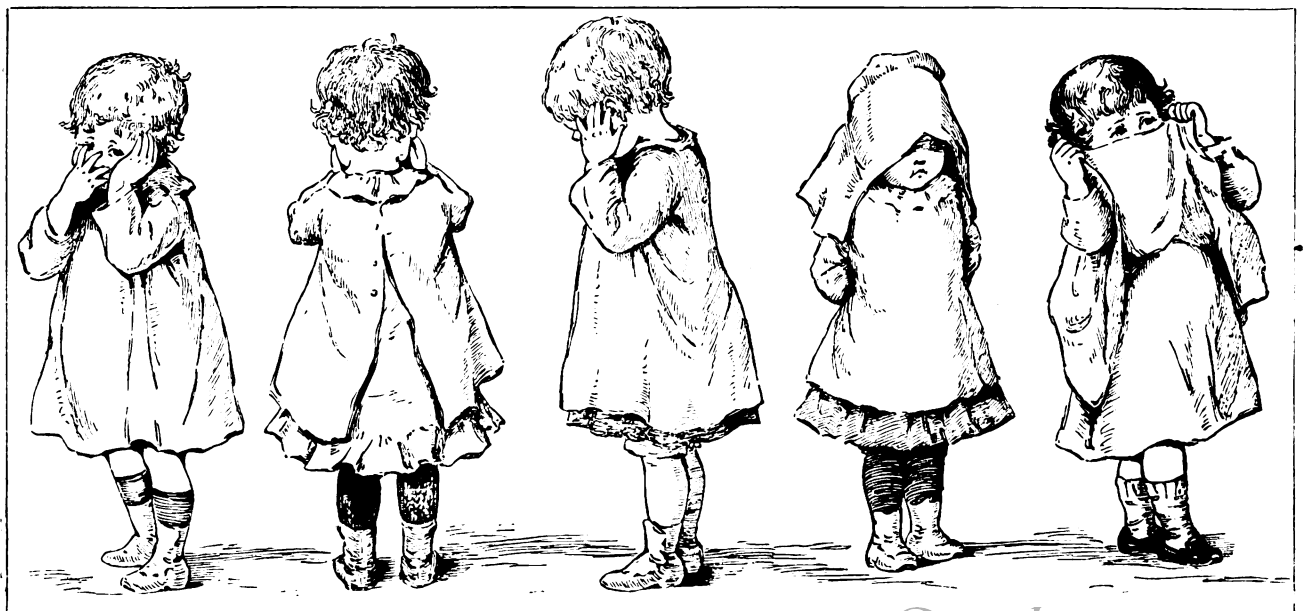
If pieces of wire bent as shown by Fig. 2 be inserted in the hole in the spool before the top is set spinning, it will look as if a transparent cup and saucer were balancing on the top. Should



FIG. 3.

the wire that you use not stay in the spool, a small piece of wood (C) with a hole through it will keep it in place.

If a light be placed on one side of the top and a piece of paper on the other (Fig. 3), the light will throw a shadow on the paper in the form of a glass.



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 238.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, May 20, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.



"IT IS DICK FELTER'S WHITEFOOT, AND HE IS RUNNING AWAY."

"A LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING."

BY AGNES CARR.

"RHODA, Debby, here is a piece of news for you," said Mrs. Winter, as, holding an open letter in her hand, she entered the bright, sunny dining-room, where her two elder daughters were busily clearing the table.

"What is it, mother?" asked Debby, from the depths of the china-closet, while Rhoda paused on her way to the kitchen, the tea-pot in one hand and a dish in the other.

"Your aunt Deborah Beecham is coming for a visit, and will be here to-morrow afternoon."

"Wonders will never cease!" exclaimed Rhoda.

"But what brings her to East Haddam now?" asked rosy-cheeked Debby, from the closet.

"This is what she says," and Mrs. Winter read aloud:

"My doctor has ordered me to the sea-shore for change of air, and I thought, my dear niece, that you might be willing to lend me one of your daughters for a few weeks. I need a companion, and it would be a nice change for the girl herself, as the sea-side town I am going to is said to be very pleasant. I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of my great-nieces, and will select the one to accompany me after seeing them. I shall therefore drop in upon you on Wednesday afternoon by the three-o'clock train.

"Your affectionate aunt, DEBORAH BEECHAM."

Plain and straightforward, just like herself," said Mrs. Winter, while the eyes of the girls sparkled with delight.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Rhoda. "It will, indeed, be a delightful change from this humdrum village. She surely ought to take me, as I am a famous nurse."

"But I am named for her," said Debby, "and certainly deserve a treat after bearing such an ugly name. Besides, you know, my beef tea is celebrated."

"You are both good housekeepers," said their mother, with fond pride, "and accomplished as well."

"I shall practice up my music," said Rhoda, "and make a batch of sponge-cake to-morrow morning."

"And I," said Debby, "will sacrifice two of my pet chickens, and bring out all my sketches and Kensington-work to adorn the parlor and best bedroom."

"But can't I do something?" asked thirteen-year-old Polly, who until that moment had remained silent, being engaged with pen and ink in transforming a bunch of yellow and white marguerites into funny daisy grandmothers with frilled caps, and quaint little faces. "I shall love Aunt Deborah as much as any of you."

"Oh, you are a little good-for-nothing!" said Mrs. Winter, good-naturedly, "and only a child; so we don't expect much of you."

"But I would like to see the great blue sea; it must be grand—much larger than Pike Pond, I suppose."

"A trifle," laughed Rhoda; "but Aunt Deborah wants some one to take care of and amuse her, not a young tear-coat like you. So, Pollywog, think no more about it, but get a towel and come help me wipe the dishes."

Slowly Polly obeyed, thinking how horrid it was to be just in her teens, and a good-for-nothing, and how perfectly lovely to be grown up, play on the piano, work peacock feathers and cat-tails on tidies; and, above all, go on trips to the sea-shore with kind old great-aunts.

The next day was a busy one in the Winter household. Rhoda and Debby flew about, as their mother expressed it, "like chickens with their heads off," while Polly was sent on numberless errands up and down stairs, and round to the village store, and called upon to whisk the eggs and dust the parlor, all of which she accomplished with unruffled temper, although the work brought her no praise.

But at last all was done, the house in "apple-pie order," the "Rococo Waltz," Rhoda's newest piece in a conspicuous place on the music rack, while Debby surveyed with pride her crewel blackberries and sunflowers, which shone on sofa and chair back.

"Now, Polly," said Mrs. Winter, "take the two-quart pail up to Oldham's pasture, and fill it with 'black-caps' for tea. They will be delicious covered with cream."

"Oh, mother! must I?" and the tears started to Polly's blue eyes. "I wanted to have on my white muslin and blue sash, and go with Rhoda to meet Aunt Deborah. She will think I don't care anything about her."

"Nonsense!" said her sister; "you will see her at supper, and we must have the berries. Just think of all Debby and I have done this morning!"

"Can I wear my new hat?" asked Polly.

"No, dear," said her mother, "your old one will do

very well, and you can carry the green umbrella, for it will be hot crossing the lots."

Now, if there was one thing Polly despised more than another, it was that old umbrella, the "family roof," as it was generally called, and she made a little face at the ancient article as she took it from behind the door, and with one envious glance at her sisters, in their cool summer dresses, started off for Oldham's pasture.

"Good-by, sweet Polyanthus. Be sure and get a good dishful," called Debby after the retreating figure in its scant gingham gown, and then settled herself on the shady piazza, ready to welcome the expected visitor, while Rhoda set forth for the railroad station.

Polly, it must be confessed, was something of a "tomboy," and she scaled the fences between the village and Oldham's pasture as easily as a squirrel; but as she trudged along under the protecting "family roof," her mind was full of the coming Aunt Deborah. "I wonder," she thought, "if she will wear a plum satin, like Mrs. Judge Peterson, or a yellow feather in her hat, like Miss Alvira Fry; for mother says she is rich, and was very kind to her when she was a girl. I like her for being good to mamma, and will get her the very nicest black-caps I can find. My, what big ones!"

The last exclamation was called forth by the sight of the berry bushes bending beneath their weight of fruit. Polly set to work with a will. But the pail was large, and the little girl's hands were badly scratched and the sun far toward the west before it was filled up to the brim, and she could turn her face homeward.

"I must hurry, or I will not have time to dress before tea," said Polly to herself; but after crossing two fields and climbing three fences, she was obliged to sit down and rest, for the pail of berries made her arm ache, and the large umbrella was very heavy. She had scarcely dropped, however, on the soft grass, when far up the road she spied a cloud of dust, from which presently a bay horse emerged. With ears laid back, he was coming at a rapid pace down the turnpike, dragging after him a rickety-looking buggy that swayed dangerously from side to side, and in which Polly could discern a small black figure clinging helplessly to the sticks that supported the top.

"It is Dick Felter's Whitefoot, and he is running away!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet. "And, oh dear, the lady will surely be killed!"

There was no one else in sight, and on came the frightened animal, threatening every instant to dash the wagon to pieces, when suddenly, directly before him in the dusty road, appeared a great green object flapping up and down like an ugly bug of tremendous size. This was something entirely new in Whitefoot's experience, and surprise made him gradually slacken his speed. Slower and slower it grew as he approached the queer-looking thing, which he was afraid to pass, until he came to a stand-still right in front of the "family roof," which Polly was vigorously opening and shutting with all her might and main.

"Let me out! oh, let me get out!" pleaded a weak voice from the bottom of the wagon; and the frisky horse, having had his run, seemed quite satisfied to remain quiet when Polly caught him by the rein. Then she assisted a gentle little old lady, with soft gray curls, to alight. She was half fainting, and turned so pale, that the girl hurriedly tied Whitefoot to a tree, and then ran to dip her handkerchief in a little brook that ran through the long grass near by, and tenderly bathe the white face.

"Thank you," said the old lady, as she began to recover; "but how did you stop that dreadful beast?"

"With the old green umbrella," said Polly, simply. "I have read of stopping horses that way, and couldn't think of anything else to do."

"You are a dear, brave little girl. The boy who was driving was thrown out a mile back, and I could not have kept in much longer."

"What startled him?" asked Polly.

"A lad on a bicycle, I believe, but I was too frightened to notice much."

"Well, he has quieted down now, and if you will get in, I will drive you to my home in the village, where you can rest before going further."

The old lady objected timidly, but she was unfit to walk, and was finally prevailed upon to do as Polly said. Polly, with the now celebrated "family roof," mounted by her side, and with much pride drove old Whitefoot, who looked rather ashamed of himself, down the village street.

Mrs. Winter, Rhoda, and Debby were surprised indeed when berry-stained Polly drove up to the gate. But the young driver was more amazed when her mother exclaimed: "Why, Aunt Deborah! how came you here?—we had quite given you up." Then she discovered that the soft-voiced lady she had rescued was no other than their expected relative.

Explanations followed, and it seemed that Aunt Deborah had made a mistake, and left the train at West instead of East Haddam, where she had been forced to hire a country youth to drive her the four miles between the two places. Her nerves were badly shaken by the runaway, but she kissed her youngest niece very fondly, and even glanced gratefully at the old umbrella.

Tea was soon served, when Debby's chicken and Rhoda's sponge-cake graced the board, but the "black-caps" were missing, they having been forgotten, and left to "waste their sweetness" by the road-side. But Aunt Deborah accepted all apologies very kindly, and smiled contentedly over her apple sauce at Polly.

Mrs. Beecham proved to be a perfect visitor, making herself at home at once, sympathizing with Mrs. Winter in all her household trials, listening to Rhoda's music, admiring Debby's handiwork, and giving a helping hand to all. But what she seemed to enjoy most was the twilight hour, when the family gathered on the woodbine-covered porch, and Polly sang simple songs and ballads in a voice as sweet and clear, though as untrained, as a wild bird's. So two weeks glided by.

"Must you really go in three days?" asked Polly, sadly, one evening, as she cuddled up to Aunt Deborah, and laid her head in her lap.

"Yes, darling; but if mother has no objection, I would like to take you with me."

The rough brown head came up with a start, and two blue eyes were very wide open as Mrs. Winter, who sat by, asked, "Do you mean it, Aunt Deborah? Our little Polly is very sweet and lovable, but we have looked upon her as a sort of merry good-for-nothing."

"A girl who remembers what she reads, and has the presence of mind to put it in practice, is just the one I want," said Aunt Deborah, patting the eager face upraised to hers. The next moment she was almost suffocated in Polly's vigorous embrace.

Rhoda and Debby were certainly disappointed, but were somewhat consoled by well-chosen gifts from their great-aunt, and kindly refrained from saying anything to damp the pleasure of the little girl, who was in the wildest spirits. Debby only remarked, "What a travelled Polly-wog it will be!" as she fitted the natty blue flannel travelling suit.

But there was a lump in Polly's throat which she had to swallow hard to hide, when for the first time in her life she bade good-by to the home folk, and started off behind the puffing iron steed. New scenes, however, soon diverted her, and when at last she stood on the hard smooth sand, and saw the glorious breakers come rolling in to break in curling foam at her feet, she clasped her hands in rapturous delight, exclaiming,

"Oh, Aunt Deborah, it is wonderful! every wave seems an ocean princess with a white feather in her hair, and I am so glad you thought I was good for something."

CAPTURING A TIGER.

ONE day about Christmas, 1883, a Chinaman came into the city of Singapore, in India, in great haste, to report that a tiger had fallen into a pit which had been dug as a trap. A purchaser was soon found for the beast, and six Malays started out to bring him to the city.

The first thing done was to rig up a strong beam over the mouth of the pit. Next there was prepared a strong double basket of green rattan, one end of which was open, while the other was closed, except a little hole.

The planks covering the mouth of the pit were then slightly separated, a strong rope with a noose on one end was lowered, and slipped over the tiger's head in spite of his resistance. This done, the end of the rope was put through the basket, entering at the open end and passing out through the small hole opposite. It was then carried up over the beam, which left the basket standing mouth downward over the pit.

When all was ready, the word to haul was given, and the disgusted tiger was lifted up and drawn head foremost into the basket, which fitted him as an extinguisher does a candle end. As soon as he was well in, the Malays swiftly laced withes across the open end, leaving nothing but the tiger's tail protruding.

The basket was now carried to the road, where a cage was in readiness to receive the royal captive. Against a doorway made by drawing up four iron bars the end of the basket was lashed, after which the lacings were cut. The tiger was now free to back out of the strait-jacket of a basket in which he had been carried, but he was unwilling to move, until he had been started by prying his hind-legs backward with levers.

Thus admonished, he made a frantic rush outward to the rear of the cage. The Malays were quick, and in an instant the door bars were dropped, and the tiger was safe.

All that remained was to cut away the basket and to remove the noose from the tiger's neck. He was very violent at first, but when curtains had been placed over the cage he became quiet, and was carried to the city and placed aboard the steamer without any accident.

SPIDERS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

ALTHOUGH spiders are shunned and despised, they are, in northern countries, mostly harmless creatures, quietly pursuing their work of destroying insects.

Spiders are found in all parts of the world, being most numerous in warm countries, where they are large and poisonous. They have a singular fancy for resting with their heads downward, and instead of living in pairs, they prefer to live alone. The females are usually larger than the males, and they show no good feeling toward the mates, eating them if they get a chance. In some cases, however, they live peaceably together for a time.

The two divisions of the spider's body are easily seen. They have four pairs of legs, ending in hooks, which may be seen in Fig. 1. Near the mouth are hooked mandibles, which contain a slit for throwing out a poison to kill their prey. They have from six to eight eyes, which are grouped together on the top of the head. The higher kinds of spiders have a heart and blood-vessels. They breathe by air-sacs and tubes, and have what slightly resembles a brain.

Spiders are provided with three pairs of "spinnerets" for spinning their webs, the last pair often extending behind the body like two prongs (Fig. 2). On examining these spinnerets we shall find them covered with tiny points; from each of these flows a stream of gummy fluid, which hardens into silk when it reaches the air. The movable spinnerets are under the control of the spider, and when

"LEFT BEHIND:" Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MAKING ACQUAINTANCES.

THE first day's work at selling newspapers was particularly hard for Paul Weston, and more than once it was necessary for both Ben and Johnny to interfere to save him from what might have been serious trouble with that class of newsboys who made it their business to drive any new-comer away.

And it would not have been a very long or difficult task to force Paul to retire from the business if he had not had these two friends, so experienced in the ways and hard corners of street life.

According to the judgment of both Ben and Johnny the best course which Paul could pursue in order to reach his friends in Chicago was to earn sufficient money by the sale of papers to pay his fare to that city. It is true that a wild idea of writing to some of his relatives had crossed their minds; but it had not assumed any such shape that they thought of speaking about it to him.

Never once did it occur to them that by keeping him within their world they were most effectually hiding him from his parents. They were doing their best to aid him, and even if it was the worst thing they could do, they were none the less friends to him so far as they knew how to be.

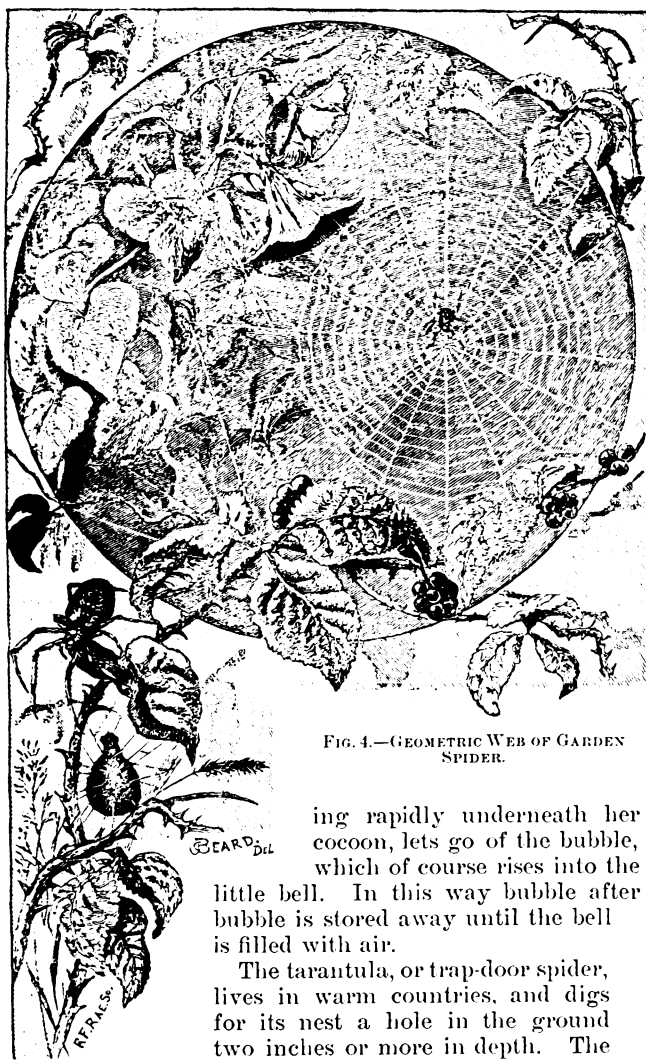


FIG. 4.—GEOMETRIC WEB OF GARDEN SPIDER.

ing rapidly underneath her cocoon, lets go of the bubble, which of course rises into the little bell. In this way bubble after bubble is stored away until the bell is filled with air.

The tarantula, or trap-door spider, lives in warm countries, and digs for its nest a hole in the ground two inches or more in depth. The hole is neatly lined with real raw

silk, and covered with a most ingenious lid that fits tightly into it. How do you suppose the spider manages to make this circular lid of the exact size, and then fasten it on with a silken hinge? The top of the nest is first covered with a web of the proper shape, on which is placed a small quantity of earth; over this is spread another web, then more clay, so that the lid is composed of layer after layer of web and fine clay, which harden into a thin, stiff mass. The webs on one side are attached to the edge of the nest to form the hinge.

When the lid is closed it looks so exactly like the surrounding soil that these nests are not easily found. The concealment is completed by a cunning habit of covering the door with moss like that which grows around it. When in its nest the spider holds on to the door so tightly by its mandibles and fore-feet that the lid can not be raised from the outside.



"PAUL LOOKED ON WITH THE GREATEST SURPRISE."

In order to cheer the sorrowful boy as much as possible, they resolved on having such a feast as they allowed themselves only on extra occasions, and that was to go to a cheap restaurant where a whole dinner could be bought for fifteen cents. To them it was a rare treat; but, greatly to their disappointment, Paul did not enjoy it as they had expected he would.

The afternoon papers were purchased, and even though their new friend was so wholly unacquainted with the business, and they were obliged to spend much of their time in defending him from the assaults of the more evil-disposed of their calling, trade was very good.

The reckless expenditure of forty-five cents for dinner had been made up, and when the day's work was over they had a clear profit of forty-three cents, which, to say the least, encouraged them in their good work.

Instead of going directly to the home that Dickey Spry had founded, after their day's work was over, Ben proposed that Paul should be introduced to some of their mutual friends, in order that his change in life might be made as agreeable as possible. Then came the question whom should be honored by the first call.

Ben was in favor of visiting Nelly Green, whose mother kept a fruit stand on Chatham Square, and who was always to be found acting as clerk, while Johnny was anxious to visit a mutual friend by the name of Mopsey Dowd, who had risen from boot-black to the proud eminence of owning a pea-nut stand near Fulton Market.

There was quite an argument as to which one of their friends Paul would be most pleased to meet, and each one held so strongly to his own views on the matter that the question was only settled by the agreement to call on both.

Mopsey Dowd's place of business being nearer the corner where they held their consultation, the three concluded to go there first, and Paul was considerably interested in this work of making acquaintances.

The traffic at the ferry was still quite brisk, and Mopsey was selling his goods as rapidly as though he had advertised to close out his entire stock below cost.

Between the intervals of waiting upon customers and turning the roaster to keep the nuts from burning, Ben related Paul's story to the pea-nut merchant. Mopsey was so much interested that he not only favored Paul with a great deal of his attention, but insisted on giving him a large handful of the very best and warmest nuts.

Mopsey even went so far as to make Paul an offer for the two tops that had caused him so much trouble. But owing to a sudden rush of customers the proposed trade was broken off, and the visitors took their leave, promising to call again at some time when they would be less liable to interruption from a pea-nut-hungry public.

Then the three started for Nelly Green's place of business, taking a roundabout course to get there, for the purpose of avoiding the crowd. By doing this they met another acquaintance, whom they were rejoiced to see, even though he was a creditor. This was none other than Master Dickey Spry, who had earned his last name because of the quickness of his movements.

Master Spry was leaning against a lamp-post in an attitude of deep dejection, and was looking down into the gutter as if he expected to see some help arise from thence to aid him in his trouble.

Dickey had not noticed them when they first came up, and it was not until Ben touched him on the shoulder that he appeared to hear what they said.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Ben, anxiously. "You look as if somebody 'd stole yer an' carried yer off. What's up now?"

"Busted," replied Dickey, mournfully, and then he began studying the gutter again.

"Busted?" echoed the two boys in the same breath. Then Ben asked, eagerly, "You don't mean to say that you've gone up—failed?"

"That's jest it. I trusted out as much as thirty cents, an' then I got Tim Dooley to tend stand for me this forenoon. When I come back I couldn't find anything but the stand, an' that, you know, I hired. All the nuts an' Tim had gone off."

The boys were so upset by the news of this misfortune that it was some time before Ben could ask, "But can't you find out where Tim is?"

Dickey shook his head. "I've been lookin' everywhere, an' I can't hear nothin' 'bout him, an' I can't make any of ther fellers pay what they owe me, so I'm all cleaned out."

Ben looked at Johnny inquiringly for an instant, and when that young gentleman nodded his head, he said,

"Well, we owe yer twenty cents that ain't due yet, Dickey, but we've got 'em, an' we'll pay it to yer now."

"I don't want it," replied the unfortunate tradesman, "an' I didn't say what I did to make you pay me. If you fellers will let me own twenty cents' worth of ther house, I'll be all right, for then I'll have a place to live, an' I kin get back in the boot-blackin' bizness agin."

It would be crowding rather close to put four into the hogshead, but matters could be arranged by turning their store-room into a bed-chamber, and Dickey's request was granted without the slightest hesitation.

"We're goin' round town awhile," said Johnny to the bankrupt merchant, "an' you'd better come along with us."

Dickey shook his head very decidedly. He had no desire to mingle with the world while his loss bore so heavily upon him, and he was so anxious to go directly to the home he had once sold that no persuasion could make him change his mind.

After promising to return early, in order to cheer him in his troubles, the boys continued their way to Chatham Square, where, by good luck, both Nelly and her mother were found seated behind a huge basket piled high with peaches and pears. They were sure of having a pleasant call, for Mrs. Green could attend to the customers while the daughter entertained them.

Nelly was rather bashful before this strange boy, who was dressed so well, and seemed to have so little in common with the society in which she moved; but after Ben had given her an account of Paul's circumstances, the case seemed entirely changed, and she was even more polite to Paul than to her other friends.

Johnny and Ben told everything of interest that had happened since they had seen Nelly last, and concluded the story by an account of Dickey Spry's misfortunes.

Nelly seemed unusually anxious to know how they could all live in the rather narrow quarters, and after some conversation, disclosed the reason of her sudden interest by informing the boys that since they had called last her mother had moved, and that their home was larger than before.

"We've got two rooms that we sha'n't use," continued Nelly, speaking quickly in her excitement, "an' mother thought perhaps you or some of the boys would come in an' board with us. We'll make it just as pleasant for y as we can, an' it won't cost you much more than it does the way you live now."

Paul looked up with an expression of pleasure on his face, for the nearer the hour of retiring approached, the more distasteful and lonely did the hogshead home seem.

"Mother says that she'll board you an' see to your clothes an' do your washin' for two dollars 'n' a half a week, an' I think it would be awful nice for us all to live together."

The boys thought so too; but they also thought of their hogshead, which seemed so cheerful to them, if Paul did not like it, and for a moment there was a feeling that they would not like to leave it. Then there arose before them the vision of a "regular home," wherein some one would care for and minister to their comfort, and the advantages of living in a hogshead seemed very few indeed.

"We'll come," said Ben, decidedly, for he made up his mind that he should accept the proposition.

Then he led the others away very quickly, as if he had some plan in his mind, as, indeed, he really had.

"We'll go home an' fix up, an' then we'll take the eyes right outer them, for they think these are the only clothes we've got."

Johnny was delighted with Ben's idea of startling Mrs. Green and her daughter by the splendor of their raiment, and the two walked so fast in their eagerness to begin dressing that Paul could hardly keep pace with them.

When they reached the hogshead they found the ruined Dickey already there, busy laying plans for the rebuilding of his shattered fortunes.

It was in vain they urged him to accompany them on their call; to all their arguments he had but one reply, and that was to the effect that he did not believe in their plan of boarding.

"It's jest nothin' more'n less tryin' to put on airs," he said, impatiently. "Anybody 'd think you expected to be 'lected aldermen by ther way you're swellin' round; an' old Mother Green 'll be tickled 'most to death when she sees what fools you're makin' of yourselves."

In fact it did look just a little as if they were "swellin'" considerably. Ben blackened Paul's, Johnny's, and his own boots until they would have answered for mirrors, and then he attended to his own toilet.

Johnny had red hair, which was quite coarse and would stick out in all directions; but on this occasion he reduced it to subjection by applying the unburned end of the candle, until it clung tight to his head. His freckled face had been scrubbed, and his hands were almost clean.

But it was upon his costume that he depended for the greatest effect. His other coat was certainly very short-waisted and very long-tailed, but this last defect was remedied by one of the skirts having been cut off at least six inches shorter than the other. His vest was the same he wore when at work, but by pinning the collar over he changed its whole appearance. The trousers were unaltered, save that the lower portions had been fringed by long usage, and he deeply mourned the utter absence of a neck-tie. But he consoled himself with the thought that the invitation had come at such a late hour that Mrs. Green and Nelly would understand that his funds were low, and overlook the omission.

Ben was clad in quite as startling a fashion, but in exactly the opposite way. Johnny's coat was long, very long, while his was so short as to make it look as if it had originally belonged to a boy about half his size. His vest was buttoned snug to the chin to conceal the dirt on his shirt front, while his neck-tie was made of the very narrowest and most brilliant red ribbon that could be found.

Paul looked on with the greatest surprise, and when his friends announced that they were ready he followed without a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BONNIBEL.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

IT is early in life's morning with our little Bonnibel; Oh, the sunbeams and the flowers, how they grow! There is not a bud or blossom but she finds and loves it well, Whichever path her dainty feet may go.

Her companions are the birds and the clouds that float above— Oh, the birds and clouds that fly so fast together! And her little heart sings daily its happy song of love, In the joyous time of childhood's summer weather.

Oh, ye hours of morning, haste not to flee away,
With all your careless freedom and delight,
Leave our Bonnibel a child in the sunshine yet to play,
Ere the coming of the noontide—and the night.

WHERE THEY WENT, AND HOW THEY GOT THERE.

BY WHYTE MCKAY.

I.

"COME, boys, it's nearly seven o'clock. We ought to have started for home half an hour ago. The tide 'll be against us now, and make us late for supper."

As he spoke, Harry Ruston wound up his line and glanced toward the west, where already preparations were being made for a glorious sunset. He was the owner of the *Elf*, the stanch, roomy row-boat that had been rocking gently at anchor in the bay all the afternoon. He had brought his two cousins, Phil and Walter, who were visiting him, out to fish for sea-bass, and their evident enjoyment of the sport had tempted him to remain off the banks later than usual.

Now, having placed his tackle in the locker, he bent forward to take in the anchor. At the same instant a wandering puff of wind passed by, and, "Oh, Harry, there goes your hat!" cried Walter.

"I'll catch it," replied Harry, as he leaned still farther out over the gunwale.

But the tide was too swift, and the boy too eager. He lost his balance, there was a splash, and the curly head of the *Elf's* captain disappeared beneath the ripples of the bay. Only for an instant, however. Harry was a good swimmer, and as soon as he came to the surface again struck out for the boat.

But the strong ebb tide that had whirled his hat so speedily beyond his reach was hard to fight against.

"Quick! fling me the blade of an oar!" he cried to his cousins.

Phil did his best to obey, but in the excitement of the moment forgot to keep hold of the other end, and what was worse still, missed his aim. The oar struck the water three inches beyond Harry's clutching fingers, and the swift current bore it out to sea.

"The painter! the painter!" then screamed poor Harry. His clothes clogged his efforts, and he was growing weak.

The tie-ropes were entirely distinct from the anchor, and luckily was also a long one.

Walter snatched it up, and flung out the end of it with all his might. Harry caught it, and a few seconds later was pulled, drenched and spluttering, into the boat. But the oar had already drifted out of sight.

"And now we must take you home to dry as fast as our legs, or rather our oars—" Here Phil stopped short, then finished, in an altered tone, "Oh, Harry, we've only one oar left!"

"Can't we steer against it?" suggested Walter, who was busy clearing a space for his cousin to drip in.

"But we haven't anything to steer against it with," replied the latter between his chattering teeth. "If the *Elf* only had a rudder! Maybe I can scull, though. Give me the oar and let me try."

Phil handed it over, and Harry stood up to test his skill; but as there was no rowlock in the stern, he was obliged to make one of his hands answer the purpose, which left him only one arm to work with. However, he splashed the water about wildly for a few minutes, and then a laughing shout from Walter reminded him of the fact that the *Elf* was still anchored.

"Well, we are a brilliant crew!" exclaimed Harry, as he dropped the oar—fortunately in the boat. "But, anyway, I don't believe I could scull the two miles back home against this tide, anchor up or down."

"But won't it turn soon?" asked Phil, hopefully.

"Let me see," answered his cousin, trying to make out the figures on his watch, for the sunset glow had now faded away. "It's about a quarter past seven. The ebb only began about an hour ago, so it won't be flood till after midnight."

"Let's stay just where we are, then," said Walter. "Perhaps a boat 'll come along pretty soon and give us a tow."

After some further discussion an agreement was made that the time until midnight should be divided into three watches. Phil took the first watch. Harry and Walter settled themselves as comfortably as possible in the stern, and soon dropped asleep.

Phil never could tell how long he sat there looking out anxiously on every side.

Now and then he could make out a sail in the far distance, and once he thought he heard the thud, thud of steamboat paddles. But no boat of any description came anywhere near the spot where the *Elf* was anchored, and Phil at length began to nod himself. He tried hard to resist the drowsy feeling, and then decided that he had better rouse one of the others to take his place. But before he knew it he was sound asleep.

II.

He was awakened by the motion of the boat, which now seemed to be rocking and pitching in a terrible gale.

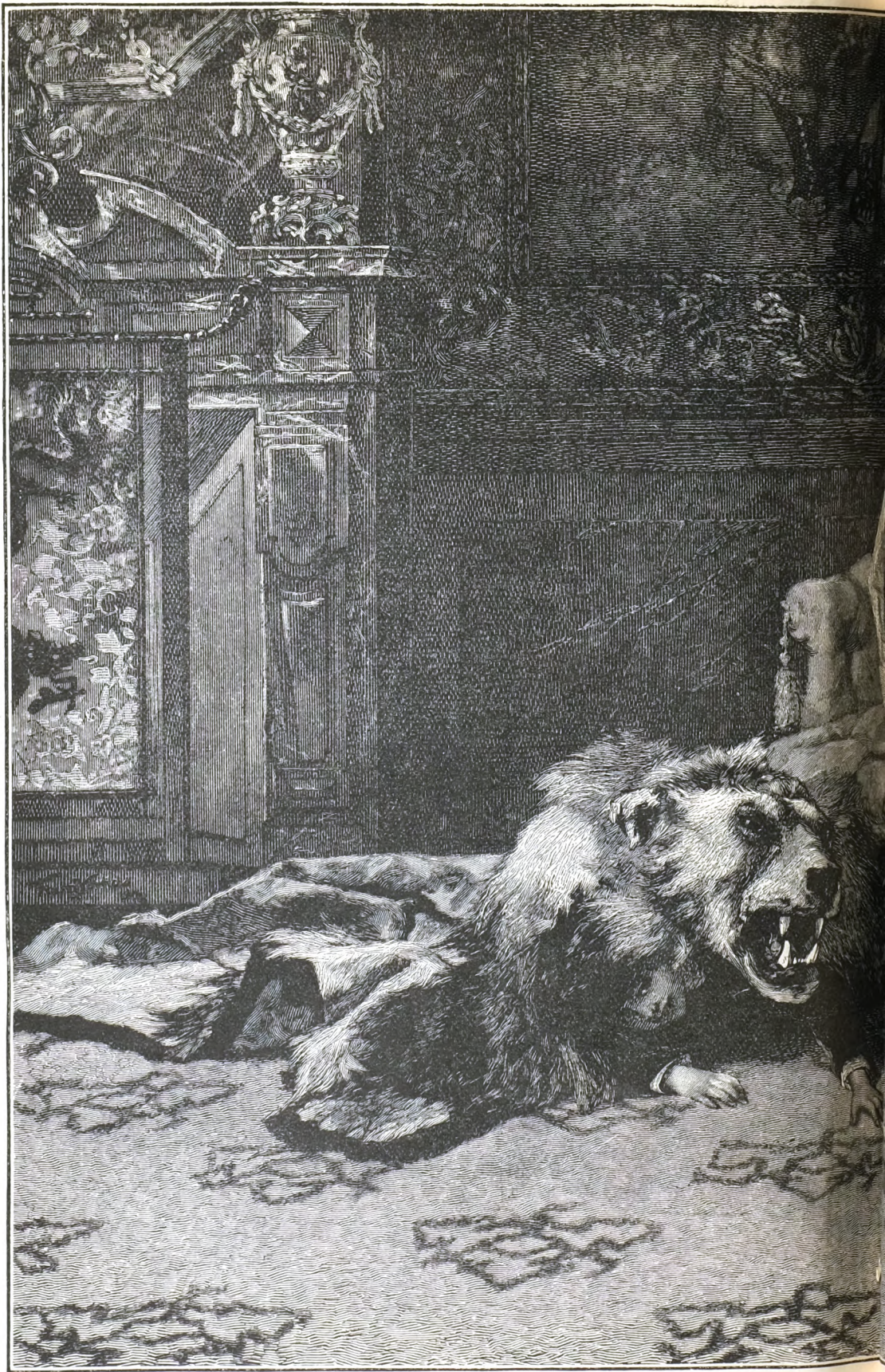
"Oh, Harry," he cried, waking the other boy, "do you think the anchor will hold us?"

His cousin moved carefully forward, put his hand over the side, and, catching up the cable, discovered to his horror that he could pull it in quite easily.

"Boys," he exclaimed, in a frightened voice, "the rope's broken, and we've been scudding out to sea for goodness knows how long!"

Walter, who had waked up just in time to hear this announcement, felt a strange sensation in his throat, and Phil cried, desperately: "Can't we do anything? Must we let ourselves go?"

Harry had dropped down on the bow locker and buried his face in his hands. If he had only started for home when he first decided that it was time, perhaps this would not have happened. Suddenly Walter gave a shout. "Oh, fellows, look there!" he cried. "Isn't that a ship's light?"



"THE LION COMES."—From



A PAINTING BY FRANZ VERHAS.

"Yes, and it's coming this way, too," broke out Harry, springing up, to be immediately knocked down again by a sudden pitch of the boat.

"Do you think they'll see us?" added Phil, in a voice that he could scarcely keep from trembling.

an accident, and presently the *Elf* was hauled alongside. I now another sailor leaned over the rail, and began jabbering away at them like a South American monkey, as Phil expressed it. He—the sailor, not the monkey—held a coil of rope in his hand, and Harry thought he understood what was expected

"Can't we sign to 'em some way proposed Walter, citedly, feeling all his pockets. "Here, I've got so matches."

"But what can light?"

"Suppose we fire to our handkerchiefs;" and Harry whipped out his.

With nervous fingers Phil held a match under his hat, struck it on the thwart, and waited until it flared. He was about to apply it to the handkerchief when the straw of the hat caught in a blaze.

"Good!" exclaimed Harry; "that's better than the handkerchiefs. Keep down, Phil, till he gets a good start."

Phil did so, and in two seconds later half the hat was in flames.

"I'm afraid I don't make a big enough blaze," said Phil, anxiously.

"Yes, yes; the ship's coming aboard again!" cried Harry. "Look! she's coming straight for us. You can see the red and green lights both."

On came the boat—for such it proved to be—the spray flying back in which the sheets from its bows. And now the boat began to yell with all their might:

"Look out!"

"Pick us up!"

Luckily the man on the lookout had sharp ears and a ready arm. Quick as thought a rope was flung out in the darkness. Harry grasped it, and braced himself to resist the shock when the strain came.

But the sailor paid out slack enough to prevent

them. So he screamed out, "Yes, yes," nodded his head, and when the rope was thrown, caught and gave the end of it to Walter; the men then pulled him up.

In this manner all three of the boys were taken on board the ship, which was not a very large one. The crew was composed of not more than half a dozen men, not one of whom appeared able to speak a word of English. The captain tried his best to understand and be understood, but his very eagerness seemed to make the big words all the bigger.

"I wish I knew where the ship is bound," remarked Harry, as the boys obeyed a sign which they finally managed to comprehend, and went down out of the wind into the cabin. "You see, we must have been pretty far out when we were picked up, and I've lost all my bearings."

"I heard one of the men say 'Du bist,'" put in Walter, "so I guess they're all Germans. And perhaps I can find out what you want to know, Harry. I studied a little of it last winter, and now I remember the word for 'where.' It's *wo*."

"*Wo, wo?*" he began; then in a moment of inspiration happened to think of the German for "Mr." or "Sir," and added, "*Herr—woher?*"

At this the captain smiled, and answered at once, in his gruff voice, "Hamburg! Hamburg!"

"Hopes and havings, fellows!" exclaimed Walter, turning to his friends, "we're off for Germany! He says the ship's bound for Hamburg. What will we do?"

"Oh, if we only could make him— Can't you ask him to land us somewhere in America?" cried Phil, looking as horrified as if Hamburg was part of the Cannibal Islands.

"But are you sure he understood what you asked him, Walter?" demanded Harry.

"If he didn't, why didn't he shake his head, instead of saying 'Hamburg' twice over?"

"Well, I never expected to get a free passage to Europe," observed Phil, with an attempt at a joke.

"I guess you won't find much freedom about it," returned his brother. "I shouldn't be surprised if they'd make us work our way by scrubbing the decks and climbing up the masts to take in the topsails."

"But we won't submit," broke out Harry. "As soon as it's daylight we can make it understood that they must signal to the first ship we see bound west, and have us transferred. It isn't very long to morning now, so I move we try to get some rest."

So the boys stretched themselves out in a corner of the cabin, and for the second time that night one after another fell asleep.

III.

Harry was the first to wake up, and this time he was roused by the rumbling of wagon wheels and the tinkle of street-car bells.

"Phil! Walter!" he cried, turning over to shake his cousins. "Here we are in Hamburg."

"Sailed there in a night," muttered Phil.

The three rushed on deck, and, sure enough, there lay the brig moored at a city wharf.

"It can't be possible," murmured Walter. "We couldn't have crossed—" Then chancing to lift his eyes, he broke off into the joyous shout, "Look there, fellows!"

Harry and Phil followed the direction of his finger, and beheld—the Brooklyn Bridge!

"We must telegraph home right off," exclaimed Harry, after they had recovered from their amazement.

"I'll do it," cried Walter. "I'm the only one with a hat. Then I'll come back here for you, and we can take the Pockwackett boat at ten."

Without waiting for an answer, he leaped ashore and hurried off down South Street. When he returned he found Harry and Phil superintending the removal of the

Elf to an express wagon, which they had hired to transport it to the steamboat.

"I made the captain understand," said Harry, as they all three walked off together, "that he was to keep the bass for picking us up."

The boys luckily had money enough among them to pay their fare back to Pockwackett, which place they reached just twenty-four hours after they had left it to go fishing.

"And almost been to Hamburg in the mean time," laughed Harry, when they had told their story at home.

As soon as an opportunity offered, Walter consulted a German-English dictionary, and discovered that *woher* means "from what place?" The rest of the crew joked him unmercifully about the mistake for weeks afterward.

"I don't care, though," Walter would repeat; "I was only one word out of the way."

A FOLDING CANVAS CANOE.

BY THE REV. A. W. PIERCE.

THIS is a boat of extremely simple construction, and quite within the power of any boy of ordinary mechanical skill. It costs about five dollars, weighs less than thirty pounds, and can be folded into a package six inches in diameter and fourteen feet long. It is very strong and springy and will stand any amount of bumping about among rocks and snags, as I can testify from experience. When on land you have only to turn it bottom up to keep out the rain, and raise it at the ends a little, so as to let in the air. There is nothing to get out of order. The frame will last a number of years, and the cover will last for three or four years at least, and is easily renewed when too old.

The boat is an invention of my own, and *not* patented, and I now offer it as public property. I have built four of these canoes of different sizes and models, but I shall give you the plans for a boat fourteen feet long, twenty-eight inches wide, and one foot deep.

I give careful drawings and measurements for every part. You can not fail to succeed if you follow them. Here is the bill of materials as it cost me, although I have built one for less than four dollars.

8 yards of 40-inch duck @ 30 cents.....	\$2 40
8 ash rods, 14 feet × 1 inch square.....	40
2 ash rods, 4 feet × 1½ inches square.....	10
12 feet pine plank, 1 foot × ½ inch.....	25
8 feet spruce, 6 inches × 1½ inches.....	25
28 feet No. 15 iron wire.....	20
2 pieces of tin, 7 inches × 15 inches.....	10
Material for paint.....	75
Blacksmith-work.....	55
	\$5 00

There are four things to be made for the hull. I will describe them in the order in which they should be made: First, the poles; second, the cross sections; third, the wires; fourth, the canvas-work.

THE POLES.

To make these you must have sawed out at the mill eight square rods one inch square and fourteen feet long. These should be of ash, clear straight grain, and free from knots or other defects. They need *not* be planed. Besides these get two ash rods each four feet long and one and a half inches square.

Begin by planing them *all* on any two adjoining sides just enough to get a true surface to work from. When this is done, fix your plane in the following way, and you will save yourself a great deal of trouble.

Get two strips of hard wood—say from the head of a flour barrel. Let them be about the length of your plane, and three or four inches wide, having one straight edge each. With a few brads tack one of them on each side of the plane, allowing the straight edge to project *below* the plane all along just a little more than seven-eighths of an inch. (This is to allow for the projection of the blade of the plane.) The plane will now measure the rods for itself, and will make them of a uniform size. Now take the eight long rods and plane off the other two sides of each till the plane ceases to take hold.

Then plane off the four corners of each, being careful to take off an

equal amount from each corner. It will help you to hold the rods still and to make them stand on edge if you fix three nails into the work-bench in such a way as to bend the rods in a curve.

After you have thus made the rods eight-sided, go on in the same way and plane off the eight small edges until the rods become quite round and even. Now rub them down with coarse sand-paper or scrape them with glass until they are smooth. Now take the two four-foot rods, and, changing the guides on your plane, work them down in the same manner until they are one and a half inches in diameter. Lay them all aside for the present.

THE CROSS SECTIONS, FIGS. 3 AND 4.

For making the sections, floor, seat, and backboard, you will need a plank of some light kind of wood, such as white pine, cypress, or poplar. It should be good, straight, and clear stuff, free from knots and other defects, twelve feet long, one foot wide, and one-half inch thick. Saw off two pieces, each one foot wide and two feet three inches long. Now take a piece of stout paper about one foot wide and two and a half feet long; fold it evenly down the centre, so as to be about a foot square; then mark off on it accurately the shape of the half section A, Fig. 3. Let the dotted side coincide with the folded edge of your paper, and draw a straight line along the upper edge of your paper and perpendicular to the folded edge. Lay off the dotted lines parallel to it, and at the proper distances below it. These are merely to guide you in your work. Now on each of these lines measure out the proper distance to the mark +, as shown in the figure.

Then with these marks for centres draw the little semicircular notches one inch in diameter. These must be accurate, but the longer connecting curves, which should now be drawn, need not be so exact. The little horns of the semicircles should be about half an inch wide, and the long curves between should curve in a little over half an inch. Now cut out the paper carefully, and unfolding it, you will have the complete pattern for Section A, with both halves alike.

Take a similar paper and trace in the same way the pattern for Section B, Fig. 4, taking care to observe the slight difference in its dimensions. Lay these papers on the two boards, and having traced them, saw them out, leaving, however, the large openings in the centre to be cut out after the irons have been put on. Round off thoroughly all the edges and corners, so that they may not be liable to chipping. Mark the places for the irons, and have the blacksmith put them on as follows.

The bands should be of hoop-iron half an inch wide and about one-tenth of an inch thick. They should bend over the top, and run down the front and back alike, and should have four small rivets put through and through in each, as shown in the figure.

When these are on, saw out the centre part, and boring a gimlet hole diagonally in each top corner, insert an iron peg of some kind about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and about two and a half inches long. It would be best for it to have a small smooth head, and to project about a half-inch.

THE WIRES, FIGS. 2, 9, AND 10.

From a bit of wood one and a half inches thick cut two circles, each being three and a quarter inches in diameter on the one face, and two and three-quarter inches in diameter on the other face; that is to say, the edge will have a slant all around of a quarter of an inch. Bore two gimlet holes in each block at three-quarters of an inch each side of the centre, being an inch and a half apart, as in Fig. 9.

Get twenty-eight feet of No. 15 copper-covered, or, better still, of galvanized iron wire. It is about one-tenth of an inch in diameter. Do not use smaller wire.

Cut it in two pieces, one being thirteen and a half feet long, and the other fourteen and a half feet long. Bend each one at the centre in such a way as to pass through the holes in the blocks and fit down neatly. Pass the blocks on to the wires, little end toward the bend, as in Fig. 2.

In working with the wire it should be measured and bent *once* for all, as it ruins it to bend and unbend it.

Now take your two ash rods, four feet long exactly, and, beginning at three inches from each end, sharpen the ends down gradually until at the tips they will be a half-inch in diameter.

Now exactly four inches from each end bore a straight gimlet hole through, taking care to have both holes in a line, and going through in the same plane.

Lay out the wires and the two rods as shown in Fig. 2, and making a bend at the proper place, pass the wires in a horizontal direction from the outside in through the holes *b* in the rods, and bring the ends around neatly to *c*. But first cut little grooves for the wire to fit in, so as to leave a level surface. Now remember the length of the two wires at the end A from the *inner* side of the block to the hole *b* in the rods must each be exactly five feet and three-quarters of an inch, and at the end B exactly five feet and six and three-quarter inches.

Wrap the space from *b* to *c* neatly with stout *waxed* twine, just as you would wrap a bat handle, except that just at the tips of the rods you should leave uncovered a little triangular space between the wires large enough for the iron pegs on the cross sections to pass through neatly. The object is to have the whole distance between the two blocks just a trifle *shorter* than the longest pole in the boat.

Next get two pieces of tin each seven inches wide and nine and a half inches long at the top and fourteen and a half inches at the bot-

tom, and marking a line three-quarters of an inch from the ends, make two rows of holes with an awl, as in Fig. 10, so that when you roll the tin in shape like a cuff, the edges will lap and the holes will coincide. Now lace them together neatly with small wire. Prepare the other tin in the same way. Lay these all aside for a while, until you have made the next part, which is

THE CANVAS-WORK, FIGS. 5, 6, 7, AND 8.

Get eight yards of what is sometimes called "wagon duck," because it is used by farmers to make wagon covers. It is a light canvas, and is forty inches wide. You must have this width in order to keep all the seams above the water-line, which is an immense advantage. It costs from twenty-five to thirty cents a yard.

Cut it into three pieces, making one fifteen and a half feet long, one four and a half feet long, and one four feet long. Take the four-foot piece, and cut it right down the centre so as to make of it two pieces each four feet long and twenty inches wide; then cut each of these diagonally from corner to corner, making altogether four triangles four feet long and twenty inches wide at one end. Now sew them on to the longest piece of canvas, following carefully the measurements given in Fig. 5. Take a plain seam half an inch wide, and always use coarse thread. You can do all of this canvas-work on the sewing-machine.

After these are sewed on, cut the whole down to the shape shown by the *heavy* line in Fig. 5. The dotted line is only to show the original form.

Next take the four-and-a-half-foot piece, and from each edge of it cut a strip four and a half feet long and one foot wide. This is so that each may have one good edge. Fold up these two strips with the cover, and lay it aside until farther on.

Now cut the piece which was left into four strips, each four inches wide and four and a half feet long. Lay two of these one on the other, and run little seams across them, as shown in Fig. 6. Run the first seam one inch from the end, then a space of one and three-eighths inches, then a space of five inches, and so on alternately. Double-stitch the first and last seams. Make up the other two strips in the same way, except that where you had *five* inches before, you will have *four and a half* inches now. (See Fig. 7.) In all your work measure carefully, and mark out with pencil lines.

Next from the waste scraps which you cut from the corners of the largest piece of canvas cut four pieces of the shape shown in Fig. 8. They are to be six inches wide and twelve and a half inches long on top and sixteen inches long at the bottom. Lay two of them one on the other, and sew seams across them as shown by the dotted lines in the figure. Run the first seam three-quarters of an inch from the edge, and the next one exactly one and three-eighths inches from that one. Use this distance for each pair of seams, but leave a space of half an inch at the bottom between each pair as shown. Double-stitch the first and last seam (*d* and *e*). Make up the other two pieces in exactly the same way, and you will now be ready for

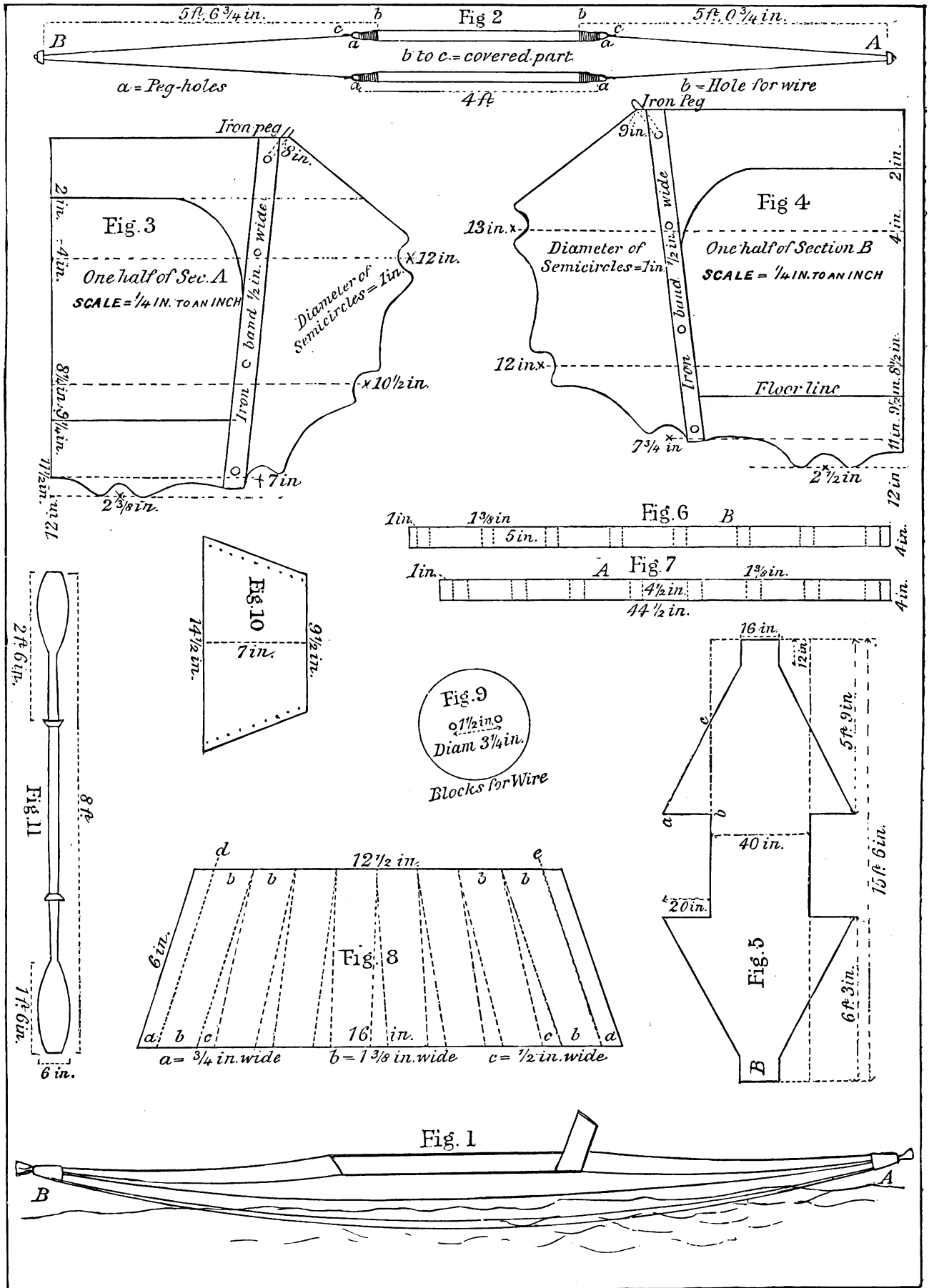
SETTING UP THE FRAME.

Lay your eight long poles in a row. Take the two canvas bands, Figs. 6 and 7, and push the rods through the small holes. Slip the bands along until the shorter one (A) is four feet and nine inches from one end of the poles, and the longer one (B) is five feet and three inches from the other end, measuring to that edge of each strip which is toward the centre of the poles. Then on each end put one of the canvas caps, Fig. 8, to hold the poles together in order at the ends.

Now, tying a bit of string temporarily around the poles a few inches from each end, put in place the two cross sections, Figs. 3 and 4, placing the smaller section (A) at the inner edge of the band A, and the larger section (B) at the inner edge of the band B. Place each pole in its proper notch, and tie a piece of twine across at each section to hold the two top poles tightly in place.

The frame will now look something like a cradle. Turn it over gently bottom up. Get some one to help you, and press down the poles at each end until they touch the floor, holding them tight in a round form. See that they are all even at one end, and then you will find that they project unequally at the other end. Mark how much to cut off from the longer ones to make them equal to the others. Saw them off accordingly, and round off all the ends a little. Of course you will take care to have each of the four poles on one side equal in length to its corresponding one on the opposite side. Now remove the sections; lay the poles in a round bundle, first having placed *inside* of them the wires, Fig. 2, taking care to have the short end (A) of the wires at the short end (A) of the poles. Hold the blocks in place against each end of the poles (you will find that they will just cover them), and slip on each end one of the tin caps, Fig. 10. The pointed part of the big end of the caps is to be on the under side of the boat. Drive them on well, and boring some awl holes through the tin into the blocks, fasten the caps on with long tacks. Where the small end of the tin projects beyond the blocks, slit it down in several places, and bending it over, fasten neatly to the face of the blocks.

Now put in the sections again, each in its place, and drawing the wires apart, slip the little triangular holes over the four iron pegs. Of course in putting in the sections you always place them in near the centre, and then slide them along to their proper places. See that they are plumb, and adjusting the bands more accurately, fasten the bands to the two top and two centre poles with pin-heads, one in each. The



band should lie on the side of the sections which is toward the ends of the boat, and one edge should be just on a line with and touching the section.

The frame is now ready to be covered. If, however, the ends are not curved up enough to suit you, you can elevate them a little more by carefully driving in thin wedges one inch and a half wide under the wire at the end of the blocks.

It is quite sufficient, however, on account of the shape of the bottom, if the ends rise nearly to a level with the centre.

FITTING THE COVER.

In fitting the cover put all seams on the *outside*, and after it is sewed up you can turn it right side out. Lay the cover out smooth and straight; place the open frame on it right along the centre, the short end (A) of the frame at the short end (A) of the cover. Gather the canvas about the ends, stretch it well lengthwise, and wrap a bit of string around just beyond the poles to keep it on.

Now take a quantity of good-sized pins, and pin it up with an equal tightness all along. Pin in a neat straight line, and about two inches apart, right along the top. When this is done, take the two pieces of canvas one foot wide and four and a half feet long, bend the good edge of each over the four-foot rods, and inside as far as you can spare, and pin it to itself every three or four inches; then pin the rough edge to the rest of the cover, so as not to have to cut any from the *bottom* cover when you come to trim the seams. Take about a half-inch plain seam. Pin the ends of the strip to the triangular pieces in a line with the sections, stretching well, and ripping back the old seam to that point. Use plenty of pins all through, and with anything like proper care you can make the cover fit like a glove. Now take out the sections, untie the ends, and draw the poles through without unpinning any more than necessary. Sew up the seams, running just a very little *inside* of your proper lines, but taking care to leave the tubular openings at the ends of full width for ten or twelve inches from the ends, so that there may be no trouble about the widest part of the tin cap passing through easily, and run a little hem around the ends. You had better try it on again now, and correct any little mistakes. Trim the surplus from the seams, leaving about three-quarters of an inch. Now there will remain an unfinished place at each section where the canvas projects over several inches. This should be folded in neatly in a line with the section, making a stiff hem of three or four thicknesses, and should have several lines of stitching run along it. This will quite prevent any stretching at that point. Fold it so that it will be *inside* when the cover is put on properly. Now turn the cover, put it on, and tie well at the ends, stretching as before, pin the side flaps over the four-foot rods as before, and you are ready for

PAINTING.

Mix together three pounds of boiled linseed-oil, three pounds of spruce ochre, and a half-pound of "patent drier," or Japan drier. Then take four ounces of common bar soap, and cutting it fine, dissolve it in a pint of soft water to a jelly, rubbing out all lumps. Pour it into the other, and mix well, also stir well occasionally as you use it. Take a little at a time on a good-sized brush, and rub it in well. Let this coat dry for two days, and then give it another. It is better to let the boat dry for a week after this, so as to let the paint *harden*.

This is a splendid water-proof mixture, and not a drop of water will come through it. You would find it very fine for water-proofing tents, etc., made of common light stuff. While your boat is drying make your

long, six inches wide, and an inch and a half thick. Mark off on it the shape of Fig. 11. Let the shaft be two inches wide at the centre, and taper down toward each end until at eighteen inches from the ends it will be an inch and a half wide. This is where the blades begin. They are six inches wide. At two and a half feet from the ends tack around a strip of leather in a cup shape, so as to keep the water from running down the shaft. Paint all except the space between the leathers with your paint. Set aside to dry, and make your floor out of four and a half feet of your thin board. If you wish it to fold up, you must have it in two pieces six inches wide, hinged together, or three pieces if you wish it wider. Cut off eighteen inches for a backboard, and a piece one foot square, padded on top, for a cushion.

The floor should be properly fastened at the ends to keep it in place on the sections. To fold up the boat you simply slip out the sections—that is all; it will come right together then.

If you should wish safety-chambers in the ends of the boat, you could use small rubber bags inflated, or else make two small frames with a stick and circular piece of board for each. Cover these with canvas, sewing each seam several times. They would then be simple hollow cones. Paint with several coats of the water-proof mixture, and let them dry well. Whenever you wished you could push one up into each end of the boat. By a little ingenuity you could even make them to fold up flat for packing. In calculating their size remember that a cubic foot of empty space will support in the water sixty-two and a half pounds.



PADDLE, ETC., FIG. 11.

Take a piece of spruce eight feet



OUR MAY.

A lap full of posies,
Of lilies and roses,
Of lilacs and grasses,
Has dear little May.

To each one who passes,
She offers quite sweetly,
All tied very neatly,
A pretty bouquet.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

I would like to tell you something about this fort. It was commenced probably for defense in the war of 1812, but was not finished until the last of the twenties. It is made of granite, and the walls are so high as to be on a level with our second-story windows. There is a moat all around it, and on the east side there is a water battery; that is, a wall of solid masonry of about fifty arches, in which are forty massive cannon. There is a half-finished redoubt on the north side, in which is a large powder-magazine with no powder. The fort measures a mile around the parapet, as the top of the wall is called. The fort is very pretty inside, and is green all through the winter, as we have a great many live-oaks, which are evergreen; they are great curiosities, as this is the most northerly place at which they grow; they are also over a hundred years old. There are a great many large cannon here, which are mostly on the ramparts looking over the parapets. The arches, which contained cannon at first, are closed up, and the young officers live there; they are very nice places inside, being cool in summer and warm in winter. People can walk right over their heads on the ramparts and parapets. The arches we call casemates, and nearly all the officers live in them. There are about twenty buildings in the fort, including the hospital, libraries, and barracks. We have a large hotel outside the fort, and it is becoming quite a resort.

This post is an artillery school, which teaches the young officers or class different things about war and things pertaining to it. They have a very interesting game here, namely, a large map and a great many differently colored blocks of wood which represent a certain number of men or divisions; they then move them in battles as if they were a real army. This is to teach them how to move the troops when it comes to real war. This is a very interesting time, as the last exercises of the class are going on; in a few days the diplomas will be given out. A new class comes every two years, and the members are sent away, at the end of that period, to all parts of the United States.

The daily ceremonies of the fort are very pretty. First comes guard-mounting at a quarter to nine, in which the adjutant examines the arms and clothing of the soldiers to be put on guard. Then comes parade in the evening, in which almost all the officers and soldiers unite; this is just before sunset. There are also Sunday-morning inspection, monthly inspection, and muster.

There is a small fort out in the Roads that

A very excellent description of the fine old fort, as I, who am familiar with it, can testify.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl nine years old. My sister Jennie, who is two years older than I am, wrote you a letter last July, in which she told you what a nice time we expected to have camping out, but we did not go. On the morning of the 24th of July, when we were getting ready, in emptying the oil from an oil stove there was an explosion of gas, and my hair caught on fire. My head, arms, and chest were dreadfully burned. The flames were put out in a moment, but for a long time they did not know whether I would live or not. I did not open my eyes for over three weeks, and I had a mask of lint covered with salve on my face for seven months; but now all my wounds are healed. Almost everybody knows how a little burn hurts, but very few know, as I do, how dreadful it is to be burned so badly. My sister and I have taken *Young People* from the beginning. I always enjoyed reading it very much, but in particular when I was sick did I like to have it read to me. Your little friend,

ANNIE M. P.

I suppose some one instantly wrapped you tightly in a thick rug or shawl and smothered the flames, for had you started to run out-of-doors in your agony, you would have been burned to death. I hope so dreadful an accident may befall no other of my correspondents.

JENKINTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to a select school, and I study arithmetic, geography, reading, writing, spelling, drawing, and German. We have a very large dog; he is a mastiff; his grandfather belonged to the Queen of England. My brother brought him here when he was four weeks old. He will not be two years old until August. When he comes in the dining-room he can just lay his head on the table and all his four feet on the floor. My brother brought home to-night a large basketful of tobacco stems to smoke the plants in the greenhouse.

EDITH E.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

I took *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* two years ago, and enjoyed it very much. Last year I did not take it, and I felt very lonesome without it. I have three pets—a canary-bird that sings nearly all the time; a little black-and-tan dog that is very cute, whose name is Jip; and a green parrot that will call "Here, Jip!" and Jip will come up to

is built on an island made of blocks of stone. It is not finished, and nobody lives there; it is called the Rip-Raps. There is great fun fishing for crabs here, also bathing.

I put an exchange in your paper, and was answered by quite a number. One evening I received a letter from a girl, sending me a V nickel, and asking me to send her some plants, leaves, and flowers from here, also some fragments of the fort, which letter I have misplaced and can not find. As I do not know her name or address, I ask you to please publish this, so that she can write to me again; if you do so I will be very much obliged to you.

We have two libraries here, one for the officers and one for the soldiers. In the officers' library are some models of cannon that are as perfect as can be, even to the shot and balls. There are also many curious muskets.

There is an old ordnance sergeant here who has been in the army for fifty years. They offered to make him an officer, but he declined the honor.

Live in the commandant's house, which was built in 1816. We have some bantam hens that have chickens. Good-by. From your loving
SUE D. T., Care of
General Tidball.

the cage. Our parrot's name is Charlie. I take music lessons, but it is not very much fun to practice.

NELLIE M.

I hope you read Mrs. Lillie's article about practicing, in No. 235. I think my little girls who find practice rather tiresome would become interested in it if they followed Mrs. Lillie's advice.

MAPLE GLEN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy ten years old, and have been taking *Young People* nearly three years. I like it very much, and thought I would write you a letter. I have not been out-of-doors since the day after Thanksgiving, because of the rheumatism. A great part of the time I could not walk. I am better now, but can not go out of the house, though I hope to soon. I have never been sick before. I live on a farm, and in summer-time I often go fishing in the Neslingham Creek. It is quite a large stream, but sometimes, when there has been no rain for a time, it is low, and we can wade across it.

J. ROSS O.

As it is some time since your letter was written, I hope you are not now a prisoner. Perhaps you learned some things while shut up in-doors which you could not have learned in health—patience, for instance, and the brave bearing of pain, which is so many.

The writers of the next two letters are each thirteen years old, and both have been reading *Young People* for three years.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have two sisters—Emmie and Daisy. Emmie is eleven years old and Daisy is eight. We have three pets—Listo, a little Skye terrier, Tom, a cat that weighs thirteen pounds, and Dick, the canary. We have also seventeen dolls; some of them are very old. I have been sick five years, and have been at school only two winters.

LULU L.

A little maiden who has been to school to Miss Patience, I am sure, during those days of illness.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

My pets are a dog, a cat, and a parrot. The parrot does not talk very much; every night, as soon as the lumps are lit, he calls to be covered up, so that he may go to sleep.

GRACE D. C.

A sensible parrot.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I was born deaf, and I can read, write, sew, and talk. I go to the Horace Mann School every day, and study many things. I have only one cat, and we call him Jim. He is so cunning and playful that we love him. He was given to me. He had influenza in his eyes, but they are better now. I think we shall have a dog next spring, and hens too. My papa bought me a book about English history, and it is an interesting book; we study it every week, and I hope I shall have good lessons.

LOTTIE F. B.

JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school. My teacher told me to write a letter for night work. I thought I would write to the Post-office Box. I see a letter in this week's Box from a little girl who writes of the great flood of the Ohio Valley. We live in Jeffersonville. Last year we did not think the water could get into our house, but it did. We had four inches in the house, and this year we had two feet two inches. We live in a cottage in the upper part of the city, where the water is not so deep as in the lower part. We put our furniture up out of the water, and went to the house of a friend, and were away from home ten days. Papa and I rowed over the fence in a boat, and looked in the window. There were a great many sad things happened. Two young ladies were drowned while sailing.

G. S. C.

WORTENDYKE, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have two brothers—Josie, the eldest, and Eddie, the youngest. We think he is the boss, for he takes everything he wants. My papa writes for me, as I can not write very well. I have a dog named Dash. Please print this, for it is my first letter. I composed it without help, and will sign my name, so you can see how I write.

W. D. E.

PALMETTO PLANTATION, LOUISIANA.

As I have to write a letter for a Friday evening exercise, I think I will write to you. My little brother wrote you an exchange some time ago. He has received sixteen letters in answer. A little boy from New Jersey has sent him a pair of horse lines with sleigh-bells on them, and some paper soldiers; my brother is very proud of them. The little boy's name is Willie B. We are going to send Willie some mocking-birds; we will wait for the May birds, as they make the best singers.

I am eleven years old, and live twelve miles from Shreveport. I think the spring-time in the country is the prettiest season. I wish I could

give the kind Postmistress a bouquet from our flower yard. We have all kinds of hyacinths, narcissus, jonquils, buttercups, violets, and bridal-wreath. Our orchards look like great banks of pink and white. The trees on our lawn are full of tender green leaves. Across the field I can see the little lambs, and hear the tinkle, tinkle of the sheep bells. All this, with the grass and sunshine and song of birds, makes the world very beautiful just now. It is hard to think of ice and snow this lovely weather. Our school-boys are all barefoot, and are so delighted they can hardly sit still in school.

I have written to one little Northern girl named Rosie. I am going to send her some gray moss. It grows in all of our swamps, hanging from the cypress-trees in long, graceful festoons.

With kind wishes for all, NINA V.

These pretty lines were written by their little author on the date given, and she shall have the pleasure of reading them when the woods and gardens are full of bloom.

MONDAY, MARCH 31.

BY GITY.

I'm ten years old to-day,
And I can not find a flower;
Although I've searched the way,
There's no nest upon the bower.

The fire-flies are not here,
And the birds do not sing
Their sweet songs in my ear;
But I know that it is spring.

I can not see the rose,
Or the yellow lily wild,
Or the columbine, which grows
When the air is soft and mild.

The grass I do not see,
Nor the daisy pearly-white,
Nor yet the little bee,
Nor thistle-down so light.

I'm ten years old to-day,
And the air is bleak and cold;
But I care not if it's March or May,
For to-day I'm ten years old.

AMHERST COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I do not go to school, but I say my lessons at home to my sister; I study spelling, reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and French. I see all the little boys and girls writing about their pets, so I will tell you something about mine. I have but three pets, two hens and a cat. My hens' names are Mother Hubbard and Faithful. We live three miles east of Amherst Court-house. We take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much; I think "The Ice Queen" and "The Fair for Sick Dolls" are the best pieces. Good-by. ROBERTA P.

NEWBURN, VIRGINIA.

This is the second year we have taken YOUNG PEOPLE. I am nine years old; my brother Frank is twelve, and we have the sweetest little sister, Jean, nearly two years old. I have two pet calves, named Buttercup and Roseleaf. Buttercup has beautiful brown eyes and yellow bangs. They are delighted to have me talk to them and pet them; I never allow anybody else to feed them. Mamma teaches us. We make the fires, and sweep, and wash such stacks of dishes! And it almost breaks brother's heart to churn, unless mamma promises that he may read YOUNG PEOPLE first. I have a beautiful new gold ring, which my aunt Nannie gave me as a reward for piecing a quilt by myself. We live on New River, and oh! Postmistress, it is three miles from everywhere, and in winter it rains all the time, even on Sundays. What would we do with no YOUNG PEOPLE and no books?

I have written this all myself. I want so much to see what papa and brother will say when they see it. ETHEL W.

Three miles from everywhere! But then what lively times you have in your busy bee-hive of a home!

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

One of the boys who used to come to our school takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and gives it to the rest after he reads it. I am deaf, and go to a school for the deaf. There are fourteen scholars in my room. We learn to read from the lips. My friend L. E. B. will send a letter. She and I try to make out the answers of the puzzles, and read the letters in the Post-office box, and think they are very interesting. At one time I had a great many pets; I had seventy-five hens, and don't remember how many chicks, a large Newfoundland dog and two small ones, three cats, five birds, two pigs, and a guinea-pig. My favorite ones were the large dog, and a pet rooster that would eat out of my hand. Now all are dead, and the only one remaining is a large cat. This was when I lived in the Charlestown Navy-yard, and had a large place to keep them. Since then my father, mother, sister, and brother have died, and now my sister and I live with my grandmother and

my cousin, whose father and mother are also dead. I hope this letter will be printed.

Yours, with much love, JENNIE E. A.

Much love to you, Jennie.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

I have written once before, but my letter was not printed. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE four years. The first three years my mother paid for it, but one year ago she died, away out in New Mexico; she went there for her health. I paid for it this year; I earned the money by working in a furnace in the country. We moved from the country last fall. I do not like it here as well as I do in the country, but the school advantages are better. I have no pets here, but I did when I was in the country. I had a dog and two cats; one was cross-eyed; her name was Liz. Liz could open doors, and she would go out hunting and bring home rabbits, and bury what she did not want in the chips for future use. She did not have a very good ear for music, for when we sang she would jump up on our laps and put her paw on our mouths. ARTHUR C.

I have a warm corner in my heart for a motherless boy. I am glad you earned your money yourself for your favorite paper.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I was twelve years old on my last birthday. I would like to study geology, and I intend to some time. I have a fine collection of Indian relics that I find in this section of the country. I have eighty-seven perfect specimens of arrow-heads and other relics which I found in the fields; among them are a corn-masher, a hide-scraper, and a tool that they use to bark trees with. There are several Indian mounds near where I live; the Indians used them for signal stations. They have never been opened, so we do not know whether they contain any relics or not. A man was ploughing near one of these mounds, and found a large flint ring which was supposed to be an ear-ring. I live eleven miles west of Cincinnati, on the bank of the Ohio River. Our place is called Arden. We have many lovely wild flowers here too. MILTON S.

NEWBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a girl twelve years old. I was born on Thanksgiving-day. I have not many pets—only a canary-bird (can you tell me a name for it, please?), two sisters, and one brother, who is four years old. One of my sisters is ten years old, and the other is two; she is very cunning, and I love her very much. I suppose you think I am too large to have a doll, but I still have one, though I don't play with her much. She has a dress on that I used to wear when a baby. My sister Carrie and I go to school when there is one, but have vacation now. We have to cross a bridge to get there, and in the summer it is beautiful. If there is any one who would like to exchange silk, satin, or velvet, for calicoes, I will exchange with her. EMMA F. THORNTON, Box 439.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I will write a composition about plants, which I hope to see printed.

PLANTS.

There are a great many kinds of plants. The most curious plant I have ever seen is the spinning plant. It is a low plant, about half an inch high, and has a "spider web," as many people who never have seen it would call it, but which is incorrect; it is the web the plant spins. This is done by leaving it in a hot-house or warm room a few days. Then you look at it and see the web spun across the top. I suppose many people do not know of what use plants are except for their beauty and fragrance, but I do, and I will tell you. They inhale the impure air we exhale, and thus help us to live. LOTTIE P. (10 years old).

E. B. C., Florence H. F., Agnes K. H., Margaret M. R., May F., Cornelia Belle W., Raymond V. F., Julia N. S., Lillie H., Dottie, Ira E. S., Bertha M., M. P., Hattie C., Eddie D., Emma C. and Sadie B., Josie B. and Alice C., Nellie G. F., Lola May S., Minnie E. B., Luella F., Lillian W., Anna J. W., Willie H. P., Nona L., Bert L. J., Lizzie J., O. V. D., Charlie F., Melville B., Katie, Bettie A. G., Willie S. W., Edith F., Bessie M., Nellie E. H., Della K., Lydia S. W., Hettie P., George J. P., Clemie L. W., Bertha C. M., Agnes J. F., Etta M. J., Mary L. L., Albert W. Z., Sophie R. F., Addie G., Bessie R. R., Etta M. S., Daisy D., Sarah F. R., Emma A. W., Julia A. M., Edith L. L., Charlie S., Jun., Rosalie W., Ernie C., Louie, Mabel M. S., Jimmie S., Emma G., and Mabel P. will please accept thanks for their letters. A number of dear young people, for whose names I can not now find room, will please believe that I thank them too.—Charlie S.: I hope the little cart was a success.—Katie A. S.: Your essay on the wasp is very bright.—Janet C. P.: You are a good girl to employ your skillful fingers in making such lovely gifts for

your father and mother. Embroidery is a lady's accomplishment.—A. M. P.: Very special thanks for your letter on the mysterious Man with the Iron Mask. I am glad you have been reading up on the subject.—Phoxy: Your trip must have been charming.—May W.: All the books you like are favorites of mine.—Jamie C.: I was very sorry to hear of the sad fate which befell your poor pet.—Sadie S.: Bouncer is a dog worth owning.—Addie C. S.: Will you not write me from Kansas?—Rena C. L.: I will try to describe those games at some future time. Out-door sports are in fashion now.—Louis V. H.: Those roosters are rather vexatious, I think.—Crissie J., Lizzie B. W., Fannie C., Laura C., Hattie A. D., Bessie H., Willie S. P., and Emma Rosalie L.: I send you each my love.—Ethelyn E. F.: I enjoyed your merry letter, and regretted that I could not insert it. Next time please write on one side of the paper only, and number your pages.—Rilla E.: Write again, dear.—Johnny M. L.: Stories and other articles published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are usually written by authors who have had a great deal of experience in writing for youth. If, however, you send your articles, with stamps for their return if unavailable, they will receive courteous attention. You forgot to give your full post-office address in your note of inquiry.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A LITTLE LESSON FOR THE GRAMMAR CLASS.

POSITIVE.	COMPARATIVE.
1. A tree.	A tribe.
2. A baby's gown.	A lady's shoe.
3. A miss.	A sea-captain.
4. A courtesy.	An arbor.
5. Soup.	A relative.
6. A box.	An English county.
7. A head-cover.	A pickle.
8. A fairy.	A market.
9. A patriarch's son.	A fool.
10. A small vegetable.	A fruit.
11. A color.	A rope.
12. A gathering.	A kettle.
13. Old age.	A berry.
14. A money order.	Plaid.
15. A bill.	A drinking-cup.
16. A running.	A rose.
17. A penny.	Middle.
18. An arrow.	A cutter.
19. An attack.	A fiery steed.
20. Feeling.	A sacred vessel.
21. A stone.	A cradle.

DAME PLAYFAIR.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in carriage, also in cart.
My second in dagger, also in dart.
My third in cow, also in ox.
My fourth is in wolf, but not in fox.
My whole is the name of a bird
That some of the children have heard.
JUSTUS R. HOLME, JUN. (8 years old).

No. 3.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A city in the United States. 2. A country of Asia. 3. Islands near Africa. 4. A cape on the Delaware. 5. A volcano of Europe. 6. A city of Portugal. 7. A country of Europe. 8. A river in Germany. 9. A country of New York.
Primals spell the name of a cardinal of France.
BIRDIE RANDOLPH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 235.

No. 1.—	C A N A G E R S E T	M A R E T S E T	L P A N I C N T E R N T Y C R Y N
No. 2.—	B I D E A T D A T	I D E A N E A R T	A V I S V E R A I R O N S A N E

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary Mayfield, Birdie Randolph, James H. Donnelly, Phebe Grizz, Katie M. Mabel V. John, Dock, Albert, and Theodore Schmidt, Grasshoppers, Celia B. Adams, Navajo, Paul Booh, W. D. Slinger, S. M. Woodward, Steel Penn, Susie Evans, Grace Haldom, Louie Price, Martin S., J. D., Gus Biggam, and Daisy.

The answer to "Who Was He?" on page 432 of No. 236, is Martin Luther.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 239.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, May 27, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.



NELLY IN THE STRAWBERRY BEDS.

OUR LITTLE DUNCE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

I.

WHENEVER our teacher, Mrs. Lane, leans back in her chair and smiles softly in an absent-minded sort of way, we girls always know she is thinking of "old times"; and if this occurs just before tea-time, one or other of us is sure to coax for a story in that pleasant hour when we sit around the centre table in her bright parlor with our fancy-work or books.

It had been rather dull one Tuesday, except for the sud-

den entrance into the school-room of a very pretty, bright-eyed lady, who would have apologized for coming in so abruptly, but Mrs. Lane followed her, saying to Miss Joyce, the other teacher, "This is an old friend—Mrs. Darrell."

And Miss Joyce, with such a pleased expression, jumped up and shook hands with the visitor, and kissed her, and said, two or three times, "Oh, I am so glad, my dear—I am so glad to see you."

Meanwhile we girls were occupied in looking at the stranger's beautiful dress, her mantle, her hat and feathers, and not a little at her beautiful and gentle face.

After Mrs. Lane had sent Miss Joyce away with Mrs.

Darrell for a few moments, and taken the teacher's place, we observed our dear principal smile in that subdued, far-off way, and we knew that she was thinking of something which we might later turn to account; and so, after tea, Milly Brown began to feel the way for us.

"Isn't that Mrs. Darrell lovely?" she began. "Was she ever a pupil of yours, Mrs. Lane?"

Mrs. Lane nodded her head, and looked full of kindly good-humor.

"Yes, my dear, a sort of pupil. I was under-teacher at a school where she was one of the little girls, and Miss Joyce was one of the older girls."

"Mrs. Darrell is very young yet, isn't she?" I asked.

"Oh," said Mrs. Lane, "she is fully thirty now, though she doesn't look it. Dear me! those days are a long time ago." Mrs. Lane gave a sigh; then added, a little abruptly, "Girls, I hope you're all busy with your composition-work."

In the disappointed sort of chorus of "Yes'm," "We're trying," Milly's voice sounded dolefully plaintive: "Oh, Mrs. Lane, I *can't* write compositions! There's no use of my trying."

Mrs. Lane smiled upon poor Milly, whose big eyes, usually so overflowing with fun, fastened themselves sorrowfully upon our teacher.

"Well, do your best, dear," Mrs. Lane said, good-humoredly. "The art of composition is not the grandest accomplishment on earth, after all, nor the most important for a little woman of fifteen. Do you know, girls, Mrs. Darrell's unexpected coming to see us has made me think of an incident of those school-days you may care to hear."

Care! Each one of us edged a little closer to the table, and prepared to listen attentively to Mrs. Lane's story. Then she began:

I was about Milly's age when I found that the reckless days of school life—the play and the romping and careless idleness—must all stop, for my father died, and there were six of us children left to mother's care. I was next to the oldest, and with all my love of fun I fortunately had some love of study, and I suppose my teacher, Miss Blakeman, saw this, for she made me a very kind offer. If I chose to work hard at school for one year longer, there need be no bills paid for me, provided the next year I could take one of the younger classes; and to make me feel independent, I was to have only half the usual salary until that year's expenses were paid back.

I well remember the rainy day this was decided upon, and how dear Miss Blakeman said to me, "Jessie, I think it would be well for you to begin at once some supervision of the younger children. There are two or three you could look after a little. Suppose you try what you can do with that stupid new scholar."

I had to laugh, for the girl in question had only been there one week, and had at every class and in every recreation distinguished herself by her ignorance; and not ignorance alone, but sheer stupidity, it seemed to us. She didn't "know enough," as we girls said, to prevent her asking the most foolish questions or saying the most foolish things. For example, on one occasion the question came up, "What is the shape of the earth?"

Nelly Darton, the stupid little girl in question, stared a moment in silence, while Fanny Joyce, at her side, and always ready for a joke, whispered something in her ear. At once Nelly's face brightened, and she said, "Oh, thank you!" Turning to the teacher, she added, "*Shape of a demijohn, ma'am*"—an answer which, as you may well imagine, brought a roar of laughter from the whole school.

The girls were all curious to know how or where she had been educated, since though in some ways she showed refined associations, she was certainly, for a girl of thirteen, the most ignorant specimen we had ever seen at Moore's Academy, as our school was called. She was

ready enough to answer all inquiries, though I must say she was not particularly talkative. Her father was a sea-captain, and was apparently devoted to her, but as her mother had died when she was a baby, he had never felt like leaving her long at school, and when she was not at sea with him, she had staid with an old servant living in a sea-port town, and there, of course, had been allowed to run wild, no thought of books ever hindering her in any romp or play.

So it was that when a friend induced Captain Darton to place Nelly at a good school, she was brought to Miss Blakeman's, there to mystify the girls and be mystified by them; for with all their prompt answers, their fine piano-playing, their glib talk of "ologies" and "roots" and "quantities," they seemed as strange and unnatural to Nelly as she did to them.

One advantage had come from her free life, an intense love of out-door things—a real feeling with Nature in all her moods; rain or shine alike appealed to something responsive in that childish heart, and I have seen Nelly as gay and happy dancing about in a quick summer rain as when in fair weather she had permission to go out for the first arbutus or the earliest bits of wood-anemone; and with all these things of nature she had so much in common that she learned every one of their ways and habits in the most surprising fashion. Dull about her books as she certainly proved herself to be, Nelly could tell you in eager, fluent language how the marshes down by the river grew, how the birds built their nests, when the first violets and lilies might be expected, and where the wild flowers were in sweetest profusion. Innocent and happy and fearless was our little "Dunce," as we called her, until one June day.

She had been with us nearly two months. I had attached myself to her for the purpose of "bringing her on," to use our teacher's words, and she had attached herself to me with the most fervent and enthusiastic demonstration. Not a morning but saw Miss Nell up and across fields, to look for pond-lilies or something blooming to place at my seat at table, and many of her spare hours were devoted to making the most remarkable collection of wild flowers and butterflies for my birthday; and, just to please me, she *did* try to study, and to come to me first with any very silly questions.

Meanwhile another new scholar had appeared: this time, however, the product of a fashionable city school, where the "young ladies" understood deportment thoroughly, and knew what was to be required of them in society when they left school; but with all Vernona Powers's refined manner, her "elegancies" of speech, and her perfect politeness, it took but a short time for the academy girls—a rather downright set we were, I fear—to feel that she was far from being at all well informed even for her age.

Nelly, with her brown locks flying as she ran about the gardens, her eyes dancing, and a song always ready on her lips—Nelly was, in truth, scarcely so ignorant as this elegant young person of fifteen, fresh from a famous educational establishment; yet they were at once placed in contrast. In spite of certain defects, Vernona contrived very soon to assert herself as the oracle and goddess of the school, while Nelly was its openly avowed truant and ignoramus.

The opportunity for a good laugh at Nelly seemed to fix their relative positions among many of the girls.

One day Nelly began talking of the strawberry beds, and saying she meant to learn how to take care of them, and then perhaps Job, the gardener, would let her help him.

"I suppose you know," said Vernona, calmly, but with a malicious twinkle in her pale gray eyes, "that rain is very bad for them."

This was intended not only to be funny, but to produce some surprising evidence of ignorance on Nelly's part; but the latter only said, "Is that so?" and continued her

gaze out across the garden beds, down to the river. By this time I began to know Nelly very well, and to know also that, loving the truth herself, she believed thoroughly all that was told her. Hence nearly all her seeming stupidity. It took her so long to find out when the girls were imposing upon her, or, as you girls of to-day say, "chaffing" her. I don't believe it occurred to her then to doubt Vernona's sincerity, and, strangely enough, she had for Vernona the most entire admiration. The little hypocrisies and airs of the latter failed to impress Nelly as they might have done had she been less entirely sincere and free from affectation herself. She believed thoroughly in Vernona's book-learning and talents, and revered them as something quite beyond her own power to imitate. A little later in the day it came on to pour with rain, and at the sewing circle Nelly Darton was missed.

"Where can the child be?" Miss Blakeman asked one and all; but no one knew, until Vernona, from her station in the window, called out, with a peal of laughter, "Girls! come here—just look out there."

And as we scrambled up into the windows we looked out upon as absurd and yet pathetic a sight as I have ever seen. It was raining and blowing furiously, but there among the strawberry beds was Nelly, soaked through, with the water streaming from her hair, and the wind blowing her about, yet persevering in a ludicrous object. With a large umbrella in each hand she was slowly crawling about the garden beds, protecting first one clump, then another, of white blossoms and green leaves from the rain! I can not tell you how ridiculous it looked, yet her patience, her unselfish devotion to the good of the little blossoms, touched my heart, and amidst the shrieks of laughter from the girls I flew out, hatless as was poor Nelly, and down to the garden where she was on her knees on the wet earth.

She lifted up her dripping face, her own smile shining like the sun through a cloud.

"Vernona said rain wasn't good for 'em," she remarked, with great composure, and only looking down to change the position of her larger umbrella. "Of course I can't keep it *all* off, but it helps, with two of 'em, doesn't it?" she added, proudly glancing at the big black surfaces.

I looked at rain and all, fairly dumb with despair.

"Oh, Nelly," I exclaimed, "don't you see? Why, Vernona was only making fun of you. And you, with all your knowledge of plants and flowers and birds, to be so stupid as to think rain could hurt anything that grows out-of-doors!"

I never shall forget Nelly's look. For all the absurdity of her position, her soaked little figure and dripping face, there came over it all a curious air of dignity—or was it sudden, swift rebellion? It was something I had never seen before in little laughing, stupid Nelly. She let the umbrellas fall from her grasp. I remember one of them blew down the hill, while I grasped the handle of the other. She rose slowly to her feet, and looked at me earnestly and very gravely.

"I didn't think that of her," the child said, in a low voice. "Is she making fun of me now?" She took a quick glance at the school-room windows, still crowded with merry faces, among which Vernona's was clearly defined, and oh, such a sad look came into her eyes! "I believed her just because I never had *anything* to do with strawberries; and oh!—yes, Jessie, it *is* because I'm so stupid. I believe what every one else says, because I am so sure of my own stupidity."

"But, Nelly," I urged, taking her hand to try and turn her toward the house, "you know so much about everything you care for, why won't you try and care for other things?"

Nelly, with drooping dissatisfaction and depression in every line of her figure, walked in silence at my side.

"No," she said, presently; "I can't learn figures, or

the sciences, or those things—no use in trying. I think I'll write and say I'll go home."

Perhaps something in the way we came back impressed the girls. Certainly no one said anything about the strawberry beds to Nelly, but from that day we all discovered a change in the girl. Not that she seemed more studious, but that more serious thoughts occupied her mind.

I could have told them more than showed on the surface, for Nelly and I had long talks, and gradually the fine sweet instincts of the untutored nature came to the surface. My belief that Nelly was hopelessly stupid began to melt slowly before this new Nelly—this half-shy, half-reluctant, and entirely earnest little creature, beginning to think and see and hear for herself for the first time.

But Nelly so often "missed" at class, for so long a time wrote so badly and blotted so many pages, was still so dense about so many things "every one knows," that the girls did not suspect what I knew—that the flower-fruit of her mind was slowly opening, and that she had given her whole heart and strength to the work of disciplining her wild and hitherto ungoverned character.

I was young, and I felt a great pride in helping on the work Nelly went to so hopefully. Perhaps I encouraged too strongly the idea that she was not so much changed, after all. I had an impression that Nelly would sooner or later do something "worth while," and surprise the school.

Meanwhile Vernona flourished, and, singular to say, lost none of her hold over Nelly's loyal little heart. Perhaps the gay brown eyes I liked to see so happy sometimes grew wistful as they followed Vernona in her very elegant, carefully studied movements; but if Nelly had grown wise enough to penetrate the shallow surface of her friend's accomplishments, she did not betray it in any open fashion. These quiet looks were only noticed by me. I met them often when Nelly had no idea that she was watched even by me. Vernona, so far from seeing a change in Nelly's mental life, continued from time to time to joke her about her stupidity, even to laugh when she did something really well—a fact which I think led the girls to the idea that such occasions were only chance, and the bad effect was shown in Nelly's shrinking from having her "out-of-hours" study talked of or noticed. She began to be half ashamed of any success.

One evening, just before school broke up for the summer holidays, we were all in the long school-room, when some one said, "Dear me, Nelly Darton, don't *kill* yourself at it, please."

And looking up, I saw Nelly bending laboriously over her blotting-book at her desk, writing with the effort penmanship still was to her.

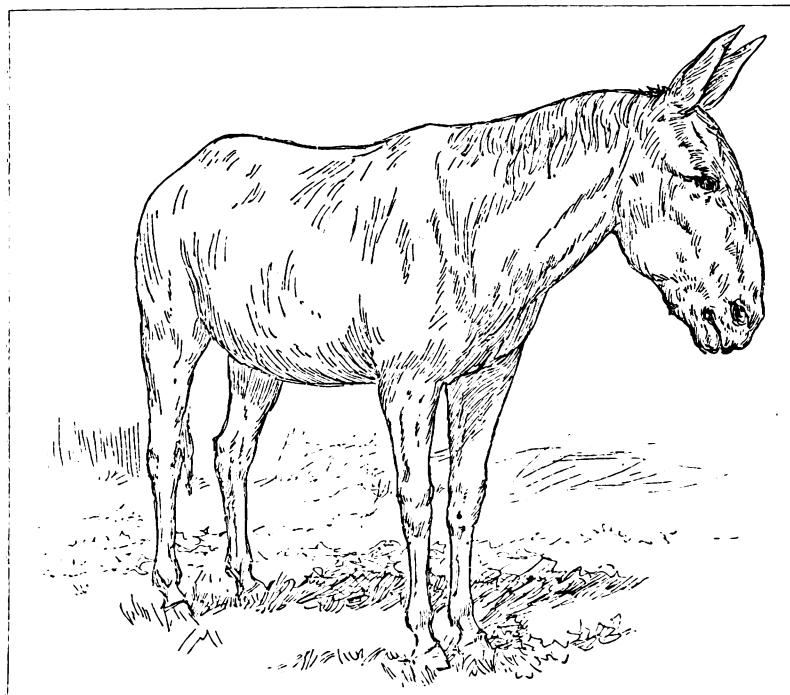
Her whole mind was so absorbed that at Vernona's words she started and looked up in a bewildered way. Then she closed her book quickly, and ran out of the room, Vernona following her, declaring they should be shown what was written; but the chase proved fruitless. Vernona came back saying Nelly had taken refuge in my room.

We were talking, I remember, a little later, over the prize composition for the next Christmas, and Vernona remarked in her most placid tones that *she* meant if possible to get that, as her father made a point of such things.

I own I felt sorry enough for Vernona as she said this, for it was a fact that her father was a most particular man, and that he had removed her from her former school because of her failing in his examinations of her, and that unless she did well here, her home life would be very hard to bear. It was Nelly who had told me of this, and when we were going to bed the girl said to me:

"I'm sorry Vernona's set her heart on that prize, for of course *she* can't get that." She looked at me with a little twinkle as she whispered, "Perhaps *I'll* try for it."

And I answered, laughing, "Pray do, my dear," feeling it right to encourage even such a hopeless effort.



MEXIQUE.

A VERY FORTUNATE MULE.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

THERE appeared not long ago in a Western journal an engraving of a mule seated in a cushioned arm-chair, with his feet on the table, reading a paper, and waited on by a soldier. This picture was a humorous representation of the good fortune which has lately befallen an army mule, Mexique by name. This mule has served his country faithfully for a large number of years, and been rewarded like a soldier who has done his duty well, with a pension—not in dollars and cents, but in hay and oats.

Like every patriot who has been through the wars, Mexique has an interesting history. The incidents of his long and useful career were duly related in a document which accompanied the application for his pension. For, according to regulations, the career of an army horse or mule is always duly recorded, there being special books furnished and kept for that purpose.

Mexique, who is now a white mule, was purchased during the Mexican war by the Quartermaster's Department in Mexico. Our army transport has always been done by mules. The army mule, therefore, is a peculiarly American animal, in addition to being a peculiar animal on his own account. He is usually on intimate terms with the soldiers, does a good deal as he pleases, and is the only living thing in the army that ever dares to treat an officer with disrespect. But properly treated by his driver, he will idolize him, and obey the slightest hint of command. When, however, driven by a new hand, a six-mule team may in the twinkling of an eye get itself, harness, wagon, contents, and teamster into a tangle to which a heap of jack-straws is a simple affair.

A part of the army returning from Mexico in 1849, Mexique, then a young and strong draught animal, was left at Tampa, Florida, for use at the regular army post there. This fact would establish his age now as being between forty-two and forty-five years, though General Sherman, as will be seen later, makes it over sixty.

During the civil war he was still at that post, afterward moving between there and Key West. Later, in 1882, the post at Tampa was broken up, and one of its batteries

(L. Third Artillery) was ordered to the Barracks at Mount Vernon, Alabama, where it arrived about Christmas-time, bringing old Mexique, among other animals.

As far as can be ascertained, this mule worked well and daily up to 1882, when, as he was one day prowling about the post at Tampa, he attacked a young colt, and was severely kicked by its mother. Since that time his spirit has seemed broken, and when he arrived at Mount Vernon he was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased.

As there are about a dozen good animals besides him at the post, no one thinks of working him. He has the liberty of the United States reservation, and it is nothing unusual to see children playing around his heels while he stands rapt in thought under the shade of a tree. Nearly all the officers or strangers who visit the post inquire for him, and once he was honored with a call from a general.

Mexique has travelled so much, that if a gang-plank or anything like it is shown him he will walk at once across it, unlike any of his companions, which usually require to be lifted on board a vessel.

Last year Major William A. Kobbé, while in command of Mount Vernon Barracks, received an order to sell at auction all unserviceable draught animals. As this would have included Mexique, the major wrote to the Quartermaster-General, asking that Mexique be retained in the service, with full rank and pay, as the officers of the post were willing to raise a fund for his support. This petition went up through various departments until it reached General Sherman.

He interested himself greatly in Mexique's welfare, and in a letter which he addressed to the War Department, referring the petition to the attention of that body, he says:

"I have seen that mule, and whether the story be true or false, the soldiers believe it was left at Big Spring, where Mount Vernon Barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's army encamped there about 1819-20. Tradition says it was once a sorrel, but now it is white from age. The Quartermaster's Department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold, or the care or maintenance of it thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise that it be kept in the department, fed and maintained, till death. I think the mule was at Fort Morgan when I was there in 1842."

The Secretary of War, having considered this correspondence, issued the following order: "Let this mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives."

The matter attracted great attention. Many societies wrote for particulars concerning Mexique and for his photograph. One of the pleasantest letters received was that from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of London, addressed to Minister Lowell, asking for a picture of Mexique to be preserved with the society's archives. This was inclosed in a personal letter from Mr. Lowell to General Sherman, with a copy of the London *Daily Telegraph* containing a two-column editorial on the subject.

At present Mexique is very lame, rheumatic, and feeble, though he has, of course, as much care as can be given him, and is petted a good deal in addition by all. We believe the accompanying portrait of him, taken from a photograph, is the first which has yet been obtained.

THE PLEASURE-TRIP OF THE "POLLY WATKINS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THE *Polly Watkins* had come home from a mackerel-lump cruise with a fine cargo, and as the mackerel—plump and shining beauties—were emptied out upon the wharf before the admiring eyes of a crowd of villagers and summer visitors, Captain Peter Trawley's face was radiant with satisfaction.

"Ask him now, Ben," "See how good-natured he looks!" "Now's your time," said Aleck Ransom and Tom Goldsworthy and two or three other boys, all nudging Ben with their elbows, and pushing him toward the Captain. Ben was always spokesman for the party; the boys always thought they were more likely to get what they wanted if Ben asked for it.

"Captain Peter, won't you let us take the *Polly Watkins* to go on a little pleasure-trip this afternoon? We know how to manage her."

"Oh! you know how to manage her, do you? You ain't the fellers that got aground on Plum Duff, and had to stay there all night! Oh no! twa'n't you!" said the Captain, with a great roar of laughter.

"Well, we had only just come to the Cove then; we didn't know much about sailing boats," said Ben, modestly, "but we've learned since. We've sailed the *Dancer*; that is almost as big as the *Polly*, and a great deal crankier."

"Lemme see: that wa'n't the time she run agin a rock, and stove—"

"No, she didn't; she missed the rock *just as nicely!*" cried Ben.

"Well, it's good practice, mebbe, this jest miss-in', and there's some that says a miss is as good as a mile; but seein' the *Polly* airns my daily bread, I don't care about lettin' her to resky boys. But I s'pose I might let my Peter go with you. I like to be accommerdatin'. Where do you want to go, now?"

"A squadron of the Eastern Yacht Club is coming into Pequannicut Harbor, and we want to see it," said Ben.

"Well, there's a fair wind for Pequannicut, if it holdsstiddy," said Captain Peter. "But you must be willin' to start back a good spell before sundown, because the wind dies down."

The boys readily promised, and by one o'clock they were on board the boat, waiting for Peter, the Captain's son. Peter was sixteen, and had known how to manage a sail-boat almost ever since he was out of long clothes. He was jolly and good-natured; it was good fun to go with him, although there was not so much glory as in managing the boat themselves, the boys thought. Aleck Ransom had brought a story paper in his pocket. If anything could take Peter's mind off his duty it was a story-paper. He might become absorbed in it, and forget all about the boat, and then the boys could manage it.

They found scarcely wind enough to take them out of the Cove, but outside there was "a stiff breeze" blowing, as Peter said. If it increased at all he thought they should have to take down the gaff-topsail, and perhaps take a reef in the mainsail. The boys liked to go with all

sail set, and hoped Peter was not going to be too cautious. Don Stillman said the *Polly Watkins* could carry twice as much sail as that without being in any danger in such a wind, and Don thought he ought to know, since his uncle was captain of an East India merchantman. Don didn't think these Turtle Cove fishermen knew much, anyway, they were afraid of a good wind. The *Polly Watkins* were skimming along, Peter keeping his "weather eye" out a little anxiously; but he didn't take the gaff down, so the boys were satisfied.

Peter had heard that there was to be a yacht race over in Pequannicut Harbor, and all the boys were very anxious to be in time to see it. They even thought the *Polly Watkins* might join in it; she was a fast boat, if she was a small one, and for the time she was a pleasure-yacht, if fishing was her regular business.

But when they were off Great Bear Island they saw Mrs. Simpkins, the wife of the light-house keeper, standing in her doorway, blowing on a tin horn, and waving a towel as if she were in great distress.

"Boat ahoy! Is that you, Peter Trawley?" she called as Peter drew as near as he dared to the rocks. And she came hurrying down to the shore.

"The baby is dying—*dying!* Go over to Crawford Point quick, and fetch Dr. Tibbetts. Oh, go quick, Peter!"

Without loss of time Peter turned the boat in the direction of Crawford Point.



"PETER'S LONG ARM SEIZED HIM, AND DREW HIM INTO THE ROW-BOAT."

"It will be hard to get there; we shall have to tack a little the way," he said; "but we'll do the best we can."

The boys did cast one longing, lingering look in the direction of Pequannicut; but who could think of yachting races when a baby was dying?

"All twelve of them Simpkins children are kind of unhealthy," said Peter. "It seems as if they had the whooping-cough and the measles and the mumps and all these things harder than other children; and fits too; there's six or eight of 'em has fits, and livin' all alone on this island, it's pretty hard for Mis' Simpkins."

Peter was evidently trying to make the boys forget the gay doings at Pequannicut Harbor in sympathy for the Simpkins family. And the thought of a poor little suffering baby, and its mother's white face, did come between them and the yachts, and they soon thought of nothing

but getting the Doctor to Great Bear Island before it should be too late.

The tacks that they had to make were almost innumerable. The same wind that would have carried the *Polly Watkins* skimming along to Pequannicut Harbor, as straight as the swallow flies, seemed perversely determined that she should never reach Crawford Point.

The sun was low when at last they reached the little landing at Crawford Point. Peter landed, and hurried up to the Doctor's house, which was only a little way from the shore. But he came back alone in a few minutes.

"The Doctor has gone around to Little Lobster Neck to see a man that's cut his foot mowin'," he said. "I'm goin' to run over to the Neck across lots, and do you s'pose you could manage to take the *Polly* around there, so as to take the Doctor and me aboard? 'Twould save time."

"Of course we can," cried all the boys in chorus. That baby shouldn't die for any lack of effort to save him on their part. And wasn't it a stroke of good fortune that they had a chance to manage the boat!

"Keep an eye to the wind, and look to your sails if it freshens," was Peter's parting injunction.

"Just as if we didn't know enough for that!" said Don, taking the helm with assurance. "These fellows down here think nobody knows anything but themselves. Why, I could manage a little craft like this in a tornado. I wouldn't be afraid to take her to Halifax."

"Neither would I, if my uncle isn't a sea-captain," said Ben Holman, who rather resented Don's calm way of taking it for granted that he was in charge of the boat.

But the baby was dying—they could not stop to quarrel. Don brought the *Polly* round like an experienced sailor, and away they went toward Little Lobster Neck. The wind was in their favor, and the boys were confident that they should reach the Neck before Peter, going "across lots," could find the Doctor, and bring him to the shore.

The wind *had* freshened; it was glorious sailing.

The boat tipped so that one of her sides was almost on a level with the white-capped waves. Now and then spray came dashing over. If it hadn't been for that baby, how happy they would have been!

"I tell you, boys, this is a pretty lively wind," said Aleck Ransom. "And there is an awful black cloud over there."

"So much the better. We're going with a rush, but I'd like to go like a streak of lightning," said Don Stillman. "You ought to hear my uncle tell about being caught in a simoom."

"They don't have simooms about here, but they do have *squalls*," said Aleck Ransom, looking again at that black cloud, which was rapidly overspreading the sky.

"I believe you're afraid," said Don, scornfully. "I wouldn't be a coward like Peter. My uncle—"

Don's uncle was a little tiresome sometimes, and Aleck didn't like to have it suggested that he was a coward.

"Oh, go on if you want to! We'll see how brave you'll be when the boat tips over," he said.

But they went swiftly and safely on for nearly a mile, and Little Lobster Neck was in sight, and two men were to be seen putting off in a row-boat.

"They're ahead of us! We ought to have been there by this time," said Don. "This boat doesn't carry half enough sail. And the wind is dying out. Instead of a squall we're going to have a calm."

The black cloud had completely covered the sky. It seemed as if night had suddenly fallen. The wind *had* died out. Some sea-gulls flew screaming over their heads. The row-boat was coming rapidly toward them, and a man standing in it, who looked like Peter, was calling to them, but what he said they could not understand.

"I think he is telling us to take in the sails," said Aleck. "You had better believe it is going to blow!"

"Blow! There's going to be a dead calm. I'm wondering how we shall ever be able to row the *Polly Watkins* all the way home," said Don. "When my uncle was in—"

The squall struck them at that moment. It seemed almost to lift the *Polly Watkins* out of the water and to set her down again, shivering in every timber. But she was only on her side, and Aleck had had the sheet in his hand when the wind struck her, and he pulled the sails down in about as little time as Captain Peter himself could have done it.

But the mainsail got caught on the bowsprit and hung over, flapping in the wind; and Don walked out on the bowsprit to disentangle and pull it in. He walked out very jauntily, and as if he were accustomed to walking on bowsprits every day of his life, and uttered a contemptuous "pshaw!" at the word of caution which Aleck called out to him. But another gust of wind struck the boat; she gave a sudden lurch, and over went Don into the water.

Aleck threw him a rope, but it was not long enough, and the wind was carrying the boat farther and farther away from him with every instant. Don had almost given himself up in despair, when Peter's long arm seized him and drew him into the row-boat. Peter had seen the accident, and made a desperate struggle to reach the spot, for rowing in that sea was no easy task.

The wind went down after a while almost as suddenly as it had come up, and they all got on board the *Polly Watkins*. The Doctor, who was fat and scant o' breath, had lost his glasses, and was very much disturbed in mind, Don dripping and subdued, and Peter so exhausted with his hard rowing that he had to give up the management of the boat to Aleck.

"The wind has changed, and it's going to bring the fog in, as sure as you live," said Peter.

The fog was a terror in all the region about Turtle Cove, it swooped in from the sea so suddenly, and wrapped everything in thick darkness. It was only by the aid of a compass that the most experienced sailors and those most familiar with the coast could find their way about.

"Then they won't have the yacht race, and maybe they'll stay in Pequannicut Harbor till to-morrow, and we can go over," said Ben Holman.

"They've had the race before this time," said Don, gloomily. Now that he had recovered from the fright, Don was mortified at his mishap, and not in very good humor.

"We sha'n't get to Great Bear Island very soon, at this rate, shall we?" said the Doctor, anxiously.

The baby! They had almost forgotten the baby.

"It will either die or get well before we get there," said Don, crossly. "We might as well have gone to Pequannicut."

The Doctor looked at him very severely, and Don felt somewhat ashamed of himself. Of course a baby's life was of more importance than their pleasure.

They had sailed for hours; it seemed as if they might have gone to Halifax, when at last the dark shape of an island loomed through the fog very near them.

"Here is Great Bear," said Peter, joyfully. "Now two of you boys will jump into the boat and row the Doctor over."

Don was in the boat in a minute, and Aleck followed.

"I only hope it may not be too late!" said the Doctor, fervently, as he got into the boat.

Those on board the *Polly Watkins* waited and waited.

"I hope they don't think they've got to wait for the Doctor," said Peter, as his patience began to fail. "Of course the Simpkinses will carry him home in the morning."

Peter and Ben Holman shouted, but not even an echo

answered. Peter began to think that the island might be a mirage, and that they were still rowing on in hopes of reaching it.

But suddenly over the island they saw a vivid tongue of flame lapping up the fog. Ben Holman thought of enchanted islands and volcanoes and wonders of that kind.

"If that don't beat all nater!" exclaimed Peter. "The light-house and the keeper's house are both built of brick and stone, but they must be afire, for there ain't anything else on the island but rocks."

Just at that moment they heard the sound of oars, and soon the row-boat came in sight with the two boys and the Doctor.

"A bright fellow you are, Peter Trawley," called Don. "If I'd lived here all my life I think I could tell Little Bear from Great Bear even in a fog."

"You don't mean to say, now, that that's Little Bear!" exclaimed Peter, scratching his head.

"Of course it is," exclaimed both boys in concert. "But we had to go half-way over it to find it out, and then we had to build a fire to see our way back."

The fire "burnt up the fog," as Peter said, and showed them Great Bear Island in its own place, and once more the boys started to row the Doctor to the island.

"Quarter past one," said the Doctor, lighting a match and holding it to his watch. "Seven hours and thirty-five minutes since I left Little Lobster Neck."

The *Polly Watkins* was so near the island that those on board could hear distinctly the conversation that took place at the Simpkinses' door. It was with great difficulty that the inmates of the house were aroused.

As the boys pounded on the door and shouted, "Wake up! wake up! here's the Doctor!" for the seventh time, a window was opened, and a man's voice said, sleepily, "Doctor?—what does *he* want?"

"Why, for the baby!" cried the boys in amazement.

"Baby?—what baby? What's the matter with the baby?" said the voice.

"If you've brought me over here for what you call a *joke*—" said the Doctor, turning fiercely upon the boys.

"Joke! I shouldn't think it had been a joke to us!" cried Don, angrily. "Mrs. Simpkins sent us for the Doctor because the baby was dying."

"Oh yes, I remember," said a calm female voice from the window. "But he hadn't swallowed it, after all. I thought the baby had swallowed a button, but I found it on the floor."

"And we've lost all our fun for a baby that hadn't swallowed a button!" said Don. The Doctor's feelings were evidently too deep for utterance. He went back to the boat in silence.

The wind died out entirely, and they had to row, and it was three o'clock in the morning before the boat reached the wharf. But the boys are planning another trip on the *Polly Watkins*.

ROGERS' RANGERS.

BY F. S. DRAKE.

ROGERS' RANGERS were a famous partisan corps during the old French war. Besides the regular forces employed, there were irregular or partisan bodies, composed of Canadian French and their Indian allies on one side, and English frontiersmen on the other. They acted as scouts and rangers for either army, guarding trains, procuring intelligence, and intercepting supplies destined for the enemy. Both were composed of picked men, skilled in woodcraft, and excellent marksmen. One of Rogers' companies was composed entirely of Indians in their native costume.

The Rangers were a body of hardy and resolute young men, principally from New Hampshire. They were accustomed to hunting and inured to hardships, and

from frequent contact with the Indians had become familiar with their language and customs. Every one of these rugged foresters was a dead shot, and could hit an object the size of a dollar at a hundred yards.

There was no idleness in the Rangers' camp. They were obliged to be constantly on the alert, and to keep a vigilant watch upon the enemy. They made long and fatiguing journeys into his country on snow-shoes in midwinter in pursuit of his marauding parties, often camping in the forest without a fire, to avoid discovery, and without other food than the game they had killed during their march. On more than one occasion they made prisoners of the French sentinels at the very gates of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, their strongholds. They were the most formidable body of men ever employed in Indian warfare, and were especially dreaded by their French and Indian foes.

It was in this school that Israel Putnam, John Stark, and others were trained for future usefulness in the struggle for American Independence. Several British officers, attracted by this exciting and hazardous as well as novel method of campaigning, joined as volunteers in some of their expeditions. Among them was the young Lord Howe, who during this tour of duty formed a strong friendship for Stark and Putnam, both of whom were with him when he fell at Ticonderoga shortly afterward.

Major Robert Rogers, who raised and commanded this celebrated corps, was a native of Dunbarton, New Hampshire. Tall and well proportioned, but rough in feature, he was noted for strength and activity, and was the leader in athletic sports, not only in his own neighborhood, but for miles around.

Rogers' lieutenant was John Stark, afterward the hero of Bennington. When in his twenty-fourth year Stark, while out with a hunting party, was captured by some St. Francis Indians and taken to their village. While here he had to run the gauntlet. For this cruel sport the young warriors of the tribe arranged themselves in two lines, each armed with a rod or club to strike the captive as he passed them, singing some provoking words taught him for the occasion, intended to stimulate their wrath against the unfortunate victim.

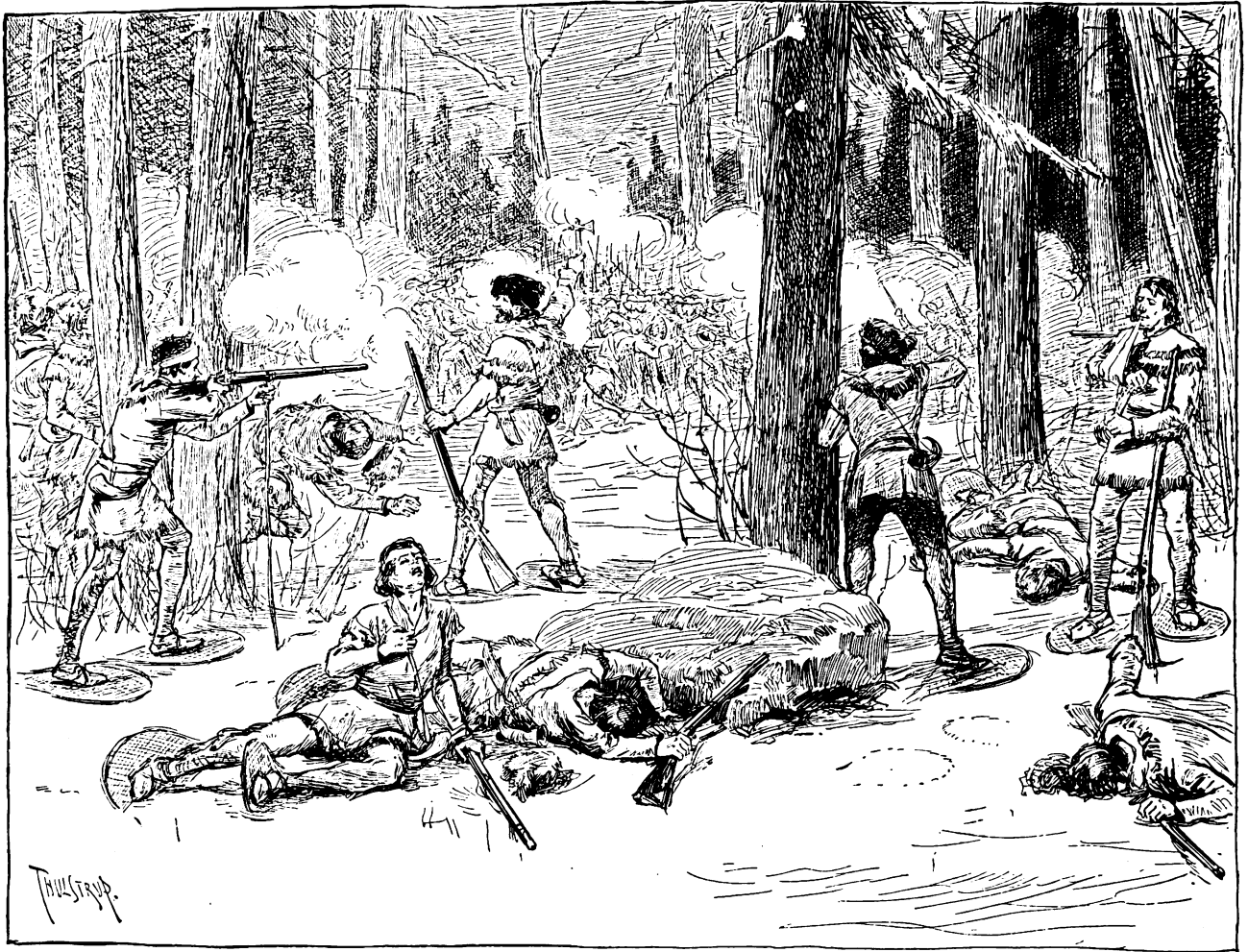
Eastman, one of Stark's companions when he was taken, was the first to run the gauntlet, and was terribly mauled. Stark's turn came next. Making a sudden rush, he knocked down the nearest Indian, and wrestling his club from him, struck out right and left, dealing such vigorous blows as he ran that he made it extremely lively for the Indians, without receiving much injury himself. This feat greatly pleased the old Indians who were looking on, and they laughed heartily at the discomfiture of the young men.

When the Indians directed him to hoe corn, Stark cut up the young corn and flung his hoe into the river, declaring that it was the business of squaws and not of warriors. Stark was at length ransomed by his friends on payment of £100 to his captors.

During the Revolutionary war Stark's services were rendered at the most critical moments, and were of the highest value to his country. At Bunker Hill he commanded at the rail fence on the left of the redoubt, holding the post long enough to insure the safety of his overpowered and retreating countrymen. At the capture of the Hessians at Trenton he led the van of Sullivan's division, and at Bennington he struck the decisive blow that paralyzed Burgoyne and made his surrender inevitable.

Skillful and brave as were the Rangers, they were not always successful. The French partisans under good leaders, with their wily and formidable Indian allies, well versed in forest strategy, on one occasion inflicted dire disaster upon them.

Near Fort Ticonderoga, in the winter of 1757, Rogers with 180 men attacked and dispersed a party of Indians, inflicting upon them a severe loss. This, however, was



THE RANGERS AT BAY.

but a small part of the force which, under De la Durantaye and De Langry, French officers of reputation, were fully prepared to meet the Rangers, of whose movements they had been thoroughly informed beforehand. The party Rogers had dispersed was simply a decoy.

The Rangers had thrown down their packs, and were scattered in pursuit of the flying savages, when they suddenly found themselves confronted by the main body of the enemy, by whom they were largely outnumbered, and of whose presence they were wholly unsuspecting. Nearly fifty of the Rangers fell at the first onslaught; the remainder retreated to a position in which they could make a stand. Here, under such cover as the trees and rocks afforded, they fought with their accustomed valor, and more than once drove back their numerous foes. Repeated attacks were made upon them both in front and on either flank, the enemy rallying after each repulse, and manifesting a courage and determination equal to those of the Rangers. So close was the conflict that the opposing parties were often intermingled, and in general were not more than twenty yards asunder. The fight was a series of duels, each combatant singling out a particular foe—a common practice in Indian fighting.

This unequal contest had continued an hour and a half, and the Rangers had lost more than half their number. After doing all that brave men could do, the remainder retreated in the best manner possible, each for himself. Several who were wounded or fatigued were taken by the pursuing savages. A singular circumstance about this battle was that it was fought by both sides upon snow-shoes.

Rogers, closely pursued, made his escape by outwitting the Indians who pressed upon him—such at least is the tradition. The precipitous cliff near the northern end of Lake George, since called Rogers Rock, has on one side a sharp and steep descent hundreds of feet to the lake. Gaining this point, Rogers threw his rifle and other equipments down the rocks. Then, unbuckling the straps of his snow-shoes, and turning round, he replaced them, the toes still pointing toward the lake. This was the work of a moment. He then walked back in his tracks from the edge of the cliff into the woods and disappeared, just as the Indians, sure of their prey, reached the spot. To their amazement, they saw two tracks toward the cliff, none from it, and concluded that two Englishmen had thrown themselves down the precipice, preferring to be dashed to pieces rather than be captured. Soon a rapidly receding figure on the ice below attracted their notice, and the baffled savages, seeing that the redoubtable Ranger had safely effected the perilous descent, gave up the chase, fully believing him to be under the protection of the Great Spirit.

By a wonderful exercise of his athletic powers, Rogers, availing himself of the projecting branches of the trees which lined the rocky ravines in his course, had succeeded in swinging himself from the top to the bottom of this precipitous cliff. It was a fortunate escape for him, for if captured he would surely have been roasted alive.

In this unfortunate affair the Rangers had eight officers and one hundred men killed. Their losses, however, were soon repaired, and they continued to render efficient service until the close of the war.



WASHING DOLLY'S CLOTHES.

A TERRIBLE SENTINEL.

BY DAVID KER.

"BLACK panthers? Yes, there are plenty of them in this country, but we don't often visit them, and I'm afraid that when they come to call upon us, we're rude enough to do our best to shut them out."

So spoke, with a sly smile on his broad fat face, Mynheer Van Koop, a jolly old Dutch merchant of Batavia, the capital of Java. The guest who was keeping him company at dinner that day was Lieutenant Percival Hart, a young English officer, just come over from Singapore to Java on leave of absence, with letters of introduction to the old merchant, who welcomed him to his country house with true Dutch hospitality.

"I should like of all things to meet with one of them," said the young lieutenant, eagerly; "such a skin as that would be well worth having."

"Hum!" said old Van Koop, with a meaning shake of his gray head; "the skin of a black panther is certainly a very pretty ornament, Mynheer Hart; but you must remember that, if you meet him alone in the forest, there is always a chance of the panther getting *your* skin instead of your getting *his*."

"Pooh!" cried Hart, who privately thought himself a first-rate sportsman—an opinion with which his brother officers did not altogether agree. "With a good rifle in his hands, a man ought to be a match for anything that walks, if he only keeps steady."

"Ay, if he does," answered the Dutchman, quietly. "But when one of these beasts jumps down upon you from behind, and makes its teeth meet in your neck before you can even cock your rifle, how are you going to 'keep steady' *then*? If you'll take an old man's advice, Mynheer Hart, you will leave the black panthers alone."

It was pretty late before they went to bed, and Hart felt little inclined to sleep. The night was almost as warm as the day had been, and what with the heat and with all this exciting talk about wild beasts, the young officer had never been so restless in his life.

At last he could stand it no longer. He jumped out of bed, and, wrapping himself in his cloak, made his way along the passage to a door that opened on to the veranda.

Here he found himself much more comfortable, especially as a light breeze was just springing up from the sea, which cooled him famously. After sitting for about half an hour, he was just starting back to his room when a fearful thought struck him. Where *was* his room?

Where, indeed? The passage was as dark as a coal cellar, and all the doors seemed exactly alike. Every one was probably asleep by this time, and he had no light, and no means of getting one. He was just making up his mind to go back and sleep on the veranda, when his foot struck some hard object, and, stooping down, he felt a large earthen water jar.

"Hurrah!" said he, joyfully. "I remember now seeing one outside my door. Now I'm all right."

But apparently he *wasn't* all right even now, for, dark as the room was into which he went, there was just light enough to see that it did not look like his own. Where was his bed, which had stood close to the door? and where was the table that had been beside it?

Muttering an angry exclamation, the lieutenant was turning to leave the room again, when he caught sight of something which stopped him short as if he had trodden upon a rattlesnake. The door had swung to, revealing, as it did so, two large yellow eyes glaring at him through the darkness, and behind them, by the faint gleam of moonlight between the slides of the Venetian blinds, he could just distinguish a huge, dusky, shadowy mass.

The poor lieutenant's blood ran cold as he remembered Van Koop having told him that the black panthers often came into the houses at night, and that he had once found

one of them creeping along the veranda, and shot it dead in the very act of springing upon him. Bitterly did he now repent of his idle boasting at the dinner-table and his wish to meet with a panther. He *had* met with one, sure enough, and now his only wish was to get away from it as fast as possible.

But what was to be done? He had no weapon or defense of any kind. The monster was between him and the door, while it could reach the window with a single bound should he attempt to escape that way. At that time of night there seemed to be no chance of any one coming into the room, and to shout for help would probably bring the panther upon him at once.

All at once, in the midst of his terror, he recollected having read or heard that these beasts do not attack any creature until it begins to move. A frail chance, no doubt, but it was the only one he had. Crouching down upon the floor, and making himself as small as he could, he remained as still as a statue, holding his breath.

How long he sat cowering there he could never have told; but suddenly he thought he heard the monster's paws rustle, while its head seemed to move as if it were just about to spring upon him.

Just at that moment his ear, sharpened by terror, caught the sound of a footstep outside the door. Hardly knowing what he did, and quite forgetting, in his fright, the risk of startling the panther into springing upon him, he gave a shout for help that made the silent house echo.

Instantly the door opened, and in came Mynheer Van Koop himself, clad in a light dressing-gown, and looking as cool and comfortable as if no panther were within a hundred miles of him.

"What's the matter?" asked he, surveying his guest's agitated face by the light of the candle which he carried.

The lieutenant seized his arm with a grip like the claw of a cockatoo, and pointing to the crouching monster, was just beginning to falter out his explanation, when he was interrupted by a roar of laughter from his host, so loud and hearty that it seemed to shake the whole room.

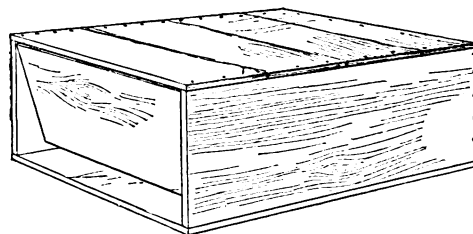
"I really beg your pardon, Mynheer Hart," said the Dutchman, as well as he could speak for laughing; "but really it *is* rather funny that you should have been kept prisoner here all this time by a *stuffed* panther, with eyes of yellow glass!"

The poor lieutenant was utterly confounded; and although he remained several months longer in Java he was never heard to speak lightly of black panthers again.

HOW TO CATCH A WATER-TURTLE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

SOME time ago, while spending the summer in the country, I began the pleasing amusement of making an aquarium. I used various methods to procure the inmates of the great glass box which I had made for the



purpose, and was successful, except that I could not get a water-turtle. There they would lie on logs in the pond sunning themselves, but the moment I came within reaching distance, plump they would go into the water. At last I took an old soap box, and after carefully removing

one end I nailed on the cover. I then fastened the end to the cover by hinges, so that it would swing inward, and after throwing in a few bones and scraps of meat, I sunk the box in the pond, close beside a big log where the turtles were accustomed to sun themselves. I put a heavy stone on the box, so as to keep it steady, and awaited the next morning for developments.

Here I may say that this trap takes advantage of a peculiarity in the nature of the water-turtle, namely, if there is a log or stone that he can not get under, that is just the place that he wants to get; and I calculated that the slight resistance offered by my swinging door would be just enough to make the turtles determined to get into my box. The next morning when I went to my trap I found several turtles of all sizes, from one tiny yellow-spotted fellow, or mud-turtle, not larger than a half-dollar, to an ugly great snapper as big as your hat, and so ill-tempered that I let him go again, glad enough at having got rid of so troublesome a visitor. After that I set my trap several times, and caught a number of turtles. The smaller ones furnish a charming addition to an aquarium, and the larger ones, if properly dressed, make a capital stew.

"LEFT BEHIND,"

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A GREAT SCHEME.

IT was not a long walk from the hogshead home to the house which Mrs. Green proposed to turn into a place where meals and lodgings could be procured on a limited scale; but neither Ben nor Johnny lost any opportunity of stopping to gaze in at the lighted windows that served as mirrors, in order to make sure that their attire had not been disarranged in any way by their rapid walk.

But they did ring the bell at last, and when Nelly came to the door there was no mistaking the fact that their appearance was striking in the highest degree; for the girl stood regarding them with so much astonishment that it was some time before she could invite them to walk in.

After the embarrassment caused by their costumes had passed away in a degree, although Nelly did not seem to have recovered from her surprise during the entire evening, Mrs. Green proceeded to the business on hand by showing the boys two rooms, furnished with no pretensions to elegance, but as neat as they were bare, which she told them she would let to four boys at the moderate price of two dollars and a half each per week, including meals and washing.

To Paul the difference was so great between that place and the one they were then occupying that he was anxious to go there at once, and the others were quite as eager as he was. Ben was sure that he could induce Dickey to make the fourth in that perfection of boarding-houses, as he knew it would prove to be, and in case he should not succeed in convincing Master Spry that it would be better for him to live there rather than in his hogshead, he promised to use all his eloquence on Mopsey Dowd or some other equally desirable party.

It would not be a difficult matter to move, for two coats rather the worse for wear and three old tomato cans were all the property they had to bring; Paul's tops, which were all the baggage he had, could be carried in his jacket pocket without any trouble.

When they got back to the hogshead that night, and

told Dickey of the important change they were about to make, he read them a very severe lesson on the sinfulness of extravagance.

But it was both time and labor thrown away to try to induce him to make the fourth of Mrs. Green's boarders; he positively refused to listen to the scheme, after it had been repeated to him once, and the conversation was ended by his buying back his old home at the original price, agreeing to pay ten cents each week, as soon as he should be once more firmly established in business.

On the following morning Paul went about his work quite as if he had been accustomed to that sort of thing for some time, and owing to the fact that the papers contained an account of a terrible railroad disaster, trade was remarkably good with him and Johnny, and bad with Ben.

When dinner-time came Paul and Johnny had cleared two dollars and ninety cents, with a fair prospect of making as much more in the afternoon, since additional particulars of the accident were received hourly.

Ben had only made thirty cents; but he and Johnny had always been in partnership, dividing equally the profits of both, and the same arrangement held good after Paul was taken into the concern.

It was decided that Ben should give up his business of boot-blackening that afternoon and sell papers with the others; so he carried his box to a friend who had a fancy-goods stand in the doorway of an unoccupied store, where he left it until he should finish his day's work.

Each paper that Paul sold that day had the same advertisement offering a reward for any tidings of him, but since he never looked at what his wares contained save to read the head-lines in large letters that gave him an idea as to what he should cry out, it did him no good.

They continued the trade in news until half past seven, and then hurried for the last time to their hogshead, where they found Dickey Spry eating his supper of crackers and cheese.

The process of finding out exactly how much they had made was a long and difficult one for both Ben and Johnny. Each time they counted it over it was with a different result, and when they were very warm, almost angry, and quite positive that the fault of the difference in reckoning was in the money itself, Paul took it upon himself to find out the amount of cash on hand.

Four dollars and eighty-three cents was the grand total of their earnings that day, and all hands were pleasantly surprised by the prosperity that had beamed upon them. Of course they could not expect such a result except on days when the papers contained some important news; but business would be sure to be good on the following morning, because then all the details of the accident would have been received, and after that perhaps Ben's business would have an impetus given it by some friendly shower.

At the end of the week they would owe Mrs. Green seven dollars and a half for the board of the firm, and Ben's proposition was unanimously adopted that they pay four dollars of that amount in advance, retaining the eighty-three cents as a working capital for next day.

Ben attempted to take quite an elaborate and affecting farewell of Master Spry, but that young gentleman refused utterly any more than the ordinary expressions of a parting.

"You'll be back here in less 'n a month, wantin' to live here again," he said, as, seated in the farthest corner of the hogshead, he looked out frowningly at their preparations for departure. "You can't swell very long at the rate of two dollars 'n' half a week, an' you'll be glad to crawl in here again."

Each of the three boys took a tomato can, while Ben and Johnny carried in addition the coats in which they had arrayed themselves the night before, and in this manner they started for their new boarding-house.

They were late; but Mrs. Green, knowing of the activ-



“FELLERS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO UP HERE?”

ity in the newspaper market, had expected they would be, and had made her preparations accordingly.

Paul felt wonderfully relieved at being able to wash himself with soap once more, and to have a towel to use, while it seemed as if Ben and Johnny never would make themselves ready to go to the table, so interested were they in the very “swell” thing of combing their hair before a looking-glass.

“I tell yer it’s high,” said Ben, emphatically, as he took up the towel, and then wiped his hands on the skirts of his coat lest he should soil it—“it’s high, an’ if we keep on at this rate we shall jest spread ourselves all over the block before we get through with it.”

Johnny shook his head sagely, still unable to stop combing his hair in front of the glass, as if he wondered where all this luxury would lead them, while Paul contrasted this poorly furnished room, which his companions thought so magnificent, with what he had been accustomed to at home.

Mrs. Green succeeded in getting her boarders away from the contemplation of their surroundings by reminding them, in a very forcible voice, that everything would be spoiled if they waited much longer; and Ben and Johnny were in a dream of surprise during the meal, which was, as Ben afterward told Mopsey, “one of the swellst dinners ever got up in New York city.”

After they had eaten as much as they wanted—and it seemed as if they never would get enough, so good did it taste—Nelly showed the boarders over the house, which was above a store, and which consisted of two floors, divided into five rooms, and an attic of which no use could be made except as a store-room, because of the fact that it was hardly more than five feet from the floor to the roof, and but partly finished.

Ben had been highly delighted with everything he saw,

Paul had expressed neither surprise nor pleasure, and Johnny had not been enthusiastic until he saw the attic.

The moment he was taken there, a gigantic idea seemed to have come to him very suddenly, and he stood in the centre of the place almost too much excited to give words to the thoughts that crowded upon him.

“Fellers!” he cried, and he repeated it twice before he could say any more—“fellers! do you know what we can do up here?”

Now it is possible that both Ben and Paul could have thought of very many things they could do in a space as large as that attic; but since they did not know what Johnny referred to, they shook their heads negatively, and waited for him to tell them what it was that had so excited him.

“We can jest fix things up here, an’ have a theatre—a reglar theatre, an’ make more money than—than—well, all we want.”

And then in a very excited way he went on to tell them just what could be done to transform the place into as beautiful a theatre, save in one or two unimportant details, as could be found in the city.

Nelly stood by looking first at one and then the other of the boys in mute surprise, while Paul, delighted at the idea of making a large sum of money at one bold stroke, thereby saving him all the weary days of waiting and working before he could return to his home, listened attentively.

Ben agreed in all his partner said, but he advised that Mrs. Green be consulted about the scheme before they went very far in deciding as to what work they would be obliged to do in order to transform the place from a rather dreary-looking attic into a theatre.

It then occurred to Johnny that Mrs. Green might ob-

ject to such a plan, and he hastened down-stairs to consult with her at once.

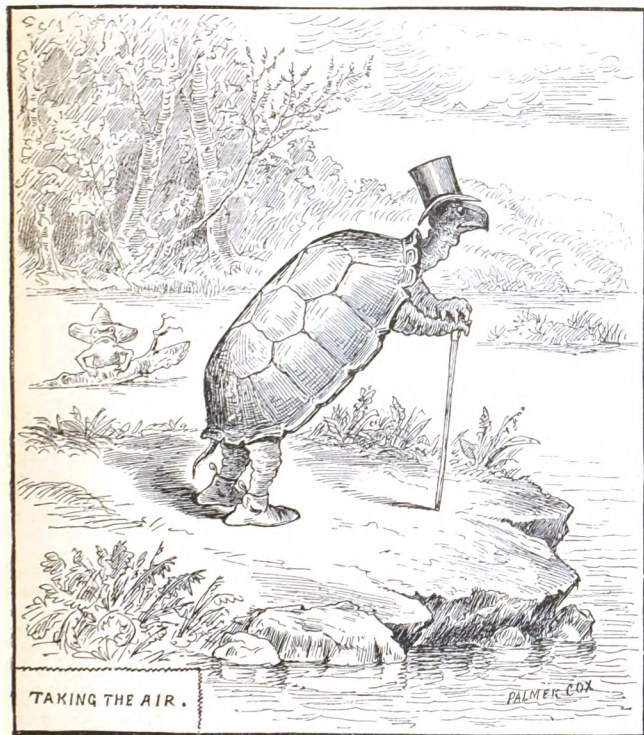
After considerable argument, during which he set forth as prominently as possible the enormous amount of money that could be earned, of which she should have a fair share, Johnny succeeded in gaining Mrs. Green's consent to the plan, and then the boys went to bed, almost too much excited at the prospect of being managers and proprietors of a theatre to be able to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

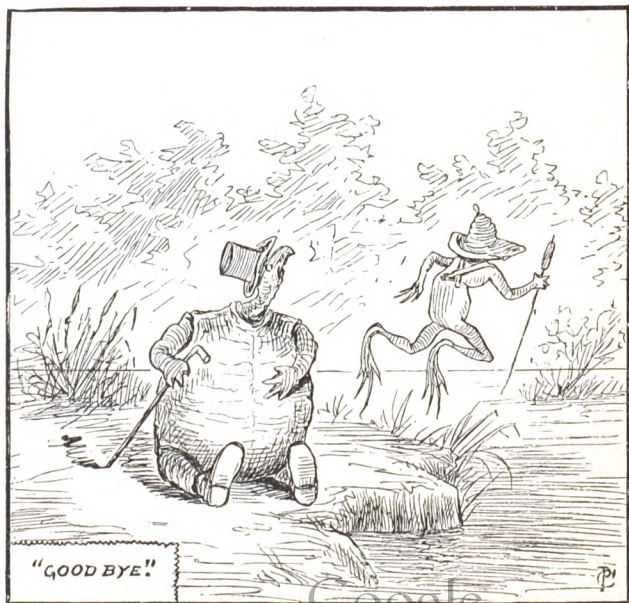
THE FROG AND TURTLE.*

BY MRS. G. F. WATSON.

A TURTLE came out on a rock one day,
To get the air and sun;
A poor old frog lay off in the bay,
Looking forsaken and lone,
But he never thought, in his simple brain,
That frogs were small and turtles great,
That he had no house or land of his own,
And that made a difference in their estate.



"I wish it had, and 'twould never return,"
Said the snapping-turtle in an undertone.
"For my part, I never could see at all
Why you are allowed in the temperate zone;
You don't know your place, and that's very plain,
Or you wouldn't become so familiar here.
I don't like your looks, or your style of dress;
And frogs have no family, that's very clear.
So go back where you came from again, I beg,
And do not presume on acquaintance so;
For how can a frog that hasn't a house
Be able any good manners to know?"
The poor old frog dropped down from the rock,
Almost crushed with the bitter tone;
And he said, to console his broken heart,
As he hopped away to the bog alone,
"I wouldn't be proud if I lugged on my back,
From place to place, like a peddler's pack,
My house and home and family tree;
I'd rather be houseless, and homeless, and free."



And so he lay and blinked in the sun,
As thankful as any frog could be,
For he'd yet to learn the gulf that lies
Twixt people of high and low degree,
And he thought a very small thought indeed,
That the turtle might now be waiting to speak.
So to give him courage to open his shell,
He made all haste, and with smiling cheek
He hopped and hopped and hopped again
Close to the rock where the turtle lay,
Till his breath was gone, and he almost wished
Himself back again in the lower bay.
And now, with the very best intent,
He gave the biggest kind of a jump,
And came in the most impressive way
Down on the sprawling turtle plump.
"I beg your pardon, I only meant
To inquire after your health to-day,
But I find I'm not so young as I was,
And hopping has taken my breath away."

* A pathetic little letter sent us with these verses will be found in the Post-office Box.



A MORNING NAP.

My baby boy, my darling,
Come rest your little head;
Lie still awhile in mother's arms,
And so be comforted.

You love to play, my baby,
And when you want to rest,
The dearest place in all the world
Is here on mother's breast.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE poem to which this letter refers is "The Frog and the Turtle," on page 477.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I ask your indulgence while I narrate briefly why I send the above article to you, and as you are interested in children, I am sure you will appreciate my motive. I had written a number of rhymes for my little boy of nine years; he was particularly pleased with this one; was attending the boys' academy, and some of his little school-fellows took *YOUNG PEOPLE*; so at his request his father took it for him. He could scarcely wait for the day to arrive when he should receive the paper, he was so delighted with the stories.

Reading, in the last number he ever had, the rhymes of the "Snail," a line in it, "He carries his house on his funny back," reminded him of some lines I had written for him about the turtle, which contained a similar line, and he very earnestly asked me to send them to you for publication that he might have some of mamma's verses printed in his own magazine. I copied them on the evening of October 10, he sitting by me delighted, left them in the library, and retired, telling him I would send them to you, and if they were not declined he might tell his little mates, as he so much desired to do, who wrote them.

The next morning, as we descended to breakfast, a policeman rang at our door, and our precious boy was brought in dead; had fallen from his window in the third story.

Coming back from his little grave, I have picked up the childish lines, and send them to you, because it would have pleased him, and was his desire to have them in the paper he loved so much, and his last request. I am reaching here and there, trying to solace myself with doing what I would have done for him had he been spared; but oh, the emptiness!

Mrs. G. F. WATSON, 90 Hawk St., Albany.

Such a loss, occurring in so dreadful a manner, will touch the heart of every mother whose eyes fall on your letter. May our heavenly Father comfort you!

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am one of the hundreds of subscribers to *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I wrote a little letter once before to you, but it was never published, and I was very much disappointed indeed. My papa, who is an editor, said I must be patient and wait, because so many letters from little boys and girls are sent to the Postmistress that she can't gratify all who write in a single number of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Now I have waited to see my letter for more than six weeks, and I conclude to write again because the other letter may have gone astray.

I am ten years old, and do not, my mamma says, write as well as a girl of my age should, but I think editors of papers can read all kinds of writing, for my papa says that editors have nothing else to do to amuse themselves when they feel like working. I wrote to you in the letter

which I have looked for so long about my dogs and dollies and other things like that, but my mamma says you don't want to hear about such things all the time.

My papa gets me the *YOUNG PEOPLE* every Tuesday, and if he forgets it I make him go right out before he gets his dinner to buy it. I tell him to go and subscribe for it at Harper's, but he says it is just as easy to get it every Tuesday. I have been a reader of the *YOUNG PEOPLE* for ever such a long time, and my mamma says it is the only paper for children that she will allow in the house, because she says many of the other papers for boys and girls make them silly, and put ugly notions into little boys' heads about Indians and shooting people, so that we hear now of boys of school-children's age running away with revolvers in their pockets to fight the Western savages. *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* stories are all so nice that mamma says she likes to read them herself, and if she gets the paper before I do I have to beg to get it from her.

JOSIE M.

I am glad mamma likes the paper so well. Not hundreds, but thousands of children, Josie, are subscribers to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and it really would seem sometimes as though every chick and child of them had written to the Post-office Box in the same week. It takes a long time merely to open and read the dear little letters, and the Postmistress often has a heart-ache as well as a head-ache over those which she can not possibly put into these columns. Six weeks is a long time to an eagerly waiting child, I know, but it is really about the very shortest period in which I can hope to publish a little correspondent's letter unless it is *timely*, or, in other words, tells about a flood or a fire, or something of that sort, which is of present interest.

This little girl has also waited a long while to see how her letter looks in type.

SALEM, IOWA.

I am a little girl nine years old, and live in the country, and like it very much. In the summer mamma and I go to the creek and bathe. We take our bathing clothes, and I think it is lots of fun. I want Edna M. M. to write us what she saw in the mountains. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for three years. My brother takes *YOUTH'S COMPANION*, and papa has taken *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* ever since he was a boy. I like to read the Post-office Box very much. I have a cat and a pet lamb. The cat's name is Cotton-Ball, and the lamb's name is Paul. My brother has two small dogs; their names are Frisk and Buzz.

ANNA BELLE C.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

I have a dear aunt in the East who sends you good little paper to sister and me, and we enjoy it so much. I am in my tenth year, and sister Carrie is fifteen. At present I recite my lessons to mamma, but have been going to a select school since last fall. My teacher is a missionary to Turkey, and is going back soon. We came to this State from Ohio last spring to change climate on account of mamma's health, which has improved. We have a lovely little dog that we call Brownie—a name which suits his color. We brought him from Ohio. And we have a Canadian pony, too, and we all ride horseback; and we have four canary-birds, and, in short, a lovely little home. I am studying elocution, and have spoken in public a number of times. I like to read the Post-office Box, and know what other children are doing in different places. I like the stories too.

KATIE S.

O'CONNOR, NEBRASKA.

I am a little girl seven years old. I live in a sod house, and go to a sod school-house. I study reading, arithmetic, spelling, and geography. We have four cats; their names are Moody and Sankey, and Miss Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry. I am receiving *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* as a present from a friend of mine. I have a sweet little sister; her name is Blanche. As this is my first letter, I hope it will be published.

CORA L. M.

Now the boys shall take their turn, and we will all listen to what they have to say.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy six years old. I am just learning to write, but hope you will print my letter. I have only one sister, May. I have one pet, a bird; his name is Charlie. I never yet have seen a letter in *YOUNG PEOPLE* from Kalamazoo. I have a velocipede, a rocking-horse, and a wheel-barrow, and many other playthings. I will now say good-by.

EDDIE B.

We have had letters from Kalamazoo, but never one which was printed more plainly than yours, Master Eddie.

FORKSTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy twelve years old. There are two rooms in our school. Our school begins at 9 A.M. and is out at 4 P.M.; I between nine and four o'clock

we have three recesses; we have two that last fifteen minutes, and one that lasts one hour. I have got one sister and no brothers. For my pets I have three cats and one dog. I have a pair of steers, and I have got them pretty well broken. I like Ernest Ingersoll's stories.

LOUIE F.

So do I.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am six years old. I live on Mount Washington, and we have to go up an inclined plane three hundred feet high, and on a clear night we have a most beautiful view of the city by gas-light. I have a brother eleven years old; he is learning to play the piano, and he thinks *YOUNG PEOPLE* is the best paper there is. I go to school, and can read. I have a pet cat, and he burned his tail against a red-hot stove, poor old fellow.

ROBBIE K.

Poor old fellow, indeed!

GEDDES, NEW YORK.

I am a boy thirteen years old. I have one little brother, named Ollie, eight years old. We have one pet canary and two mud-turtles. We go to school every day, and like it very much. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since January 1, 1884, and like "The Ice Queen" very much. CLARK S. W.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

I am a boy thirteen years old, and my mother says I am not very large, but I tell her I will be some time. I live in the Rose of New England, and in the State of Nutmegs. I have two brothers and two sisters younger than myself. The people of this community are entertained nightly by an army of men, women, and children, called the Salvation Army. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and think it is an interesting paper for boys and girls. "The Ice Queen" is splendid. I have no pets now. I did have a little guinea-pig that would creep into my pocket and go to sleep in there. He died, one cold December night, in his bed.

JAMES M., JUN.

BAY CITY.

I am a boy ten years old. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* two years. I like it, and would be lost without it. I have a brother sixteen years old and a sister eight years. I go to school when well. I have had the mumps, and have been out of school nearly two weeks. The weather is getting fine, and I can go out and use my bicycle. Sister has a tricycle, and we have nice sport riding. Papa will let me drive one of our horses this summer without the driver going with me. I am fond of pets, and expect to have some this summer.

ORRIN J.

I notice that most of my little friends begin their letters, very naturally, by telling how old they are. I suppose they feel that they must introduce themselves in some way. I am about to propose that hereafter each little writer shall drop the form, "I am a little girl," or "a little boy," of such or such an age, and begin by telling about the most interesting thing in the house, or on the farm, or in school. Tell me what happened yesterday in your neighborhood, or where you went with papa or mamma, what books you have been reading, and what droll things the little sister or brother said or did. You may state your age somewhere else in your letters if you choose.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am six years old, and I have two dear little brothers—Herbert, seventeen months old, and Harry, three years. One is a blonde and the other a brunette; I am between. I had a little sister once, but she has gone up to heaven; her name was Ethel. I had a beautiful baby doll and a cradle given me on Christmas. Among my many presents was *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Mamma reads a great deal to me, and I enjoy it very much. I liked "Dick and D." very much, "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," and the "Fair for Sick Dolls." I do like to hear the letters, and as mamma was reading some letters from little girls, I thought it was time for me to write one. I hope that you will be able to print my first letter, so that I may see how it looks, for I am just beginning to learn to read. I would like to tell you all about my dolls, but can not make my letter too long, so will say good-by, dear Postmistress.

CONSTANCE E.

AN UNEXPECTED DIVE.

A TRUE STORY.

One hot day in the summer of 1883 my mother, aunt, cousin, and I started off for a picnic in one of those beautiful places which abound on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain. It was not very far from Burlington (my home), and we arrived in about half an hour after we had started. Now Red Rocks, as one might guess by its name, is very rocky both on shore and in the water of the little bay, which is between two points. My cousin and I had our fishing-tackle, and we had visions of pulling up many a large fish; and as the water was rather shallow near the shore, I

proposed that we should wade out to two large rocks, which were near together, and also not very far from the shore. Taking off my shoes and stockings, putting my box of bait in my dress pocket, and carrying a box which held my lines, hooks, etc., in one hand, and my fish-pole in the other, I started, and at first got on very well, feeling my way carefully, so as not to step on any sharp or slimy stones; but, alas! my mother called to me from the shore when I was in water about up to my knees, and I turned my head to answer, at the same time taking a step forward. The next was an astonished "Oh!" and I sank, at first I thought never to rise again, but at last I appeared. Now perhaps you think I am going to say I fainted, and my gallant cousin rushed in and rescued me at the risk of his life; but this being a *true* story, I shall say nothing of the kind. I simply rose to my feet, gathered up my box and fishing-pole, and waded ashore, while my small cousin stood with his mouth and eyes wide open and stared.

On reaching shore my first thought was for my knife, which was in my pocket. "Oh, mamma," I cried, "take it out, or it will be all wet and rusty." On putting her hand in my pocket, she felt the bait box, which was an old pepper box with holes in the cover; she took that out, and putting her hand in for my knife, suddenly drew it out again quicker than she had put it in, screaming all the while. "What in the world is the matter?" I exclaimed, thinking, of course, she must have cut herself. "Oh! the worms are all out, and squirming all around in your pocket!" she screamed. Sure enough, the worms, probably disliking their ducking in the small box, were all coming out of the holes in the cover. We threw it away, and the next time I go fishing I shall take something besides a pepper-box to carry my bait in.

I was wet to the skin, but I was not going home, so mamma took off her dress skirt, pinned it around my neck, ripped two little slits in the seams, and then I was dressed as well as Topsy; anyway. Well, we staid all the afternoon, and had a lovely time, and I am sure that I was a great deal more comfortable than if I hadn't got my clothes wet, because I was a great deal cooler. But—we did not catch any fish.

BESSIE H. (aged 14.)

GREENTOWN, CALIFORNIA.

Our public school has been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for about three weeks, and we all like it very much so far, and I think will continue to like it. We have turns in taking it home. To-night my little friend and I have it; we enjoy reading some of the comical letters and stories in it. I live with a nice German family on a farm two miles from our school. I am motherless, but not fatherless. It has been raining here, and every morning we ride to school, and are called for again at night. This drive we enjoy very much. I attend school regularly. I am twelve years of age, and this year have taken up grammar, word analysis, and United States history, besides my other studies. I get along very nicely with them all, excepting the little trouble I have with my history. We have spelling matches once in a while, and speaking every other Friday; I do not like to declaim, although I think it of great advantage.

EMILY C. G.

This is from the little friend, also a German-town girl:

I thought you would like to hear something about the Sacramento Valley, in which I live. It is a large and fertile valley, between the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Coast Range. It extends from Mount Shasta, in the north, to the San Francisco Bay. It has a very rich soil, and produces an abundance of wheat and other cereals, also some fruits, and all kinds of vegetables. There are also a great many large ranches which are devoted to the raising of sheep and cattle. The Central Pacific Railroad extends north to Red Bluff, and will soon connect with the Oregon route. At all of the stations you will see immense warehouses filled with wheat, which is shipped off in the freight cars to San Francisco. We are now having a good rain; all our farmers are seen with smiling faces. The next time I write I will tell you something about my little

TENNESSEE M.

The last three letters are good specimens of the style I would like my youthful correspondents to cultivate.

CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. Uncle Eddie gave *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* to my brother and me for a Christmas present, and we like it very much. I have a little brother. I do not go to school just now, because my eyes are too weak. I have no live pets, but books are my pets. Grandma has a large dog called Ben Butler; his tail is about two inches long. And grandma has a little kitten with a black nose. Good-by. MAURIE E.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

Once in a while I go on the balcony and put plenty of mixed seeds in a little dish for the poor little sparrows, which come and eat it every day.

I have a pair of beautiful gold-fish. I feed them on corn-meal; can you tell me what else they eat? I had a little turtle, but it slipped away. My sister and I spent last summer in Atlanta, Georgia, and I saw mountains for the first time, for we live in a flat country. I have a sister sixteen years old; her name is Juanita; she lives in Spain with my father's family, who are Spaniards. I went on the ferry last week, and think the Mississippi River is very high. We have had a very nice museum, which was composed of a giant, bearded lady, midget, two albinos, three Circassian beauties, the electric boy, glass-blowers, Rodia the Egyptian mystery (it is a head without a body), and other kinds of curiosities, and the drawing-room concert, all for a dime; it is called the Dime Museum. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box; that is why I write.

INES C.

Gold-fish like bits of cracker.

GALLION, ALABAMA.

Mamma has taken your nice little paper for us ever since the first number, and I hope she will continue to take it. Mamma also takes the *BAZAR* and *MONTHLY*, and I read all the stories in both. We live on a farm in the western part of Alabama, which is a very nice country to live in. I have two sisters and three brothers. As all the girls and boys write about their pets, I will tell you about mine. The one I think most of is a sheep named Marion Fay. When she was very little her mother died, so I took her and raised her. Now she has a pretty little lamb, which I named Jimmy Brown. I have had two lambs die. One of them, Tug, died not long ago. His mother had twins, but she would not own him, so I took him. We have an old blind cow which had lost her calf, so I carried him to her one day to see if he would suck her; he did so greedily. He then seemed to think that she was his mother, so he staid with her all the time; and she loved him too, for she would stop whenever he came up to her. One evening we came home from school and found him lying on her back, which was a very funny place for a lamb to lie; don't you think so? I also have a horse, and a cow which I milk myself. My brothers have two cats, named Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs, and both of them are good mousers. I have no cats, but I feed them all, and all of them love me.

SUSIE B. R.

A very good letter, Susie.

TO EXCHANGERS.

Our Exchange Department has been from the beginning very popular with our young correspondents. They have found it useful in assisting them to add to their collections of various kinds. Stamps and postmarks, specimens in natural history, curiosities and relics, and even living pets, are seen among the list of exchanges. Many of the pretty scrap-books which are displayed with pride, of the cabinets which have aided youthful learners as they began the study of geology, and of the beautiful albums which help to teach history and geography, in their neatly arranged postage stamps, owe their existence to the exchange columns of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*.

Little girls, too, living in remote portions of our country, have been brought into charming correspondences as they have sent each other the bright bits of silk, satin, and plush, or the dainty hand-painted pieces which their tasteful fingers sew into the fascinating crazy-quilt.

The Exchange Department has helped some of the boys to procure skates, magic-lanterns, printing-presses, and bicycles, when perhaps they could not otherwise have obtained them. They have given something which they possessed and which somebody else wanted, and thus both parties to the transaction have been satisfied.

Collectors of coins have found *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* a splendid medium of exchange. Little artists in want of brushes and colors, and readers wishing to obtain books new to them in place of those they have read, have been equally pleased.

All this leads the Postmistress to ask her thousands of young friends to pay special attention to what she is about to say to them.

The Exchange Department is so crowded that each of you must have patience. Even though several weeks elapse before your notice appears on the cover of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, do not fancy that it has been lost on the way or forgotten in the office, but wait until your turn shall come. There are always a great many girls and boys before you, and their exchanges must be inserted before yours. Make allowance in your mind for this.

Follow the fashion of the paper, and state in the first place what you have to offer, naming

in the second place what you wish to receive. Make this statement as plain, brief, and concise as you can. Arrange details with your correspondents in private, and state only in general terms what you have and what you want.

Always sign your name in full, and give your full post-office address at the bottom, not the top, of your communication. Omit all preamble, such as "Please insert the following exchange, and oblige a subscriber," etc. Write nothing on your paper or your postal card except your exchange itself. Do not say, "Yours respectfully," or "Yours truly," but simply sign your name.

Write on one side of the paper, in black ink. Exchanges in pencil will not be accepted. Neither birds' eggs, fire-arms, nor exchanges which ask wholly or in part for money will be inserted. We desire to help youthful collectors of coins in their work, because it is curious and instructive, but we do not wish to assist boys to trade articles directly or indirectly for cash.

We reserve the right to reject any exchange which does not meet with our approval.

Some little friends write as though the fact that they are subscribers gives them a right to the publication of exchanges. It is not a matter of right, however, but a favor on the part of the publishers, who aim to make *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* a valuable educator as well as a weekly delight to its immense and constantly increasing host of readers.

Thanks are specially due to Grace H., Allie E. P., Mertie N., Mabel H. R., Helen E. W., Gertie M. W., Minnie A. W., Ella W. P., Amy K., Ernest H., L. E. B., Gertie P. N., Cecil U., Martha E. H. F., Julia L. G., L. W. H., Annie N., Code and Dess (the Postmistress's love to you both), Charley E. M., Eloise H. C., Harry S. R., Lettie M. J., Edgar C., Annie E., Helen C., Helen D., Elsie C., Homer M., Carrie L. F., Bertie R., and William H.—Arnot A.: The letter R. after Queen Victoria's name stands for Regina, the Latin word for Queen.

The Post-office Box next week will contain several very charming letters, which have been waiting some time. Every time I have gone to my desk I have fancied I heard a faint little rustling from the impatient pieces of paper, and they have looked at me so reproachfully that I have been quite distressed. But never mind: their writers will see them soon.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE DIAMONDS.

- 1.—A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. A scoundrel.
4. An apartment. 5. A coal. 6. A prefix. 7. A letter.
- 2.—1. A letter. 2. To confine. 3. A kind of vessel. 4. To catch. 5. A letter.
- 3.—1. A letter. 2. To mimic. 3. An ear of grain. 4. To add. 5. A letter.

BULLFROGS.

No. 2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- Primals: A pure color. Finals: A small quadruped.
1. Pathless. 2. Ugly. 3. To form a likeness. 4. Resembling talc. 5. To wrap up. 6. Broken.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Come, 12, 10, 8, bring your 1, 2, 6, 16; we shall all be 1, 2, 13, 4, 8 to 1, 5, 2, 6 that 7, 9, 12, 12 you 7, 2, 11, 12 yesterday. I am 7, 15, 6, 3, 8, said 1, 18. I can not 4, 17, 14, 2, 7, 18 you, but it is invariable 6, 10, 17, 5 never to 13, 17, 2, 8 until I have looked through my *whole*, which I see 16, 2 has just brought. Come let us go and 4, 14, 6, 10, 7, 18 it. BROWNIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 236.

No. 1.—

B	R	E	A	D	S	U	P
B	R	E	A	D	S	U	G
E	A	T			P	A	N
							R

No. 2.— Louisiana. Calendar.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Dora Thorne, Amy C. Jones, Daisy Sweet, Louise Neilson, Pat and Paddy, Brownie, Bullfrogs, Helen W. Gardner, Paul Boch, Grasshoppers, Navajo, Forest Thorpe, Allison Dean, James K. Calmuck, Artie L. Samson, Jeanie Payson, Emily Bliss, and Josephine L.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

THE DISSOLVING COIN.

BY HENRY HATTON, MAGICIAN AND VENTRILOQUIST.

A WINE-GLASS is first shown, and to convince all that it is sound and perfect, some water is poured into it. Then a borrowed half-dollar is placed in a handkerchief, and while the performer holds this with one hand, with the other he brings the glass also under the handkerchief. Then he drops the coin into the glass, and the clink of the money as it strikes is distinctly heard. Yet, strange to say, on removing the handkerchief there is nothing in the glass but the water; the coin has vanished.

Where does it go? Why, into the wine-glass, and there it remains; for instead of placing a half-dollar in the handkerchief, the performer has substituted for it a piece of clear glass of the same size as the coin, which he holds concealed in his hand; and as this fits the bottom of the wine-glass and is perfectly transparent, no one can see it, and the audience suppose the coin has vanished. See!



TAKING MAMMA UPSTAIRS.

FLORAL FIGURES.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

A GOOD many pretty and grotesque effects can be produced by using flowers, pressed or fresh, in the formation of human figures and animals. We give an illustration of a few where the pansy forms the head of a cat, an owl, and an old lady.

You draw the figure, and then color it in harmony with the colors of the pansy, and then gum the flower in its right position, or fix it there by making a small hole in the right part of your picture, and passing the stalk through it. In order to more firmly secure the flower, another hole may be made in the picture, and the stem of the flower passed through it, so as to form part of the picture, as in Aunt Flora (Fig. 1), where the stem forms the stick she holds in her hand, or the owl (Fig. 2), where the stalk forms a branch of the tree; and in the cat (Fig. 3) the stem may serve as a tail.

In order to make the color of the painted figure harmonize, some portion of color matching the leading color in the flower should be introduced into the figure. Thus in Aunt Flora we will say that the colors of the pansy are yellow and violet; you should therefore make her dress of a dark color with a violet



FIG. 1.

tone to it, and she should have a yellow ribbon round her neck. In the case of the cat the colors are deep purple and orange;



FIG. 2.

hence the cat should be painted with black markings of a purplish tone, and the lighter parts should be tawny or white, with a slight shading of orange-yellow.



FIG. 3.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 240.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, June 3, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.



"HE CARRIED HER SAFELY TO THE SHORE."

"UNCLE HIRAM'S BABY."

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

"HE would hardly do that, grandma," said Squire Weldon, leaning back in his roomy piazza chair, and smiling at his good-wife's earnestness.

"Now don't you be too sure, Robert," answered the lady, who, it was plain to see, was very much disturbed in mind over the subject of their conversation. "Those Western people have the queerest kind of notions—progressive, they call themselves; and if your nephew hasn't

shipped that blessed little innocent by express, I, for one, shall be surprised. Think of it!—the dear! with a little tag around its pretty neck. Some folks act as if they were born without a grain of sense."

"I guess it can play 'tag' all the way over; that's some comfort," said Mr. Weldon, smiling at his rare joke.

"For shame, Robert! And suppose the tag should come off!"

But this was too much for Mr. Weldon's gravity, and his outburst of merriment was only checked by his wife insisting on hearing

the most important part of Nephew Hiram's letter read over again.

"You always said, dear Uncle Robert, that you would never be astonished at anything I might do. I wonder if you will be astonished when I tell you how your long-lost nephew proposes to impose on your good-nature. I am going away to California, to be absent the whole summer, on very important business. John, my eldest boy, I shall take with me, and Ella I am going to leave with her aunts in Iowa, who are delighted to have her. My youngest boy—my 'baby,' I call him—and indeed he has but late-

ly passed his fourth birthday—I am going to send to you, in the hope that he may prove a good ambassador to repair the long neglect with which I have treated my nearest living relatives, whose kind and noble characters I have never forgotten, though we have seen each so little during a score of years and more. Will you receive my 'baby' boy and care for him? I know dear Aunt Mary has a large heart, and I feel sure she will give him a large and loving welcome. He is a fine boy for his age, and such an amiable, gay-hearted creature that I have no doubt he will be an acceptable playmate for his little cousins, whose ages I am ashamed to say I can not remember. I shall ship the boy on the 19th, and I hope he will reach you safely, 'right side up, with care.'

"There, my dear," said Mrs. Weldon, as her husband ceased reading; "nothing could be plainer. That child's coming by express, and the man doesn't even say whether by American or Adams."

"Perhaps Eve's, grandma—new company for shipping babies by, C. O. D.," returned the old gentleman. But his wife treated the humorous suggestion with contempt. The matter was, in her eyes, too serious for joking.

But, notwithstanding her anxiety, Mrs. Weldon was delighted at the idea of the coming baby; and when her grandchildren came home from school and heard the strange news, they were even more excited than she was.

Robbie and Winnie were the orphan children of Squire Weldon's eldest son, and ever since their father's death they had lived at the Bower Farm—a delightful rustic home, to which their grandfather had retired with a comfortable fortune many years before. Robbie was the elder, a high-spirited, frank-hearted boy of thirteen, with much capacity for mischief, from which, however, he generally managed to come out smiling after the rain. Winnie, two years younger, was the delight of the old folks' hearts, and while she returned their tender affection, she regarded her brother as the kindest, bravest, best, and, in practical affairs, wisest, of living boys.

For some days after the coming of Mr. Hiram Weldon's letter the only topic of conversation was the expected arrival of the little waif. "Uncle Hiram's baby" became a catch-word at the Bower Farm, and as both Robbie and Winnie had eagerly told the news at school, the whole neighborhood was aware of the fact that Squire Weldon was expecting a baby by express from the far West.

But while expectation was at white heat—for several days had passed since the receipt of the letter, and Mrs. Weldon was paying a daily visit to both the express offices, to the great entertainment of the agents in charge—an accident occurred which came near turning the Bower Farm into a house of mourning, for which even "Uncle Hiram's baby" would have been but slight consolation.

On Saturday afternoon Robbie and Winnie had gone fishing in Pickerel Pond, a pretty sheet of water a mile or more from their home. As the afternoon wore away, and their success had been small, they put up their fishing-rods, and pulled off shoes and stockings to paddle about in the shallow water. Soon this sport also grew tame, and looking around for some amusement with which to beguile the hours until supper-time, Robbie chanced to think of an old flat-bottomed boat that lay half in and half out of the water at a little distance from them. When the boy proposed anything, his sister was sure to agree to it; and though she had misgivings about the boat, her confidence in her brother overcame her fears.

The boat was partly water-logged, but the last voyagers in her had left the tin kettle they had used to bail her out with, and she was soon in what the children considered good enough condition to launch. This was a work of some time and labor, and when she was finally under way, the navigators agreed that they were Indians who had launched their canoe upon the broad bosom of the "Father of Waters."

"Ugh! ugh!" said Robbie, in a language that he considered to be a very fair imitation of the Chickasaw tongue. "Ankory-tankory rope too short. Great chief make him longer. Squaw sit still in boat. Ugh!"

"No; I'm not going to be a squaw," objected Winnie. "Squaws don't have any adventures. I'm a great chief too, and my name's Painted Feather."

"All right," said the first great chief; "but you must drop that white man's lingo, and talk Injun like me. Great chiefs never use more than a few words of white man's talk; they're too proud. You shall be Painted Feather, and I'll be Roaring Buffalo. Only you must talk Injun."

This Winnie was quite willing to do, and to open the conversation she was about to remark "Ugh!" when a sudden lurch of the boat, as her brother jumped out, caused her to change it to "Oh!" which she uttered in a tone that expressed less of the indifference of a great chief than of the natural fear of a little girl who did not feel altogether at home in a rickety boat.

Robbie ran back on shore some little distance to where the anchor lay imbedded in the earth, and exerted his utmost strength to move it, but in vain. Then Painted Feather came to his assistance, and the "Injun" language was forgotten while the heavy iron refused to move. After having wasted time, strength, and temper to no purpose, Winnie suggested untying the rope from the anchor, which way out of the difficulty was so satisfactory that Roaring Buffalo resumed his use of the Chickasaw language, and volunteered the remark that Painted Feather was a "great medicine man," even if she wasn't a great warrior. Then he tied the rope to a large stone, and pushed off.

They now had about a hundred feet of line, and having gone out some little distance into "the wild waste of waters," as Robbie called it, the Indian language came more readily to their lips, and Roaring Buffalo's war-whoops resounded over the pond. A road ran not far from the shore, but so untravelled was it that not a soul was disturbed or attracted by their shouting—except one. This was a youth, who, having come down to the edge of the pond to learn the cause of so much noise, stood for a few minutes unobserved, and then continued on his way.

Meanwhile Roaring Buffalo and Painted Feather were tiring of their amusement, and when the former great chief seized the line to haul the boat back to shore he was dismayed to find that it came easily—that, in fact, it had come unfastened from the big stone on shore, and the boat was quietly setting down the current. Then he realized that they were at least twice as far from land as the length of the rope would allow, and it would have required a stouter heart than Roaring Buffalo possessed to suppress the tell-tale tremor of fear in his voice when he told his sister that the boat was loose, and their communication with land and home—perhaps with life itself—cut off. It was no "great chief," but a very frightened boy, who turned a white face upon the sister who had embarked with him on this adventure, trusting to his skill and care. Nevertheless there was something of the pride of a "great chief" in his strong disinclination to cry for help, and they might have delayed doing it until help was out of reach had not Winnie discovered a new and more serious danger in their situation.

"Oh, Robbie, the boat's sinking!" she cried. "See how deep the water is! It's coming in so fast! Oh, what shall we do?"

It was true. They had bailed most of the water out of the boat before launching her, but she was old and leaky, and they, without shoes or stockings, cared nothing for what little water had been left in her; nor had they noticed the gradual increase. Now, when it seemed as if hours must elapse before they could drift to shore or be rescued, they realized that the sinking of the boat was a question of minutes rather than of hours.

There was a ring of fear in Robbie's voice as he cried aloud for help, and the wayfaring youth who had watched them from under the trees could hardly believe it was the same boyish voice that had sent forth the defiant war-whoop of a few minutes ago. He turned and hastened to the edge of the pond.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"The boat's sinking. Oh, help us, please!"

"Haven't you any oars?"

"No; and the rope's got loose."

"What rope?"

Robbie hauled it in, and showed it to him.

"All right. Tie something to the end of the rope, and when I tell you, throw it as far as you can to me."

Robbie looked around for something heavy to tie to the rope. An old iron rowlock was fortunately at hand, and he attached it to the rope, and stood ready to throw.

"Not yet," called the figure on the shore, who had by this time taken off his shoes and stockings, and turned his trousers up as high as he could. "Coil the rope on the stern—so," he cried, making a circular motion with his hand. "Now throw with all your might."

Robbie threw with all his might, but the rowlock fell far short of the shore. By this time the rescuer was up to his knees in water, and as soon as he saw how far the rowlock was coming he plunged forward to meet it. Owing to its sinking so quickly he had to go some distance further than where it struck the water, but in a few seconds he had caught the rope, having gone waist-deep into the water to do so. Then he began to haul in the boat; but it was very slow work. Meantime the water was gradually rising in the boat, and the strain on the rope gradually becoming harder. Robbie and Winnie eagerly watched the exertions of their timely friend, and dreaded what they expected to happen next—the breaking of the rope. But the youth on shore kept up a steady pull without jerking, and the distance between them was sensibly lessened, the more quickly as he got into shallower water.

Minutes seemed like hours to the anxious adventurers, but at last the old craft was towed into shallow water, and having fastened the line securely, their new-found friend advanced to help them out of their wet quarters.

"Well, I don't wonder the old hulk was so heavy," was his first greeting. "Half full of water! She'd have sunk in half an hour. Now, young man, I guess you can wade to shore, and perhaps I can save your sister a wetting if she'll let me carry her."

Now, under ordinary circumstances, nothing would have been more indignantly declined by this young lady than an offer from a boy not many years older than herself to carry her. But the events of the last twenty minutes had subdued her spirit, and after Robbie had been lifted out and set down in water almost up to his waist, she suffered herself to be taken in her rescuer's strong arms. Then he carried her safely to the shore. All she could say to him was, "Thank you," as if he had only helped her to step from a boat on to dry land, instead of having saved her life; and then she sat down and cried. Robbie did not cry; though he looked as if the tears were not far off, but he could not bring himself to express the gratitude and admiration he felt for their preserver.

"Don't you think you had better go home?" asked that young gentleman, after waiting a few minutes. "Your brother is wet through, and I'm not as dry as tinder myself, either."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" replied Winnie. "If Robbie will please find my shoes and stockings—"

As they walked home the ice of new acquaintance gradually melted, and they talked about themselves and their adventure, and invited their new hero to come home with them to dry his clothes and take supper. Soon they got on the interesting topic their recent experience had driven out of mind, namely, "Uncle Hiram's baby."

"Uncle Hiram's baby!" said the older boy. "Why, what is that?"

"Oh, it's a little baby that our uncle Hiram is sending us all the way from Nebraska. It's coming by express."

"By express! Oh, that's too funny!"

Winnie would not agree to this, and after a little more talk on the subject the boy asked,

"And what is the baby's name?"

"Weldon, of course; same as ours."

"But I mean his first name."

"Oh, I don't know. Uncle Hiram didn't say. And it doesn't matter. His papa calls him 'Baby.' Little boys four years old don't want names."

"Four years old, coming by express, and isn't worth a name! Oh, that's splendid!" and he laughed again.

"What's your name, please?" asked Winnie, timidly.

"Mine? Oh, Percy George, ma'am, at your service."

"Is that all?"

"Why, isn't that enough?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, it doesn't sound finished, that's all."

"What a funny girl you are! Just now you said a boy four years old didn't need any name, and then because I'm sixteen, two names aren't enough for me."

"Yes, but George isn't any sort of name to end up with, you know."

"Indeed I *don't* know. Why, it's quite common. Let's see; there was—there was—"

"Patrick Henry," suggested Robbie, promptly coming to his assistance.

"Yes, to be sure; Patrick Henry. 'Give me liberty, or—give me another name to end up with.'"

Arrived home, the two younger members of the party hastened to Squire Weldon and informed him of their adventure and their fortunate rescue; and when the old gentleman learned that the hero of the day was out on the back piazza, he went down and thanked him warmly for his noble deed—praise which Percy George felt ashamed to accept, since, after all, he had risked nothing but a wetting.

Of course he was pressed to come in, and when it was learned that he was a stranger in the neighborhood, it was insisted that he should stay all night under the hospitable roof of the Bower Farm.

While the young people were changing their wet clothes for dry ones, Mrs. Weldon drove up, having just paid her third visit for the day to the two express offices.

"Grandpa," she called out, "I've been down to that express office again, and nothing has been heard about 'Uncle Hiram's baby,' and no answer to any of our telegrams. I'm almost distracted. I've left word that they're to send up the moment it arrives, even if it's the dead of night."

Then Grandpa Weldon came down stairs and told the story of the children's adventure, and "Uncle Hiram's baby" was out of mind once more.

Before supper was over Percy George had captured the hearts of the older folks as easily as he had won those of the younger ones. He was so gentlemanly, so respectful, so frank, and so gay that the Squire and his wife pronounced him a "splendid young fellow," and a "most delightful young gentleman," while Robbie and Winnie regarded him with unmixed admiration.

It was high time for these young people to have been in bed when the maid-servant entered the room and said, "Please, ma'am, the express has brought something."

They all jumped up, including Percy George, who seemed to have caught the enthusiasm of the family about express parcels.

"Please, ma'am," continued the girl, "he says he guesses it is the baby."

"At last, Robert!" said Mrs. Weldon, gravely, as she hastened, with the others close at her heels, to the door.

But no childish figure (with a tag round its neck) met

their eager sight; only an expressman, and a trunk that he had deposited on the stoop, and for which he wished to collect fifty cents.

"The baby?" demanded Mrs. Weldon.

"Well, ma'am, if I've got any baby, it must be in this 'ere trunk," replied the man, with a grim chuckle.

"Don't be foolish, man!" exclaimed the old lady. "The poor child would be dead. If you haven't brought that baby—"

"Please, Mrs. Weldon," said a voice which could hardly be recognized as that of Percy George, "I must beg your pardon. I'm an impostor. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, but I'm the ba—boy you have been expecting. I didn't mean to deceive you, but—"

"You!—you Uncle Hiram's baby!" exclaimed all the voices except the expressman's. "Nonsense, young man," continued Mrs. Weldon. "No such foolishness, please;" and the worthy lady felt wrath in her heart against the youth who had but a few hours ago rescued her beloved children from a great peril.

"I'm sorry to say it's true, ma'am," said the boy. "My name is Percy George Weldon, and that's my trunk."

"Right, ma'am," put in the expressman. "'Percy George Weldon, care of Robert Weldon, Esquire, The Bower Farm, Holmedale'—that's what's on the label. Fifty cents to collect."

The mystery was soon cleared up. Percy Weldon had grown tired of railroad travelling for three days and

nights, and had determined to make the last sixteen miles of his journey either on horseback or on foot. He expressed his trunk, and failing to find a suitable horse, started out on foot, falling in with his young cousins, as we have seen, in the moment of their greatest need. On hearing that he was expected to arrive at the Bower Farm in the form of a four-year-old "baby," he determined to carry on the joke, and he had not intended to reveal his name until the following morning, for he considered that his service of the afternoon entitled him to accept the Squire's hospitality for the night.

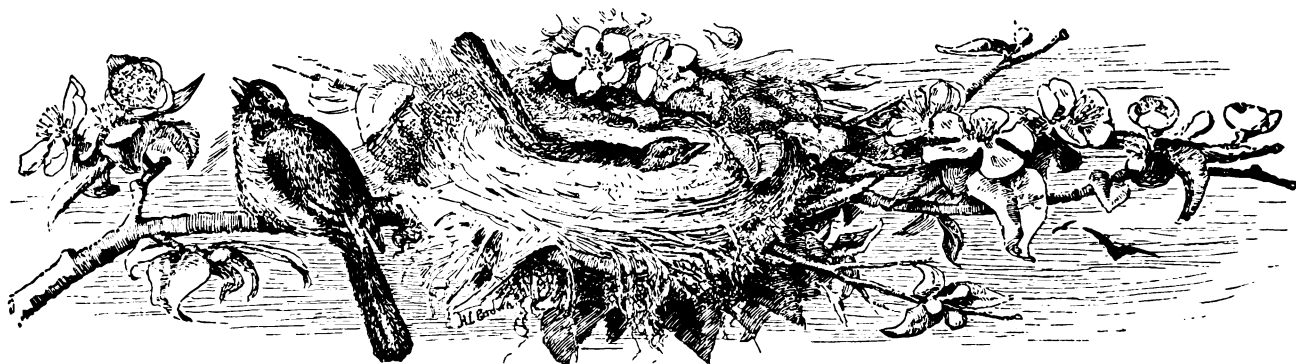
"But I can't for the life of me understand," said Mrs. Weldon, when Percy had told his story, and satisfied them that he really was "Uncle Hiram's baby," "why your father should have said you were only four years old."

"Didn't he say that I had but just passed my fourth birthday?"

"Well, but you're seventeen or eighteen, I'll be bound."

"I'm only sixteen, Aunt Mary, but as I was born on the 29th of February, I've only had four birthdays—one every leap-year. It was only papa's fun."

It was thought a capital joke. All Holmedale heard of it, and shook their sides with laughing, and neither they nor Percy George Weldon will ever forget "Uncle Hiram's baby," unless that "baby" should some day forget the delightful home he found among his new relations at the Bower Farm.



"*THERE is no cloud that sails along the ocean of your sky
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody.
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like
red gold;*

*And hark! with shrill pipe musical their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys and vent a nobler mirth."*

—WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

IT was my first evening at the old homestead, when just at dusk I was startled by a tap, tap on the porch outside the kitchen door. I paused in my conversation and listened. Tip, tap, tip, tap. My aunt noticed my surprise, and laughingly explained: "It's only Santa Anna."

I concluded that Santa Anna was a dog, probably a great shaggy Newfoundland, who was lying on the porch and rapping his bushy tail on the wooden floor. Later in the evening one of the farm hands came in and remarked that "Gineral Sante Anny fell into the pig's pen, and it took me nigh half an hour to git him out."

Santa Anna must be a small dog, I concluded—a big Newfoundland wouldn't fall into the pig pen.

The next morning the cook complained that "General Santa Anna jumped into the bread pan, and I had to throw the whole lot away."

"Yes," answered my uncle, "and he went into the garden and dug up most of the early pease."

"And he drove the ducklings away, and ate up their breakfast," added the hired man.

"Well," said my uncle, after a pause, "I guess I'll have to make him into soup."

"Soup!" I thought. "Well, it clearly is not a dog." As I was wondering what it could be I heard the pit-a-pat again, and my young cousin Fred, who had sat quiet during the conversation, shouted,

"Here's General Santa Anna!"

I turned and saw coming through the door the most dissipated, bedraggled-looking rooster. He limped painfully, and I noticed that his locomotion was assisted by a wooden leg.

I gazed at him in astonishment. So miserable-looking a fowl was a curiosity on my uncle's well-kept farm; but this one, with his ragged feathers, his torn comb, his wooden leg, and, above all, a certain impudent, aggressive manner with which he surveyed the company, reminded me so forcibly of a tramp that I burst into a laugh. Santa Anna answered with a sort of mixed cackle and crow, which sounded strangely like a contemptuous laugh, and stumped off to Fred's seat, where he waited expectantly. My uncle saw my wonder, and explained:

"You see, this fellow was a little chick when Fred had

scarlet fever, and one night when the hens went to roost under the shed he cut his leg on a scythe. Next morning I brought him in to Fred. We bandaged up the wounded leg, and he got well; but he was Fred's companion while the boy was sick, so that now he is a sort of privileged character, and goes and comes as he chooses.

"You see, the cut healed up, but that leg never grew any, so Fred whittled him a wooden one and bound it on. At first he fought, and tried to pick it off, but in a little while he got used to it, and now he always sleeps with his wooden leg drawn up under his wing, and that is the reason we call him Santa Anna. Sometimes he forgets himself, and tries to stand on the wooden leg, with the other drawn up. He always falls, and after he recovers himself he attacks whatever may happen to be nearest to him, evidently thinking that he has been knocked down."

Santa Anna took a most intense dislike to me, following me from place to place, and making unpleasant remarks about my dress and appearance, taking a sly peck at my feet when I wore slippers, and showing his dislike in a thousand different ways. I got used to it, but I must confess to a wicked joy when I heard of his death.

One day he flew up on the well curb. This was well enough so long as he stood on his sound foot; but in a moment of forgetfulness, or perhaps in trying to imitate the circus riders whose posters covered the fences, he attempted to stand on the wooden leg. A moment of fluttering in an attempt to balance himself, and down the well he went, screaming furiously at the well curb for tipping him over. We lowered the bucket, but of no avail; he attacked it viciously when it came in his reach, and at last, when we succeeded in drawing him up, he was dead. Fred buried him, and the hired man painted a neat head-board. Visitors are now as much puzzled as I was

on the first evening of my visit when they read on the red head-board in green letters:

HERE LIES BURIED
GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

"LEFT BEHIND;"

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

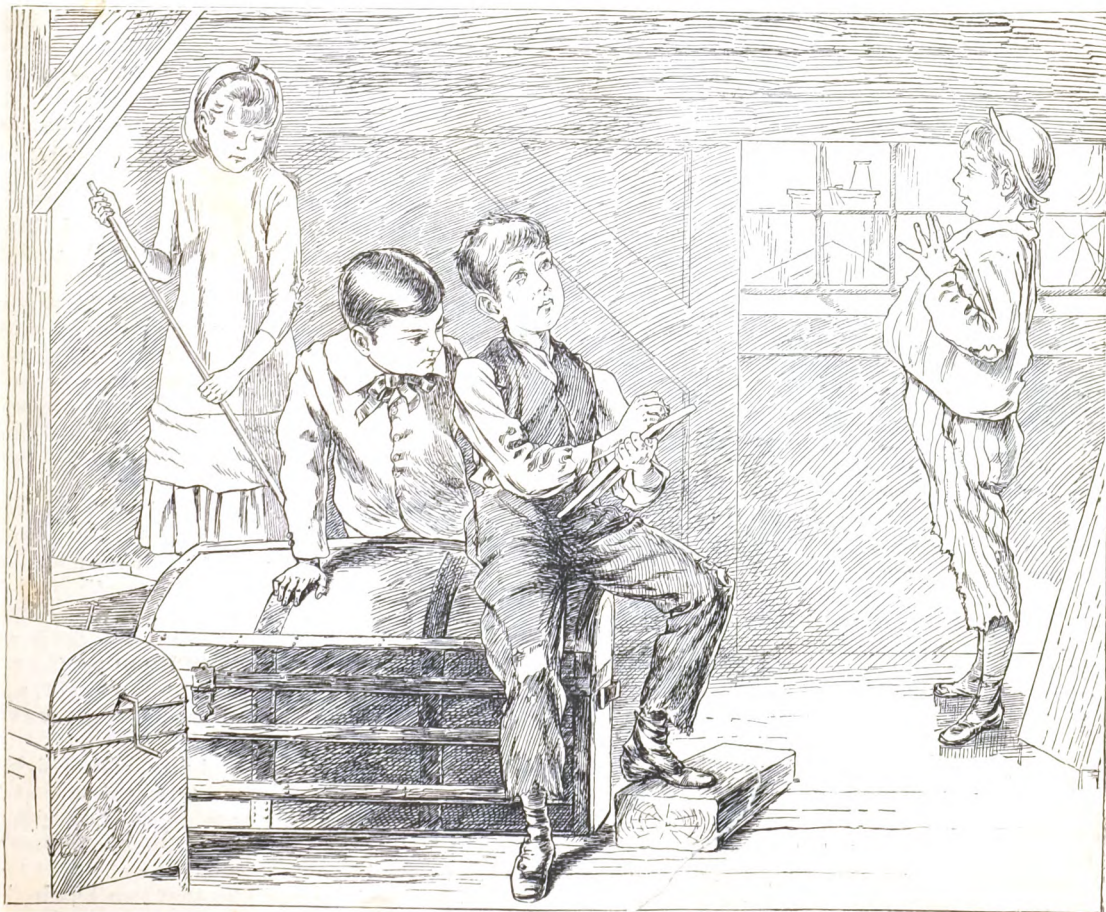
CHAPTER V.

MESSRS. TREAT, JONES, WESTON, & DOWD.

THE particular circle of society in which Ben and Johnny moved was shaken to its very centre by the news which was whispered from one to the other on the day after those young gentlemen and Paul had taken up their abode at Mrs. Green's.

Early that morning the most exciting topic of conversation had been Master Spry's misfortune and Tim Dooley's perfidy. Then came the news that Ben and Johnny, since the coming of their guest, who was evidently a suspicious sort of a person, as was shown by his clothes and his entire ignorance of the slang of the street, were no longer proud of their neat little bit of real estate, but had made a change which would probably be the means of their ruin.

That they had been so extravagant as to engage rooms



at a regular boarding-house, where they were to spend their substance on three square meals each day, seemed like a reckless disregard of money, and the price which they were to pay for board was stated at various sums from five to ten dollars per week.

But that was not the only bit of wonderful news. Jimmy Sullivan stated—and he was supported by several others as the time wore on—that Johnny himself had told him that they were to start a regular theatre, and had already engaged a hall, which would be converted into a first-class place of amusement as soon as possible. This would have been regarded simply as a rumor started for the purpose of injuring the credit of these young gentlemen had it not come so directly from one of the parties concerned, and must therefore be true.

Business was in a great measure given up for that day, and little knots of boys gathered at the street corners, eagerly discussing the news, which threatened to destroy the credit, for a time at least, of two merchants who were well known among the boot-blacking and news-selling circles.

It was well known by the majority of those who discussed this startling intelligence that it was only three weeks since the firm of Treat & Jones had bought a house on credit, and that there was still a debt of twenty cents upon it in favor of the now bankrupt merchant Mr. Dickey Spry. To be sure, Messrs. Treat & Jones had taken in a new partner very recently; but there were those who knew that this new boy had only brought to the firm three cents and two tops, which could not bring in any very large amount of money, even though a cash customer were found for them at once. It was very clear that this new partner was more of a drawback than a help to the firm, and the mystery seemed greater than ever.

Dickey Spry, on being asked about the matter, put on a wise air, and shook his head gravely, which was very much as if he had said that he was sorry to see two such promising boys ruining themselves as rapidly as these two were. Regarding the debt on the hogshead home he refused to say anything, save that he had bought it back.

Owing to the possibility of his becoming a boarder at Mrs. Green's and a partner in the theatrical business, Mopsey Dowd refused to express any opinion on the matter; but it was said by those who called upon him that he turned the handle of his pea-nut roaster nervously and quickly whenever the subject was mentioned.

Meanwhile those who had caused all this wonder and doubt were doing their best to sell their goods, and reaping almost as rich a harvest as on the day before. They could not fail to notice the singular actions of their friends, and also that whenever they approached three or four who were talking earnestly, the conversation would cease entirely, the boys either walking away or keeping silent until they had passed.

It caused them no little surprise, this singular behavior on the part of their friends; but there was too much money to be made for them to try to understand it then, and they continued the sale of their papers, while the others talked gloomily of their fears for the future of the rash youths who would change their positions in life by such dangerous ventures.

As a matter of fact, Johnny was the one who was responsible for all this excitement, since it was he who had told of the theatrical enterprise. He had been in such a state of excitement since he had first thought of the scheme that it was almost a matter of impossibility for him to get along ten minutes without speaking of it to some one; and when he told the story he was more apt to speak of the theatre as he hoped they could arrange it than as it would probably be.

But it must not be supposed that either Ben or Paul was indifferent to the matter. They were almost as much excited about it as Johnny was, though they were not as eager to consult others regarding it.

As has been said, trade was very good that morning, and when they went home for a lunch—which, by-the-way, they thought was much better than any of the regular dinners they had been buying down-town—even Mrs. Green was disposed to think that there might possibly be some chance that they could do as Johnny had proposed.

It had been their intention to call on Dickey Spry that evening for the purpose of trying to cheer him a little in his troubles; but they were too eager to accomplish their new scheme to think of spending their time anywhere but in the famous attic where they were to display their talents as actors, as well as earn so much wealth.

It was just as well that they did not keep to their original plan, for when Ben explained to Master Spry the reason why they could not keep their engagement with him, he gruffly told them that it was all right, for he had already made up his mind to go to Jersey City in search of the defaulter, Tim Dooley.

Therefore they were not troubled with any pangs of conscience because they were leaving Dickey to mourn alone while they planned the transformation of the attic, and their dinner was eaten with a quickness that astonished their landlady.

Johnny took upon himself the duties of architect, and, considering the difficulties in the way, the others were not unwilling that he should hold the office.

Master Jones found that there was a vast deal of difference between thinking of what he would like to do in the way of making improvements and actually planning how to make them. He knew that he wanted a stage at one end of the attic, but when the others waited to hear how he could go to work to build it with the limited amount of money at his disposal, he was almost at a loss to know what to say or do.

In order that they might set about their work intelligently, Nellie produced what had once been a tape measure one foot in length; but it had seen such hard usage that only about eight inches remained in good order, and with this the amateur architect set about a portion of his work which was to him very painful.

He decided first that it would be a useless waste of material to build a stage entirely across one end of the attic, since they would not be crowded from lack of room, owing to the small number of performers, and after a great amount of pacing back and forth and hard thinking, he drew two chalk lines at what he supposed equal distances from the walls.

Between these lines he measured with his fragment of a tape measure, and found that it was exactly thirty times the length of the tape. Thirty times eight inches was therefore the length of his proposed stage, or, more properly speaking, his platform, and he seated himself, with a look of care on his face, and a remarkably small piece of lead-pencil in his mouth, to figure up the grand total of inches.

He could multiply the cipher easily enough, for he was positive that the answer would be the same, however large the multiplier might be; but the question of how much eight times three was troubled him greatly.

After trying in vain to arrive at the correct result by the process of multiplication, he in his despair was about to resort to the tiresome plan of counting the number of inches on the tape measure thirty times over, when Paul astonished him by giving the result without even using the pencil and paper.

"How nice that is!" said Johnny, with a sigh of relief, as he wiped from his brow the perspiration that had been forced out by his mental exertions, and he began to realize that a knowledge of the multiplication table was very useful to a person in any line of business.

Paul further informed him that two hundred and forty inches were twenty feet; and then he proceeded with

greater confidence to calculate the width, which he decided should be six feet.

After it was settled that the platform should be raised two feet from the floor, and Paul had figured up the exact number of square feet of lumber which would be necessary to cover the proposed space, they began a serious discussion as to where the material could be procured.

Ben settled it finally that he would call upon a carpenter whom he knew, from having slept in his shop on the shavings several cold nights in the winter.

It would be necessary to have some scenery, and that Johnny had already arranged for in his mind. He had decided that it could be made by pasting old newspapers together, hanging them on strings, and coloring them with red, green, and black crayons. For this purpose stout cord was necessary, and Ben went out and bought some. Their next step was to gather up all the old newspapers they could find in the house, and Nelly set about making some flour paste, while Johnny went in search of the crayons.

Thus they made considerable progress in their enterprise that night, but it yet lacked a system, and, what was more important, money.

In order to remedy this, Johnny called for a strict calculation of the cash on hand, since they had been too busy to reckon up that day's sales.

By common consent Paul was chosen as book-keeper, so far as figuring up different amounts, whether of money or material desired, was concerned, and, thanks to his knowledge of arithmetic, it was not many moments before he informed them that the capital of eighty-three cents with which they had commenced that day's business had been increased to three dollars and ninety-five cents, a clear profit of three dollars and twelve cents.

Out of this one dollar and a half was given to Mrs. Green toward the payment of the balance that would be due on their board bill, one dollar was set apart toward building the theatre, and sixty-two cents were to be used in business the following day.

They had hardly settled these questions when Mrs. Green's voice from the floor below announced that Master Mopsey Dowd had called to see them.

If Master Dowd had had any doubts as to the desirableness of becoming one of Mrs. Green's boarders, they all faded away when he saw that attic, every timber of which seemed to be begging to be converted into a theatre.

In fact, Master Dowd was so impressed with the advantages of that place as a theatre that he did not even speak to his friends until he had paced up and down the room, dreaming of the fame that might be won there.

He was recalled from these pleasant dreams by stepping on a tack that penetrated his shoe at that place where a patch was much needed, and then he appeared to see for the first time his friends, who were anxiously waiting for him to complete his survey of the room.

"It's a stunner," he said, patronizingly, to Ben, as he seated himself on the floor, with easy grace, to remove the tack from his foot—"it's a stunner, an' we can jest set the boys wild if we can play somethin' with plenty of murder in it."

"Then you'll come in with us?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, I'll join yer," said Mopsey, looking around as if he expected to see every face light up with joy at his decision—"I'll join yer, an' I'll come here to board to-morrow."

Then, as was perfectly proper, this new partner was informed of the amount of cash capital on hand, and after Paul had reckoned that their dollar represented thirty-three and one-third cents as the share of each one, Mopsey generously counted out thirty-four cents, claiming no credit for the extra two-thirds of a cent. Thus it was that the firm of Treat, Jones, Weston, & Dowd sprang into existence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CAGE FOR CANARY-BIRDS.

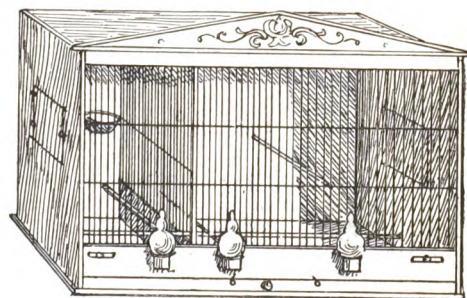
WHEN you go to the fancier's to buy your first canary, that person will hand the little captive over to you in a poor little wicker cage, and inform you that the cage is "thrown in." And so it is, in the same way as, when you buy a pound of candy, the paper bag or box is "thrown in" without charge. This cage is merely for convenience in carrying. As soon as you reach home, if you have not already provided a house for the little captive, you should lose no time in doing so.

There is always something very satisfactory about anything made with your own hands, and if you have studied the habits and tastes of the bird or other pet that you wish to build a house for, you will probably provide it a better habitation than a "store-made" cage. But to begin to make a cage without any knowledge of its future occupant's habits would be about as absurd as to build a dog kennel for a pig, or to expect Rover to feel any pride in Mr. Hog's spacious residence.

The materials required for making a cage are some pine board (about half an inch thick), plenty of wires a little longer than will show in the finished cage, some fine steel wire for fastening, glue, nails, and perhaps some pieces of walnut or other hard wood to give a pleasing appearance to the front of the cage.

If the cage is to be a "family house," it should be divided into two compartments, and so should be of a good size—say, twenty-two inches by twelve, and fifteen inches high. Measure and cut the pieces for the top and bottom of the cage, being careful to make them exactly equal in size, and then the sides, and lastly the back, which should cover but not overlap the ends of the side walls to which it will be fastened. Next you will cut the doorways in each of the side walls, and these should be four inches square—large enough to admit a hand, even with a bird in it. These doorways will be best cut with a scroll-saw, and the pieces that come out will form the doors when you are ready to fasten them on.

The walls, floor, and roof may now be fastened together, and this is done with the familiar hammer and nails,



assisted by a little glue. The glue (which should be used hot) fills up the space between the pieces of wood, and helps to keep the cage free from vermin, as well as firm and air-tight. If you have made your pieces carefully, you will be delighted with the "good job" you have made. Nothing in carpentry is more annoying than to find that pieces which seem to be "just right" will not fit "just right" when they are nailed together.

While the glue is drying you may work on the front. A strip of hard wood is nailed across the front, the lower edge of which comes an inch above the floor, so as to leave room for the false bottom to be drawn out. The strip should be two and a half inches wide, and should fit *within* the side walls, so that nails need not show in front. Before nailing, however, it would be well to provide for the feeding vessels, so cut a hole near each end of this strip about two inches wide by three-quarters of an inch



"WHAT TIME IS IT?"

high. Little square tin or glass dishes can then be easily cleaned and filled without the trouble of "fishing" them out through the door.

The false bottom is for the sake of cleanliness, and is merely a floor of wood that is slid in and out over the fixed floor. All cages should be provided with them. The front of the false bottom should be made of the same hard wood as the strip across the front of the cage, and two small brass or enamelled knobs will give it an ornamental appearance. Be careful to see that the false bottom, when in position, exactly fits the space you left for it.

The wood-work is now finished, and a very plain, unpretending house it is; but the wire will give it a habitable look, just as the glass panes give a cheerful and light appearance to an unfinished "sure-enough" house. As the cage is to have two rooms, a partition is necessary. One of the rooms—the sitting-room, as it were—is about twice as large as the other, the nesting-room; so at about one-third of the distance between the two sides of the cage you will make grooves in which the partition may slide in and out. The upper groove is fastened to the back of the cage at one end, and to the front at the other. The lower groove is fastened to the back of the cage and to the strip of wood across the front.

This lower groove should reach to the false bottom, but should not fit so closely that the false bottom can not be easily withdrawn. As for the partition itself, it need only be said here that it is made exactly like the front of the cage, which we will now turn to.

The wires are not fastened into the roof and cross-bar

of the cage, but are let into a frame which is put in position after the wiring is done. Cut the two bars of the frame for top and bottom exactly the same length, and then with a two-pronged fork mark the places where the holes are to be bored right through the bars for the wires. If you use a small enough gimlet the wires will require no fastening, for they will fit tightly in the holes; and in cutting off the lengths of wire cut them long enough to be seized with the pincers and pulled tightly through the holes. Then snip off with your pliers the pieces that extend beyond the bars. Of course you must not omit to leave little round holes for the birds to pop their heads through in order to get at the water-fountains that will be hung outside the cage, but the making of these holes must be left to your own skill as a wire-worker.

When the upright wires are fitted, cross wires—two of them, at equal distances from the top and bottom and from each other—may be fastened on with fine wire, but as the partition between the two rooms of the cage is a sliding one, of course it will not do to stretch the cross wires right across the cage: they must be made in two pieces each. When all the wire-work is completed, try your sliding partition to prove if it works properly when the front is in position, and if it does you will only need to fix up the perches before you fasten the barred front in its proper place, and the cage will be completed. It may not be a handsome dwelling even for a canary, but as you regard it with modest pride, you may say with the merry Touchstone in Shakespeare's comedy, "A poor one, sir, but mine own."

A RIDING CLUB.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

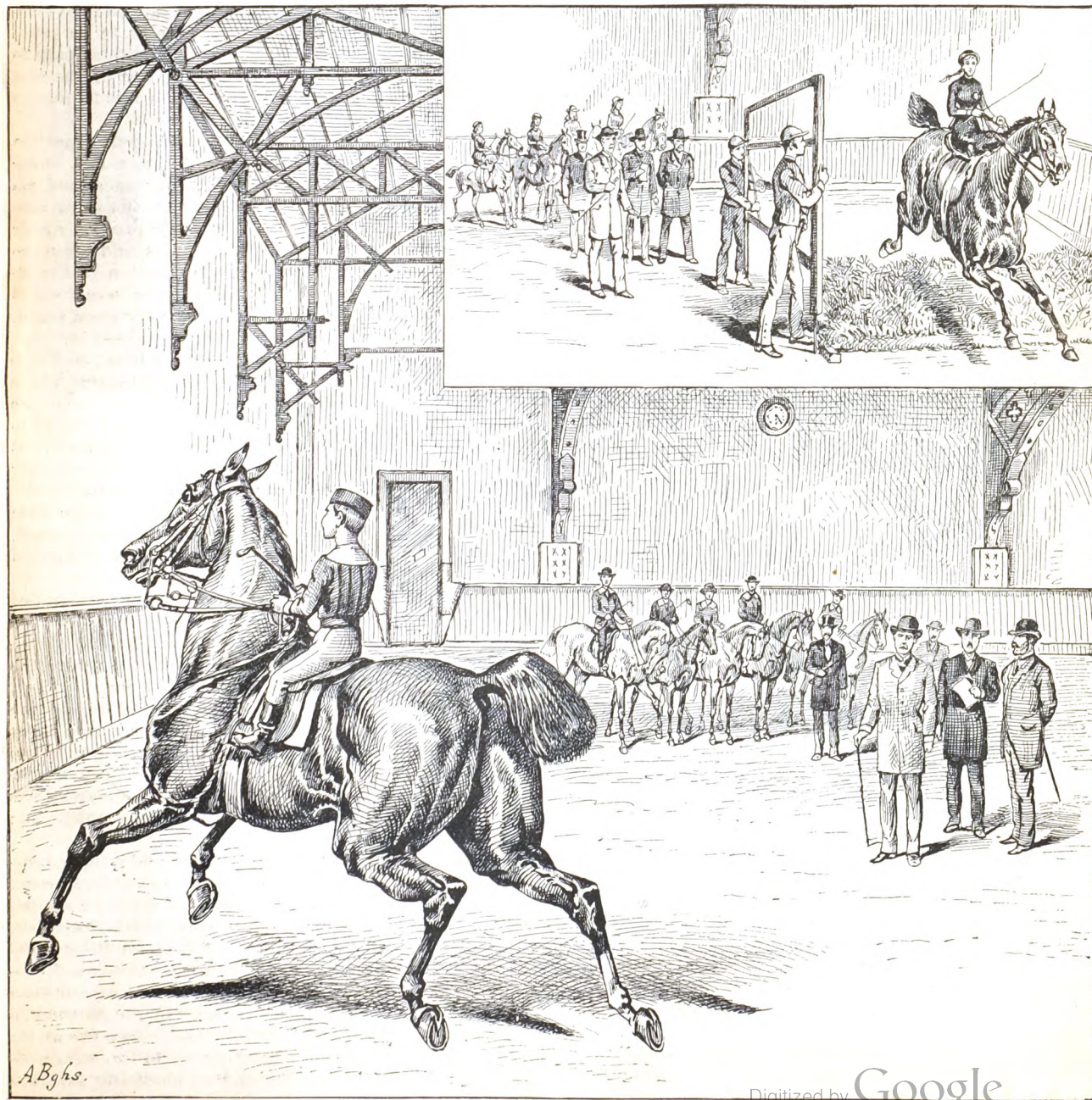
NEARLY all our young readers doubtless know all about base-ball, foot-ball, and boat clubs. The boys among them probably belong to one kind or another of these clubs, and when there are exciting games of ball or boat-races the girls are there to put them on their mettle. But some of the boys and girls in New York belong to a club for horseback riding, which is, of course, quite different from those spoken of, and rather uncommon.

In a city like New York, where all the winter riding is under a sheltering roof, a club of this kind needs a fine building large enough to inclose an ample space covered with springy tan bark, and to belong to it you must have a papa who, besides owning a horse, can spend one hundred dollars every year for keeping the building in order, and for the services of a superintendent and riding-masters, who keep the youngsters in order. The building

and the youngsters being thus provided for, the riding goes on very pleasantly year in and year out.

In the country, where there is plenty of free open space, or in country towns, with the fields and the woodsy roads near by, where there are usually plenty of horses, if the father or the big brother is willing to take upon himself the task of riding-master, clubs for horseback riding may be formed with less trouble than in cities. And yet there are few, if any, outside the large cities. In fact, the only club of the kind in these parts that I know of is the Gentlemen's Riding Club in New York.

This club consists of some two hundred and thirty-five members, and the rules forbid that more than two hundred and fifty should belong to it at one time. This is to prevent the ring from being uncomfortably crowded; indeed it would be so if only the two hundred and thirty-five who now belong to it were all to ride at the same time. But luckily they never do, so there is always plenty of room for riding in the ring. Some of the members keep their horses in the stables attached to the building, so, as the



club-house is on Fifty-eighth Street, near Fifth Avenue, they are able to reach Central Park a few moments after leaping into the saddle. This is a great advantage of a fine spring morning. In winter too, when the streets are too slippery to ride a fine saddle-horse over them, it is a good thing for members to have a chance of stabling their horses only a few paces from the ring and under the same roof.

The members, who are all grown folks, take upon themselves all the burdens of keeping up the club, but they have had a thought for the youngsters besides. For the rules of the club say that the ring may be used by the wives, minor sons, unmarried daughters, and sisters of members. You see, the children are included in the minor sons and unmarried daughters and sisters of members. There is but one limit, and that is not ungenerous: no children under fourteen are allowed in the ring after half past four in the afternoon. But this gives the children plenty of time, for they can begin riding as early as seven in the morning. Even at that early hour they will find Mr. Rossell, the superintendent, at his post, and the masters mounted in the ring.

Sometimes there are fifteen or twenty children to be seen riding in the ring at the same time. Some are walking, some trotting, others on a canter or gallop. The masters are there to preserve order, and teach those of the young people who want to learn how to ride in the most approved fashion. It was found last year that many of the boys and girls did not attend to the directions of the masters. So in order to induce the children to follow the directions of the teachers as closely as possible, prizes were offered to the best and second-best riders among the girls, and to the best and second-best riders among the boys.

The first prize for girls was a beautiful diamond and ruby scarf pin; the second prize a crop-stick, or English hunting whip. The first prize for boys was a scarf pin, somewhat plainer than that awarded to the best girl rider, while the second prize for boys was also a crop-stick. These prizes, of course, stimulated a healthy rivalry among the young riders; they listened attentively to what the masters had to say about holding the reins, and the proper position in the saddle, and followed their directions in other matters. The pupils are not trained in any fancy steps or drills, as these belong to the circus or to the cavalry service. The members of the club are ambitious simply to have the children grow up to be first-rate riders.

The judges who award the prizes let the young riders go around the ring first on a walk, then on a trot, and then on a canter. As a final test they are called upon to jump hurdles. The results of this prize riding last year were so satisfactory that prizes were again offered this year, and they are likely to be renewed every year. The prizes for this year have just been awarded, Miss Hurst having been awarded the first prize for girls, and Master Bishop that for boys; Miss Sloane and Master Wharton took second prizes.

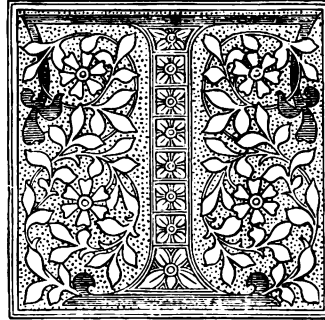
You may think that there is something very novel in offering prizes to children for horseback riding; but this is really not at all the case. Far away back in the times of the Greeks and Romans children were admitted to the public games, and rode in dangerous and exciting horse-races, riders and horses being urged on toward the end of the race by a flourish of trumpets and the shouts of the lookers-on. They took part in each of the three kinds of riding races which were very popular in those days. There were, firstly, races with saddle-horses; secondly, races with colts; and thirdly, a race called the "calpe." This was a very peculiar performance. The rider sat on one mare, and was obliged to lead another by a bridle. Just before ending the race he had to leap to the ground, and run along with the mares until the finish. All these races called for very skillful riding, because at the finish the horses had to be guided in a circuit around a post called a goal. The closer the circuit, the more advantage to

the racer, and in rounding the goal horses that had been behind often took the lead. But it was a dangerous practice, and many a time the young riders were thrown off and badly hurt. Races in public for children would not be allowed now, and it is much better so. The offer of prizes by the Gentlemen's Riding Club goes just far enough.

OUR LITTLE DUNCE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

II.



HE feeling that Vernona had in regard to the Christmas composition prize was quite correct. It was the most valuable. Many years before a pupil of the Academy had left a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be expended for valuable books, to be given as a Christmas prize to the writer of the best

composition on an original subject. She was to receive no aid, unless for dates, or statistics, or facts.

This prize had acquired a value quite apart from the books or the honor of receiving it. There was a flavor of *traditionary* importance in it, if you understand me—a feeling that to obtain it was in some way to link ourselves with the history of the school; and so, year after year, we were wont to discuss probabilities, and when the time for breaking up drew near, the question of Christmas would be anxiously discussed. Subjects were thought out, "library permits" claimed, and, as a very good result, a great deal of reading at leisure hours indulged in.

I remember one day as I went down the long, cool hallway I saw through the open library door a picture which lingered long after in my mind. Perched on top of the high steps was little Nelly, careless, as usual, in regard to hair and costume, but deep in the study of a big book. It was so unusual a sight that I could not forbear saying from the doorway, "Preparing for the prize, Nell?"

Instead of laughing, Nelly slowly lifted her eyes from the page, and, without seeming at all startled, asked, "Jessie, whose daughter is Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands?"

I gave her this curious piece of information, and passed on; but somehow I never think of all that followed without a swift vision of Nelly in the library that July day—her eager, anxious air, her solemnly quiet little figure, the only living object in the large oak-panelled room.

And with that recollection ends anything of importance until breaking-up time came. The summer passed on as all the summers of our young days go, or ought to go, in happy out-door freedom, sense of youth and kindliness, of simplicity and communion with the green things of God's earth—the time you have before you now, girls: *treasure it.*

Well, Nelly went away with her father, and returned early to school, the Captain going off upon a cruise in August.

It so chanced that the severe illness of my dear mother prevented my return to the Academy until December. It was a clear, frosty day, with snow deep on the ground and the trees hung with icicles, when I went back to R—and the dear school friends again. I need not have been surprised when, as my cab was turning in the gateway, a fresh gay voice called out, "Stop!" But before my driver could stop, there was Nelly hanging on to the step, nodding in the window, with her cheeks blooming and her eyes full of their old sweet laughter.

All that evening she staid with me, and I learned to love her more than before. It was—it must be always—simple-hearted, childish, foolish Nelly; but there had come a new dignity, the possession, as it were, of self-restraint and discipline, which made me hope the child's days of "dunce-time," as my father used to say, were gone.

But no one seemed to share my opinion; and, girls, although you must never dare criticise *your* principal, let me say a word about mine. With the kindest and best of hearts, the keenest sort of intellect, our dear Miss Blakeman was a woman of the most extreme prejudices. Those whom she liked she had faith in, and those whom she did not take to she could hardly bring herself to think as well of as they deserved. So never having cared for my little Nelly—at least having been annoyed by what she considered her stupidity—she could not see that there was any ground to work upon, and any trifling folly or fault on Nelly's part was sufficient to irritate the dear old lady, who, having once begun, never stopped sighing over her.

I found all the school excited over prize-day. According to the directions of the legacy, a committee of seven, appointed by the rector and Miss Blakeman, read the essays and sent in their opinions. The essays were signed by initials only, but in the hands of the rector was the full list of names.

Two days before Christmas the prize was given, in the presence of a distinguished company, the writer of the prize composition enjoying the pleasure of hearing it read aloud. I believe I need not tell you how many hearts fluttered between December 20th and 23d. All papers were sent in by the 14th, but it was known that the verdict was given on the 20th or 21st.

I, as a teacher now fully fledged, of course sent nothing; so it became amusing to me to watch the girls' faces when the subject was under discussion, and if possible to form some conclusion as to the result of the 23d.

Among all the girls two only seemed ill at ease. These were Vernona and my little Nelly. Vernona's disquiet was very puzzling. She seemed almost feverishly anxious, and Nelly, who roomed with her, told me that in her sleep she talked of her father's scolding her if she lost the prize, and would say, "Oh, I *can't*! I *can't*!" very hopelessly.

Nelly's fears were of a different kind. She would now and then suddenly "go off," as girls say, into peals of laughter, look very quizzical, and on being questioned shake her head with mock solemnity, purse up her lips, and look as though she *might*, if she chose, say something very interesting.

"I do believe," said Fanny Joyce one day, "that our little Dunce has been trying for the prize."

The wild peal of laughter which greeted this speech in no way disturbed Nelly. Dear little Dunce! she actually used to declare her nickname pleased her, and with some of the girls—like Fanny, for instance—it had become a term of endearment. Even as Fanny spoke she put her cheek caressingly up against Nelly's, as the younger girl sat sewing at her side.

"I'll tell you a real secret, girls," said Nelly, comically. "I really *am* preparing a composition on 'Kind Advice to Strawberry Growers.'"

There was a long upstairs corridor at the Academy, where we used to walk up and down after tea, and that evening Fanny said to me, confidentially, "Do you know, Miss Jessie, it wouldn't surprise me one bit if Nelly Darton did or said something very clever one of these days."

"Humph! wouldn't it?" I answered, giving Fan's ear a little pinch. "You're a wise young person, Miss Joyce."

But even Fanny dared not suggest this new idea to the school.

As a usual thing Miss Blakeman took me into her confidence about all school matters, and when on the evening of the 21st she sent for me to her study I felt sure I should be told who the "prize girl" was to be—a question into

which I knew our dear old principal entered heart and soul. Instead of finding her in the usual pleasant flutter of suppressed excitement over the compliments her girls had received from the seven judges of their work, she looked distressed, perplexed, and unhappy.

Girls, you think my snugger a pleasant place, but Miss Blakeman's was our ideal of a study. The walls were so beautifully hung with engravings and water-colors, the hangings so soft and warm, the chairs so easy, and the table covered with such a delightful medley of new books and magazines and papers. Then there was a something which went to the hearts of all of us—it meant love and truth and godliness—that was seen in the face and figure we always looked for at the table near the window, reading our minds the moment we crossed the threshold in a way which had made Nelly in her most lawless days once say, "When I go into Miss Blakeman's room I always feel that God is present, and I couldn't be wicked there."

Miss Blakeman was not at her table when I closed the door after me and spoke her name. In the twilight she was walking up and down with her hands clasped behind her—a fashion of hers when she was in trouble.

"Jessie"—she spoke very sharply, but in a low, sad voice—"I don't know what to do. Come here."

I hurried to her side, and she put both her hands on my shoulders, and looked down solemnly upon my face.

"Jessie," she said, "answer me truly: do you think Nelly Darton capable of a piece of perfect deceit?"

"No!" I almost shouted.

Miss Blakeman let her hands fall, shook her head, sighed, and turned away. "My dear," she said, very sadly, "I am sorry you are so prejudiced in her favor. I fear I must not let you influence me."

"Dear, dear Miss Blakeman," I exclaimed, "*do* let me know just what you mean! Oh, I am sure there has been some mistake!"

"I hardly feel as if I ought to tell you more now. However, go and call all the girls into the school-room. Say I am coming down there to speak to them."

I was nineteen years old, and a teacher, but I felt a genuine school-girl sort of quake and quiver as I hastened down-stairs to obey Miss Blakeman's order. It was a clear, frosty evening. I remember how the windows of the hall looked as I passed them—black against the snowy road and tall, bare trees, and the great deep blue of the heavens. It did not surprise me to see Nelly, with her usual love of fresh air and nature, actually leaning out of an open window, with her eyes turned upward, gazing at "Cassiopea's chair," which was slowly coming out in shining spaces.

"Nelly Darton," I said, in a nervous way, "shut that window. Turn around. Look at me."

The child slowly obeyed. The face she brought in, the eyes she lowered from that look up into the "starlight ground-way of the king," were pure and sweet and undefiled. As I went down the stairs, with a sort of sob in my throat, I felt, "*There is no evil there.*"

The girls one and all seemed surprised by the principal's order, though pleased. In a few moments they were in their places in the school-room, and Miss Blakeman joined us. She sat down at her desk, facing the rows of curious, eager girls. I took my own place near her and Mademoiselle Le Comte, the French teacher.

Miss Blakeman's face was very pale and stern, but I saw traces of tears in her eyes, and as she looked about at her girls I knew what she was feeling—real grief that some one of them should have deliberately deceived her.

You could have heard a pin fall. Indeed, the restless movement of Nelly's chair before the teacher spoke fairly echoed through the room. I looked at my child. The sweetness and softness of the face she had shown me upstairs still lingered. One of her dreamy, happy, silent moods was upon her. She smiled faintly back at me.



"PREPARING FOR THE PRIZE, NELL?"

"Before I speak of a very painful discovery I have made," said Miss Blakeman, in measured tones, "I want to remind you of the extreme sense of honor connected with the composition prize. It has for thirty years been recognized as a peculiar tribute to the skill and integrity of our school, and from first to last there has never been any jealousy to prevent it from making Christmas-time a cheerful and successful festival. There have never been, so far as I know, petty feelings among the girls. The winner of the prize is no doubt congratulated and fêted during the evening, but I have always felt that with *my* girls each one felt sufficient pride in the school to enjoy her companion's success.

"On this occasion, when all our friends will be here to celebrate the thirtieth prize-day, a strange announcement must be made. In returning the verdict on the compositions, Dr. Charles and Professor Meyer have written me that some one's work is not—original. Some one has—stolen her ideas, even her style, and written a composition which she had no right to call her own."

Miss Blakeman's voice ceased.

It would be impossible to say that there was silence in the long room, for, while no one spoke, a murmur passed over every bench. What I felt I can scarcely tell you. Nelly—deceit—stolen ideas—all these words fairly danced

through my brain in painful confusion while I looked at my child.

Poor little Duncie! My first feeling was that the enormity of this offense had not reached her. With all her ready sympathy, she did not know enough to see that some girl was in terrible trouble and disgrace. She sat quietly, with a little happy, peaceful look in her eyes.

Heads began to move about. A dozen girls half rose to move toward Miss Blakeman, but with a movement of her hand she quieted them, and then continued:

"Now as it is evident one among you has been guilty of deceit, I will leave it to your consciences to declare it to me, for which reason let all who have sent in compositions come to my private room, one by one. Should no one confess to the fault, I shall feel compelled, in justice to the others, to go into further particulars and to mention names, particularly as the *stolen work* has been taken by one of my girls from the other. There are two compositions on the same subject, and written almost in the same way, the only difference being that in the one case the style is peculiarly good, and the paper is signed in full. The other contains the same very beautiful thoughts and ideas, but is evidently, we all believe, taken from the first, as it is so unfinished in its way of being put together. The worst of this is that the judges had decided to give the prize to the writer of the composition I first mentioned, until at the last this second less perfect one appeared.

"My dear girls," poor Miss Blakeman continued, rising, and with a break in her voice that went to our hearts, "I will go now to my room, where, one by one, you must come to me. I can never tell you how this has pained and tried me, and I feel whoever has done this wrong must acknowledge it to me, and let us together humbly ask forgiveness where it is recorded, to be answered for one day, if not now." Miss Blakeman left us.

For a moment there was complete silence. Then the girls began to talk eagerly and excitedly, though in low tones, each one saying when and where and how she had written her composition, how utterly impossible it was that she should have borrowed any one else's ideas, etc., etc. Vernona's voice sneeringly arose, saying, "Dear me! we're none of us so very brilliant as all that."

Nelly said, confidently: "Oh, it 'll turn out some stuff of old Dr. Charles. I don't believe he can read our writing. Don't let us keep Miss Blakeman waiting."

But in spite of this, when Nelly took her turn to go upstairs, the girls looked in amazement.

"You don't mean to say *you* wrote a composition!" exclaimed Fanny.

Nelly, with her hand on the door, looked back with her gay little laugh. "Why, didn't you know," she said, sobering down in a quaint way, "about the 'Kind Advice to Strawberry Growers?'"

Afterward we all talked of just how our dear little Duncie looked at that moment, for it was to be a long time before we saw her face again with that merry sweetness and joy in its expression.



Moral Blindness:

There was an old woman, as I've heard say,
Who owned but a single goose.
And the dame lived over toward Truxton way,
And the animal ran at loose.
It cackled up and it cackled down,
Disturbing the peace of all the town;
Gentle and simple, knight and clown.
From the dawn to the close of day.

Another old woman, of not much note,
Lived over toward Truxton way,
Who owned a goat with a shaggy black coat,
As I've heard the neighbours say.
And it was the fear of one and all;
Butting the great, and butting the small,-
No matter whom,- who happened to fall
In the way of this evil goat.

Said the first old woman, "This ugly goat
Should never thus run at loose."
Said the second, "I wish they'd cut the throat
Of that noisy cackling goose."
And so it happened when e'er that they
Would meet each other upon the way
They'd bicker and bicker the livelong day
In the key of a scolding note.

But all the neighbours, great and small,
Complained of both with grievous tone.
From which I gather that we all
See other's faults and not our own.



H. PYLE.





PRINCE CHARMING AND THE PRINCESS LOO.

Prince Charming is here, And sweet Princess Loo, How lovely they look
With a bonnet and feather; In the sunny June weather. In the garden together!

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THIS letter comes from one of our young naturalists. Could you all be as brave as she was?

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

Some time ago you invited all young folk to write to the dear paper about the first birds and spring flowers. But first I want to tell you about HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE—how every one likes it, both old and young. I have been a subscriber, at a bookstore, ever since it was published, and really think there is no paper that I know of so well calculated to interest the young as this one. I receive my copy Friday evening, Saturday I send it to the country to a poor little boy, Sunday he takes it to some little friends of his to read to them; so you see how much good one copy of the paper is doing. During the recent high water it was delayed, and it was astonishing to see how those little ones longed for it.

All around here the hills and commons are of vivid green, and the ground in some places is perfectly whitened with a little flower (*Alyssum bidentatum*) and a profusion of wild violets. The little blue pansy has been in bloom in our garden for weeks. A red-bird (*Lopia cardinalis*) is building his nest close to my window, and several little blue sparrows, or indigo-birds, are in the honeysuckle.

Dear Postmistress, I am going to relate a true story which happened to me some days ago during my rambles in the woods. I am collecting flowers for an herbarium, and go to the country quite often. At the foot of a steep hill, about sixteen miles north of this city, while walking along the margin of quite a deep gulch, I observed a brownish animal quickly retreating into its burrow; it appeared to be about the size of a mole. I pursued it, and on rolling away some fragments of rock I discovered that the object of my pursuit was an enormous spider, which, after some little time, I succeeded in catching, and have him now in a bottle of alcohol in my room. He is no less than four inches from the extremity of one foot to that of the other, and about two inches from head to tail, covered with long hair of a brownish-black color. The eyes, six in number, are minute; the mouth not discoverable; but the head terminates with two hooks, and these appear to be lined with a row of minute teeth for mastication. On reaching home I was told that it was a genuine tarantula, whose bite is very poisonous, and, as is popularly supposed, can only be cured by protracted dancing to appropriate music. MABEL C.

BAIRD, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are a family of eleven children, and I'm eleven years old. We came from Maryland, and a good uncle there sends to Louis, my little brother, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which is indeed a treat to us all. We have no school near enough for us to attend, but papa and mamma teach us at home, and we have plenty to do to keep us busy, and enough exercise to

make us strong and rosy. Our pets are two cats, Rob and Roy, and a little chicken we call Dixie, which is very much afraid of the cats. I must not tire you. If you like this, some time I'll write you about the beautiful flowers we have, and the colts, calves, and lambs. With love.

NANNIE M. C.

TOURS, FRANCE.

I am a French girl fifteen years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE only two months, and I like it very much. I have studied English since I was seven years old. I can read all the stories. I liked very much "Bertie's Christmas-Box," "Three Paroquets," "Jeanie's Christmas Journey," "The Crust of the Christmas Pie," and the Post-office Box.

When I saw in one of the numbers that you wish to have letters about flowers, I thought I would write you something about my little garden. It is not very large, but I have many flowers in it every year—violets, primroses, and some periwinkles that I found in a little wood near the town. Last year I had also some white and red daisies, but they all died this winter.

I hope that my letter is not too long, and that you will print it. It is my first English letter. I shall be very happy if I see it in the Post-office Box. MARGUERITE D.

PHILIPS, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS and all the children who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.—I want to tell you a true story that my mamma has often told to us about some little birds when she was a little girl herself. She tamed a little chippie-bird. The bird used to come to the door and pick crumbs which she would throw to it. At last it would come in at the open door of the sitting-room and eat from her hand. One day she heard a great twittering at the door, and on looking out there was the old mamma bird and five babies to be fed. One baby bird was bigger and more noisy than all the rest put together; its mouth was wide open all the time. If the mamma was not feeding it it would cry very loudly, so that she could scarcely feed her own well-behaved children at all. At last mamma threw out some large crumbs, and the mother bird dropped them into its mouth until it could peep no more. Mamma says some lazy bird had laid an egg in little chippie's nest, and so she had to care for the hungry little stranger. She seemed to be worried by its bad behavior.

I have a canary-bird. My brothers have a big Newfoundland dog, named Carlo, and three kitties. I go to school, and study geography, arithmetic, reading, spelling, and writing. I am learning to paint; my mamma gives me lessons.

CARRIE F. R.

The greedy bird may have been a cow-bunting. That bird often lays its egg in another bird's nest, being too indolent to build one of its own.

A pair of birds—wrens, I think—once found a cow-bunting's egg in their nest. As they could not manage to roll it out, they just built a little

roof over it, and on this made a bed for their own eggs, leaving the other where it had been placed by the intruder.

TWO FROGS.

A long time ago there were two little frogs, which lived in a small pond. When they were very young their mother was killed by some cruel boys, and so they were left orphans. Now the first thing these little frogs thought of was how shall we get a living. They had a good enough place to live in, but what to live on and how to get it was the thing that troubled them. Their mother was killed in the afternoon, and so they had to get their supper. They went to one old frog, and said, "Where can we get our supper?" "Jugorum! jugorum! Go and find out for yourself," said the old frog.

Then they went to another frog, and said, "Where shall we get our supper?" "Jugorum! jugorum!" said the other frog. "Go and find out for yourself."

So the little frogs trudged along. "Third time never fails," said the little frogs as they walked up to a little frog about as large as themselves. "Where shall we get our supper?" said the little frogs for the third time.

"Jugorum! jugorum!" said the little frog. "Come with me and I will show you."

So the little frogs went along with him. He took them to a large ant-hill, where they found plenty to eat, and on the way back they told him all about how their mother had been killed, and the little frog said that his mother had always made him take care of himself, and the little frogs thought it was a very good plan.

They went home very much pleased with the little frog and their meal. The next morning they went over to see the little frog who had helped them the night before. He was glad to see them, and they all went after their breakfast in a very merry mood. They got all they wanted, and were coming back when one of them proposed that they should all live together, and so they decided they would. The new frog said that he knew a nice little musk-rat that said he would like to live with them if he ever got a house, so they decided to take him in with them. The next day they hunted up their new companion and started out to find a good house lot. They found one at last, upon which was a sign that said, "Apply to Mr. Speckleback, 9 Croakers' Court, Frogville." They went to him by the stage, which was a shell drawn by four musk-rats. Mr. Speckleback willingly sold it for a yellow vest, a green coat, and a lead watch. They went back very much pleased with their purchase.

In the course of a month or so the little frogs made a nice house for themselves; it had four chambers, a sitting-room, and a dining-room. They had a nice range and a great big furnace, and they lived very happily in their house. They had a nice shell for a carriage, and a pickerel for a family horse, and a little perch for a pony, and they had a very nice time.

Then they had to find a business, and they decided to be ship-builders. They started their works very soon, and they built little row-boats, and sometimes built a wherry for racing, and had great times on the pond. They even built full-rigged ships, as much as three feet long, with a crew of thirty frogs, and went away across the pond, which was a great thing for them. They made a great deal of money, and at last retired quite old frogs. They built themselves a nice stable, and hired a good cook. They always remembered their first supper after their mother died. Now they were happy. They had worked all their lives, and were glad to get a rest. Now they had finished, and lived happy to the end of their lives. W. M. W.

SEWARD, NEBRASKA.

My grandmother began taking this paper for me about two years ago, and now I think I could not do without it. I like to read very much. I go to school, and read in the Fifth Reader, study grammar, geography, spelling, arithmetic, and physiology, and am taking music lessons. I have a sister Franc, six years old; she spoke "The Careful Mother" at our exhibition, from YOUNG PEOPLE; her favorite pet is Tom, our cat. We live only a little way from the school-house, and on a farm three miles from Seward. We have a great many cattle and pigs, but I like my two birds better; their names are Toppie and Cattie, both having top-knots. GAT W. P.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I can not write very well, so I will get my mamma to write and tell you how much I like to have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE read to me. I have been very ill, and had to be read to and amused. My papa got me two white mice, and a little friend named Nannie sent me a box fitted up like a gymnasium for the mice, with ladders and a pole for them to climb, and a shelf for them to sit on, and a rope ladder and a swing. They are full of fun, and will eat cheese from my hand. I have a little theatre with two plays, *Cinderella* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and I like that very much. We have a house in the country, where we have lots of pets. We have a goat named

Billy, and a wagon and harness for him. We drive him every day, and sometimes go to the station for parcels for mamma. The little butter boy gave us two black rabbits, and our little cousins gave us two white ones. Our little dog killed one of the white ones, and the other one had a lot of young rabbits, and the black papa rabbit killed six of them, and so we gave him away. We have two canary-birds; they sing so loud we have to take them out of the room. We have a little black and tan dog, and his name is Dot; he loves to play horse and ball, and he holds the reins in his teeth, and when he wants to make us stop he just stands right still and pulls back. This is all I have to say.

MARGARET P.

BOISE CITY, IDAHO.

I fancy you Eastern folks think this is a wild place out here, but I assure you it is not. It is true that there are some wild places here, but almost all of the Territory is settled. If some of you could see what you call "the noble red men" in the cast-off garments of the whites, you would not think they were very noble. Most of the pictures you see of them do not represent them at all. They make their living by selling buckskin, moccasins, gloves, washing, and in other ways. The mineral resources of Idaho are very important. We are having spring weather here now. I am twelve years old.

JUNIOUS B. W., JUN.

CAMANCHE, IOWA.

Asmyauntie has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me ever since it was first published. I thought I would try and write to the Post-office Box. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and my mamma does too. I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a farm about five miles from Camanche. I go to school. The school-house is very near our house. There is a creek east of our house, and over the creek is the school. I have a little brother, six years old, who goes with me. There is a grove all around, which makes it very pleasant.

MARY R. S.

BARTON COUNTY, GEORGIA.

I think I know how to play Cabbage Chickens. The big leaves are the mother hens, and the little ones are the chickens, and hawks come down and steal almost all the young chicks. I am almost eight years old, and mamma teaches me at home. She is writing this for me, as I am afraid you couldn't make out my own, though I write sometimes to my little cousins. My sister Rosalie is twelve years old. She goes over four miles to school; sometimes she rides horseback, but when the roads are bad she has to walk the railroad, and over a high trestle, with one of my brothers. She takes YOUNG PEOPLE, but I think I love it more than any one in the house.

LILA MAY S.

LEELAND POST-OFFICE, MARYLAND.

I have a little nephew just one year old. He is as sweet as he can be. He is learning to walk. If you ask him anything, he says "Ess." I have a mocking-bird. His name is Dick. He sings very nicely. I think every one who writes to this paper ought to write as plainly as they can, for the Postmistress's sake; I think she must have a right hard time having to read so many letters. I am twelve years old.

NELLIE B.

WEST MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a girl of twelve, and I live in West Medford, five miles from Boston. We have a great many pets; I will name them. We have two ponies, Daisy and Buttercup, a pug-dog Polly, that my mamma brought from England, and a cat, Patience—though she is not very much like her name. We have two canaries, Tiny and Ben, and two white mice, Cupid and Venus; Cupid is brown and white, and Venus is black and white. My brother George has about twenty doves and six squabs. I go to a private school a mile from our home. Amy and I ride down with the ponies. In the winter we have a boy who drives us with both ponies, but in the summer I drive to school with Buttercup, and when I come home at noon I unharness and turn her into the field. There are only fourteen scholars in our school, and four teachers. We have for a reading book *Tales from Shakespeare*, by Charles and Mary Lamb; I like them very much; I think the best one is "The Taming of the Shrew." At school this winter we had the play of *Pyramus and Thisbe*; I took the part of Prologue.

HELEN W.

DORCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am an orphan boy eleven years old. I came from Boston two years ago to live in the country with Mr. and Mrs. L. on a farm. I like it very much; they are very kind to me. I have a pet cat; her name is Tabby; she takes all the flies on the window.

W. C. L.

QUINCY, FLORIDA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have two brothers younger than myself, and a brother and sister older, who are in Maine, going to school. I expect to go to Maine on a visit next summer. I never saw any snow in my life. It was pretty cold here part of the time last winter, and we

had lots of ice in our water barrels and buckets. Now it is warm, and everything looks lovely. I go to school, and take music lessons; I read in the Fifth Reader, spell in the dictionary, study arithmetic, history, geography, and write.

LULA E. S.

ALBION, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write and tell you how I love to read the letters in YOUNG PEOPLE. I like Jimmy Brown's letters ever so much, and I liked "Toby Tyler" and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," and I'm glad Mr. Otis is writing another continued story. I shall be very glad to see my letter published. I go to school, and study arithmetic, spelling, reading, geography, and grammar.

JOSIE R.

ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS.

I am a little boy eight years old. I have three brothers older than I am, Bennie, Robbie, and Stuart. Robbie has a very pretty pony, which I like very much. Papa gave me a writing desk for a present, which I use very often when I write or draw. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years. We have two very nice hounds; one is a fox-hound named Jack, and the other is a greyhound named Prince.

FAY R. H.

VAN BUREN, ARKANSAS.

I am a little boy eight years old. I do not go to school, but study at home. I can write some, but mamma writes this for me. I read the letter written by a boy about the flood; I have some relations living on the Ohio River who suffered from high water in something the way the little boy told about. I have a shepherd dog. We have a good many chickens. We live on a high bluff, and we can look down on the Arkansas River. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Fair for Sick Dolls" the best of all the stories. As soon as the Thursday's mail comes I run for my paper.

FRANK W.

WALNUT HILL, REISTERSTOWN, MARYLAND.

I have been intending to write to you for some time, and now I think I'll do so. I wrote once before, but my letter was not printed. You said, though, when our letters failed to appear, we must try again, so I thought I would follow your advice. I am always very much interested in the Post-office Box, though I am not one of your little readers, for I will be sixteen in September. We live in a very pretty part of the country here in Maryland, and a very healthy part also. We live near enough to Baltimore to drive there, which we have done several times. Our house is situated on a high hill, and so commands a very good view of the surrounding country. Quite a quarter of a mile from the back of the house lies a very pretty but rather diminutive pond, on which we have a boat large enough to contain eight or nine persons at once. We call it the *Nellie Pearl*, after two friends of ours. In summer-time the pond is perfectly lovely, and even if it is not so pretty in winter, we have a great deal of fun there sometimes in skating. Did you ever skate, dear Postmistress? If so, you know how delightful it is, and I am sure you will agree with me that girls have a perfect right to skate.

Last year I had a little garden of my own, inside our large garden, for flowers, but this year I want to take care of the flowers in the front yard, and so intend to move all my pretty flowers out there. Are you not fond of roses? I am devoted to them. You said you wanted to hear about our success with our gardens, so if this is printed perhaps later in the season I will write to you about mine. Now I must say adieu, with love.

MAMIE LITTLETON W.

I shall be glad to hear about your roses.

WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little boy six years old, and I enjoy hearing papa and mamma read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, especially the letters from the little folks. I have a large dog named Spot, which is very gentle and affectionate with people and children, but a very great fighter of other dogs; then, too, I have a pretty little English pug named Gyp, six fan-tail pigeons, some of them white, and some black and white, two rabbits, and a trained goat that will draw me all over the lawn in a little gig that papa had made for me, with harness and all, the same as used for horses. Papa has two cows and a little calf, three peacocks, and several horses. We have a pretty pond in our grounds, over which is a rustic bridge, covered with vines in the summer. My papa bought me a small row-boat to use on the pond; but it is rather narrow, and one Fourth of July he thought he would try it, but it tipped, and he fell overboard, and got very wet, and will not try it again. Lovely bluebirds and a few robins were here by March 23; they ate crumbs from our piazzas.

JAMIE L. T.

I go to school, take music lessons, and did go to dancing school. I am a little Irish girl, and have crossed the Atlantic Ocean five times, and twice by myself. This is the third year my brother and I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE, and we just dearly love it, and so does mamma. She

thinks "The Ice Queen" is lovely, and so do I. I can hardly wait from one week to the other.

THEO. Y.

Where does this little voyager live? She forgot to tell me.

Thanks to Mary A. B., Beth De W. (a kiss for your pleasant words), Freddie U., C. B. A., Jessie H., Phena C., Bessie H., Willie K., Jane B., Edward V. S., Junior B's., Winifred M., Emma P. H., Constance, Halsey R. W., Charles E. E., Maude C. E., Bessy W., Belle T., Clara F. R., Grace W. C., Persis M. B., Lizzie McD., Lula A. F., and Birdie L.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—First is in light, but not in dark.
Second is in garden and also in park.
Third is in May, but not in June.
Fourth is in beat, but not in tune.
Fifth is in tree, but not in vine.
Sixth is in bottle and also in wine.
Seventh is in quiet, but not in noise.
Eighth is in drum, but not in toys.
Ninth is in rain, but not in dry.
Tenth is in gain, but not in try.
Whole is an ornament which hangs very high.

BERTHA M.

2.—First is in boy, but not in girl.
Second is in cat, but not in squirrel.
Third is in lesson, but not in book.
Fourth is in line, but not in hook.
Fifth is in rabbit, but not in fox.
Sixth is in tray, but not in box.
Seventh is in cloak, but not in sack.
Eighth is in shoulder, but not in back.
My whole is a game we often play
In holidays when the boys are gay.

G. U. SWAINE.

No. 2.

BEEHEADINGS.

1. I am what a duty is sometimes considered—behead me, and I plead for what I want. 2. I am a place of captivity—behead me, and I am a period of time. 3. I am to criticize—behead me, and I am a household utensil. 4. I am a covering—behead me, and I am a preposition. 5. I am a shelter—behead me, and I am a piece of furniture. 6. I am a hard, brittle substance—behead me, and I am a young lady.

L. A. G.

No. 3.

DOUBLE BEEHEADINGS.

1. I am a fastening—behead me, and I am a snare; again, and I am a blow. 2. I am to save—behead me, and I am to peel; again, and I am part of the verb to be. 3. I am knowledge—behead me, and I am to destroy life; again, and you may send for the doctor. 4. I am to frown—behead me, and I am a monk's hood; again, and I am a bird. 5. I am an account—behead me, and I am the heart; again, and I am unrefined metal.

MABEL V. (13 years old).

No. 4.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. Fashion. 2. A warm place. 3. Not alive. 4. Extremes.
2.—1. A flower. 2. A scent. 3. A lounge. 4. Periods of time.

SUSIE EVANS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 237.

No. 1.—All's well that ends well. Waste. Well. Dells. Lath. Lane.

No. 2.—

R
S E A
S C A L E
R E A L O N S
A L O U D
E N D
S

No. 3.—

The letter L.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from J. V. Crowley, Nellie Gassaway, Charlie Davis, Bertie Wilson, Navajo, L. C. Johnston, Jesse L. Godine, Laura J. Dominick, Helen W. Gardner, Paul Martens, Anna N., Grasshoppers, Mabel Vida B., Clara D. Finley, Harry A. Kink, Walter W. Waters, Bullfrogs, L. R. Latrobe, W. Oliver Doherty, Edward L. Morris, Charles Harris, Alice J. Benson, Carrie Germaud, C. P. Sutton, Bertha M., G. U. Swaine, May Squier, Philip Cohen, M. Pitcher, Eureka, Brownie C. Robin Dyke, H. M. Gulager, Charles Fitz, Charles M. Bradley, E. M. Jenks, Julia Donovan, Florence Stewart, Carl Brett, Harry R. Pyne, Edith E. Sherman, James E. Underhill, William Lamping, and Laura T.

Digitized by Google
[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"JES' LIKE YOU."

BY M. E. EYTINGE.

A N' dis yere little girl I's tellin' 'bout
 Her War jes' as sweet an' beautisome as you.
 Her har war like de evenin' primrosies;
 Her eyes war like de lockspur flowers—blue.
 An', like you's doin' now, she used to sit
 For hours an' hours on ole brack Zeno's knee,
 A-list'nin' to de stories dat I tole,
 As good as any lubly chile could be.
 But dat war nigh on twenty year ago,
 An' lots of things is changed roun' in dis worl'
 Since den. An' you's de darlin' little girl,
 My honey, of dat oder little girl.

SILHOUETTE SKETCHES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

ANY number of players from six to thirty can join in this game. It can be played in the simplest manner, or, with a little previous practice, can be made to entertain a large audience.

A large sheet is stretched across the middle of any room, or between two parlors which are connected with a wide opening. It is then dampened on each side with a sponge, and the lower corners are pinned to the carpet or drawn tightly with tacks to take out the wrinkles, if any exist.

The players are equally divided, and seated in chairs placed against the back walls of each room. On the floor, in the centre of the room, two feet from the back wall, in front of each row of chairs a powerful kerosene lamp is placed. The chair which would be behind the lamp is taken away, and the space is occupied by the leader, who is provided with a board to be held over the lamp while the other side is playing. If the company is large and the rooms deep, several rows of chairs can be occupied on each side of

the sheet, but the players must always sit behind the point where the light is placed.

Each room should have a table at one corner, upon which are scissors, needles, thread, pins, several hats, caps, and bonnets, with plenty of large sheets of paper, and half a pound of putty. The head-dresses referred to may be of quaint shapes if such can be procured, but every-day styles will do as well. It is very easy to alter the shape by fastening sheets of bent paper upon them; these additions will effect an entire change in the appearance, and do not show in the shadows.

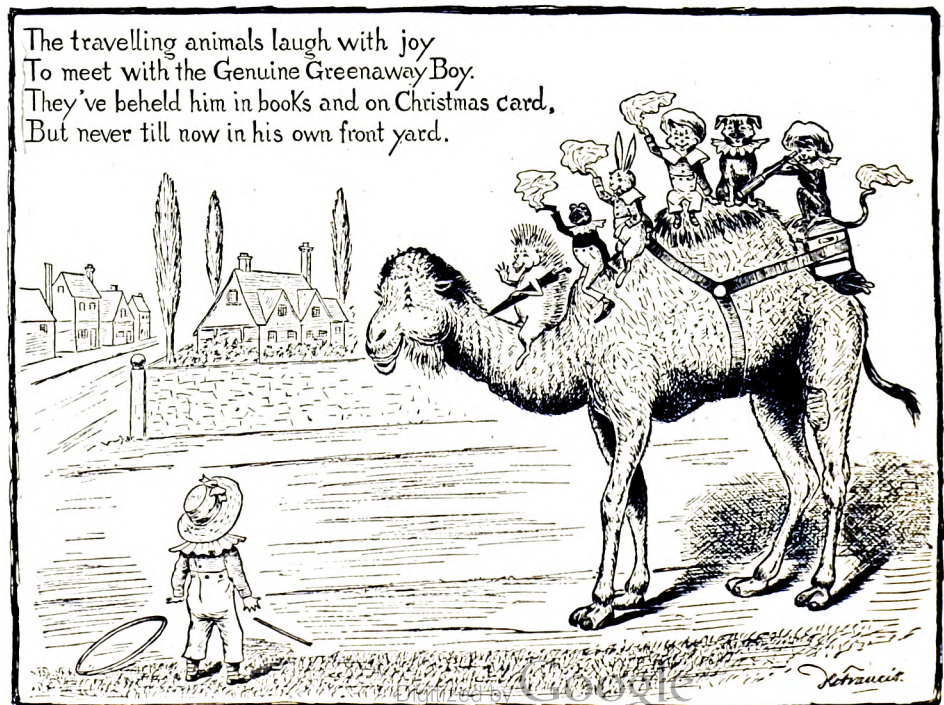
Each side first prepares a frame by cutting an oval space in a square sheet of paper, the opening being thirty inches in height and twenty-four in width at the extremes. It is very easy to cut this evenly by doubling the sheet lengthwise and then across, and when finished each frame is pinned on the cloth sheet in the middle, so that the bottom of the frame is forty inches above the floor, the space between the floor and the frame being filled by sheets of brown paper the width of the frame.

The leader of one side then begins the game by motioning one of his players to form the first sketch by taking his position opposite the frame. When ready, he calls out, "Darken," and the leader of side No. 2 places a board in front of his lamp, and a framed portrait distinctly appears upon the sheet. All the players on the side try to guess the original of the picture. If one wrong guess is called, none of the others count; but if nothing but correct guesses are heard, the leader of side No. 2 requests the one who made the sketch to leave side No. 1 and come over to side No. 2, the leader of which proceeds to show a picture in his turn.

At the end of an hour "Time" is called by either of the leaders, and the side which then has the most players is the victorious one. It is, of course, easy to guess the faces of those who have marked features if in repose, but their owners have the right to alter their expression by "making faces," and are also allowed to change the form of their chins, noses, and lips by means of lumps of putty, to add whiskers, etc., of paper, and to put on head-gear of various kinds. Thus it is very hard to tell a lady from a gentleman, or a young person from an old one.

Each player has time enough to thus disguise himself while the others are being shown, and the funniest scenes are constantly taking place, especially when the call to darken, which must instantly be obeyed, puts a stop to the most elaborate toilet preparations.

The simple game above described will assist in playing the more difficult one of Fancy Silhouettes, in which historical or fictitious characters are shown in the frame, to be guessed in the same manner. A description of this latter game will be given in a future number of YOUNG PEOPLE.



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 241.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"BY MAIN FORCE HE WAS MADE TO KNEEL."

INCIDENTS IN INDIAN HISTORY.

BY F. S. DRAKE.

THE first European visitors to the shores of North America met with a most friendly reception from the natives. Powhatan, the Indian Emperor of Virginia, who ruled in savage state over twenty-six Indian nations, on more than one occasion kept the Virginia colonists from

starvation by sending them corn when they were almost famished. To retain his good-will a crown was sent over from England, and the ceremony of coronation was performed upon the Indian monarch. A present from King James of a basin and ewer, a bed, and some clothes was also brought to Jamestown, but Powhatan refused to go there to receive it.

"I also am a King, and gifts should be brought to me,"

said the proud monarch of the Virginia woods. They were accordingly taken to him by the colonists.

The coronation was "a sad trouble," wrote Captain John Smith, but it had its laughable side also, as we shall see. Custom required that the Indian ruler should kneel. Only by bearing their whole weight upon his shoulders could the English upon whom this duty devolved bring the chief from an upright position into one suitable to the occasion. By main force he was made to kneel.

The firing of a pistol as a signal for a volley from the boats in honor of the event startled his copper-colored Majesty. Supposing himself betrayed, Powhatan at once struck a defensive attitude, but was soon re-assured. The absurdity of the whole affair reached its climax when Powhatan gave to the representatives of his royal brother in England his old moccasins, the deer-skin he used as a blanket, and a few bushels of corn in the ear.

On the New England coast the anger of the natives had been aroused by the conduct of visiting sailors, who would persuade them to come on board their ships, and then carry them off and sell them into slavery.

One of these natives named Epanow, "an Indian of goodly stature, strong, and well proportioned," after being exhibited in London as a curiosity, came into the service of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, Governor of Plymouth. This gentleman was much interested in New England, and was about fitting out a ship for a voyage to this country.

The Indian soon found out that gold was the great object of the Englishman's worship, and he was cunning enough to take advantage of the fact. He assured Sir Ferdinand that in a certain place in his own country gold was to be had in abundance. The Englishman believed him, and Epanow sailed in Gorges's vessel to point out the whereabouts of the supposed gold mine.

When the ship entered the harbor many of the natives came on board. Epanow arranged with them a plan of escape, which was successfully carried out the next morning.

At the appointed time twenty canoes full of armed Indians came to within a short distance of the ship. The captain invited them to come on board. Epanow had been clothed in long garments, that he might the more easily be laid hold of in case he attempted to escape, and he was also closely guarded by three of Gorges's kinsmen.

The critical moment arrived. Epanow suddenly freed himself from his guards, and springing over the vessel's side, succeeded in reaching his countrymen in safety, though many shots were fired after him by the English.

In this affair the European was completely outwitted by the ignorant savage. Gorges was bitterly disappointed. Writing of it he says, "And thus were my hopes of that particular voyage made void and frustrate." And thus, we may add, the first gold-hunting expedition to the coast of Maine "ended in smoke"—from the Englishmen's guns.

For many years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth the relations of the English with the Massachusetts Indians were peaceful. Only once was there any attempt to disturb them. To try the mettle of the colonists, Canonicus, the powerful Narragansett chief, sent them by a messenger a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a snake—a challenge to fight. Governor Bradford returned the skin filled with powder and shot, with the message that if they had rather have war than peace they might begin when they pleased, he was ready for them. This prompt defiance impressed the chief. He would not receive the skin, and wisely concluded to keep the peace.

What is known as Philip's War broke out in 1675. Though it lasted but little over a year, it was terribly destructive, and it carried misery to many a hearthstone.

Philip of Pokanoket, the chief of the Wampanoags, had for years been suspected of plotting against the English.

He had resisted all their efforts to convert his people to Christianity, and had told the venerable apostle Eliot himself that he cared no more for the white man's religion than for the buttons on his (Eliot's) coat. On another occasion he refused to make a treaty with the Governor of Massachusetts, sending him this answer:

"Your Governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the King, my brother. When he comes, I am ready."

On the morning of April 10, 1671, the meeting-house on Taunton Green presented a scene of extraordinary interest. Seated on the benches upon one side of the house were Philip and his warriors, and on the other side were the white men. Both parties were equipped for battle. The Indians looked as formidable as possible in their war paint, their hair "trimmed up in comb fashion," with their long bows and quivers of arrows, and here and there a gun in the hands of those best skilled in its use. The English wore the costume of Cromwell, with broad-brimmed hats, cuirasses, long swords, and unwieldy guns. Each party looked at the other with unconcealed hatred.

The result of this conference was that the Indians agreed to give up all their guns, and Philip, upon his part, also promised to send a yearly tribute of five wolves' heads—"If he could get them."

As the Indians had almost forgotten how to use their old weapons, the taking of their fire-arms away was a serious grievance. Other causes of enmity arose, and at last the war begun, which in its course caused the destruction of thirteen towns and hundreds of valuable lives.

Philip was joined by the Nipmucks, as the Indians of the interior were called, and by the Narragansetts, whose stronghold was captured in the winter of 1675-6. Here seven hundred of this hapless tribe perished by fire or the sword. The death of Philip, in August, 1676, ended the war. Many of the Indians fled to the West, and a large number died in slavery in the West Indies. The power of the Indians of Southern New England was broken forever.

Captain Benjamin Church, a prominent actor in this war, was the most celebrated Indian fighter of his day. One of his most remarkable feats was the capture of Annawan, Philip's chief captain. Annawan often said that he would never be taken by the English.

Informed by a captured Indian where Annawan lay, Church, with only one other Englishman and a few friendly Indians, succeeded in gaining the rear of the Indian camp.

The approach to this secluded spot was extremely difficult. It was nearly dark when they reached it, and the Indians were preparing their evening meal. A little apart from the others, and within easy reach of the guns of the party, the chief and his son were reclining on the ground. An old squaw was pounding corn in a mortar, the noise of which prevented the discovery of Church's approach, as he and his companions cautiously lowered themselves from rock to rock. They were preceded by an old Indian and his daughter, whom they had captured, and who, with their baskets at their backs, aided in concealing their approach.

By these skillful tactics Church succeeded in placing himself between the chief and the guns, seeing which, Annawan suddenly started up with the cry, "Howoh!" ("I am taken.") Perceiving that he was surrounded, he made no attempt to escape.

After securing the arms, Church sent his Indian scouts among Annawan's men to tell them that their chief was captured, and that Church with his great army had entrapped them, and would cut them in pieces unless they surrendered. This they accordingly did, and on the promise of kind treatment, gave up all their arms. This well-executed surprise was the closing event of Philip's War.

"LEFT BEHIND,"*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE THEATRICAL ENTERPRISE.

WHEN it became known among that portion of the mercantile world of which Ben and Johnny were members that Mopsey Dowd, the pea-nut merchant of Fulton Ferry, had connected himself with the theatrical enterprise about which so much had been said, the matter put on an entirely different aspect, and it was at once shrewdly guessed that he had put in the greater portion of the working capital.

There no longer seemed to be any doubt as to the success of the enterprise, and Ben, Johnny, and Paul found themselves surrounded by friends and acquaintances who were anxious to become actors. Had they supplied each one who asked with a position, they would have been obliged to give the entertainment without an audience, for all their acquaintances would have been employed in the theatre.

Meanwhile the boys continued their regular business, for they had wisely concluded that it would not do to let the theatrical enterprise interfere with what they knew would provide them a living, until it had been shown to be a success.

Ben and Johnny had forgotten their plan of writing a letter to some of Paul's friends, or of proposing that he should do it, because of the great scheme of the theatre; and if either of them thought of it after it had first been spoken of, it was only as a useless labor, since, as soon as their place of amusement was open, they would all have money enough to go anywhere they wanted to.

Business had been as good as they could have expected. Of course they did not have such a rush as they had been favored with during the first two days that Paul had been in partnership with them, because the news was not of as exciting a nature; but they had done so well that their board had been paid for a week before they had been at Mrs. Green's four days, and they had begun to think of adding to the theatrical fund.

Ben had heard of a small lot of timber which could be purchased for one dollar and a half, and Johnny insisted that each member of the firm should be called upon for an addition of forty cents to his regular investment, which demand was promptly met.

In four days the work on the scenery had advanced so well that Johnny was positive enough papers had been pasted together, and the timber was purchased and carried into the attic at once.

It was no slight work to build the stage to their satisfaction, and the four labored hard two entire evenings before it was completed.

But when it was up, they were fully repaid for all they had done, so thoroughly business-like did it look, and such a theatrical appearance did it give to the attic.

The painting of the scenery was an artistic bit of work, which Johnny was certain he and Nelly, with perhaps some trifling assistance from Paul, could do in such a manner as would delight their patrons and cover themselves with credit. Therefore that portion of the work was left entirely in their hands one evening, while Ben and Mopsey started out to call on Dickey Spry, for the purpose of consulting with him as to how they could procure material with which to build seats for their audience, for Dickey was quite an authority in such matters.

Master Spry was discovered at a feast of herrings and crackers, the banqueting hall being lighted up with one of the candles Ben had bought the first night Paul had slept with them, and which had been left behind when they moved.

Dickey was not a boy who indulged in any useless conversation, and when he saw who his visitors were, he welcomed them by passing to each a herring and a cracker, which was really more eloquent than words.

While he was eating the herring, Ben glanced around his old home in order to see what changes or improvements Dickey had made. The only unfamiliar thing he saw was a large sheet of brown paper tacked up at the end of the hogshead, where the proprietor of the place could see it whichever way he moved.

On this paper was printed the following notice, the letters having evidently been made with a chewed stick, and liquid blacking mixed with a good deal of water:

RUNNED AWAY.

Tim Dooly RUNNED AWAY WITH ALL THE THINGS I HAD ON MY PEANUT STAND IN GERSEY CITE, AN I WILL PAY ENNY FELLER TEN CENTS WHAT WILL TELL ME WHUR HE IS.

D. sPrY.

It is impossible to say what good Master Spry thought could be done by having this notice put up in his own home, where no one would see it but his own friends, who knew all the particulars; but it seemed to afford him a great deal of satisfaction to look at it.

"Hain't heard nothin' 'bout Tim?" asked Ben, after he and Mopsey had spelled the notice out with considerable difficulty, and many misgivings as to whether Jersey should be spelled with a G or a J.

Dickey shook his head, and tried to sigh; but he had such a large piece of herring in his mouth that he did not dare to attempt it.

"I don't expect I ever shall," he said, sadly, as soon as he had swallowed enough of the fish to admit of his speaking plainly. "I've offered to give ten cents, jest as I've got it there, if anybody will tell me where he is; but I don't hear nothin' of him."

Ben and Mopsey sat for a few moments in silence, as if to better express their sympathy, and then the latter asked,

"How's biz, Dick?"

"Well, it ain't so awful good nor it ain't so dreadful bad," was the non-committal reply. "I s'pose I shall git along; but I wish I could git hold of Tim Dooley, an' then I'd be pretty well fixed."

The visitors looked as if they thought it would be very little advantage to Dickey if he should succeed in finding the defaulter, and Dickey said quickly, as if they had spoken their doubts,

"If I can catch him, I'll make him pay me back something, whether he's got it or not."

It was rather a rash assertion; but Dickey spoke so confidently that his visitors thought it best not to argue the question, and Ben concluded that it was about time to proceed with the business for which they had come.

After he had explained just what it was they needed for the completion of their theatre, during which time Dickey sat rubbing his chin and looking very wise, the two waited for Master Spry to give them the benefit of his knowledge.

It was some time before he condescended to speak; but when he did, it was slowly and carefully, to show that his mind was fully made up, and could not be changed.

"I know where there's a lot of boards that I could trade for, an' you could put some blocks under each end of them, an' have the best kind of seats. But, yer see, I've bin thinkin' that you oughter taken me inter company with yer,

* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"HOW'S BIZ, DICK?"

for I can act all round anybody you've got in that crowd. Now I'll git all thar seats yer want, an' carry 'em up there, if you'll let me come in with yer."

It was a sudden proposal, and the two did not know what to say for some moments. It was gratifying to them, because Master Spry was very cautious in making any venture, and that he was anxious to become a partner showed that the public looked with favor upon the scheme. Otherwise Dickey Spry would have been the last boy to propose partnership.

"But each one of us has put in seventy-three cents," said Mopsey, after he had thought the matter over for several moments.

"An' s'posin' I git as many as twenty long boards, an' the blocks to put under 'em, won't that be a good deal more'n that much money?"

Judging from the price they had paid for the timber with which the stage had been built, they knew that Dickey's offer was a good one, and after that young gentleman had gone out in the yard in order to allow them to discuss the matter privately, Mopsey said, as they called him back,

"We're willin' to 'gree to it an' take you in with us; but of course we've got to see what Johnny an' Polly say to it, an' if you'll come over to the house with us, we'll fix the thing right up quick."

By way of reply Dickey jammed his hat more firmly on his head, and extinguished the candle, which actions his visitors understood to mean that he would accompany them.

During the walk Ben was anxious to know where and how Master Spry was going to procure the lumber which he offered for an interest in the concern. But Dickey did not hesitate to say that he would not tell them until after the question as to whether he was to be a partner or not had been settled. If he did, they might take advantage of the information, and then refuse, after all, to admit him into partnership.

This was throwing a doubt upon their honesty; but they did not take offense at it, because Master Spry was suffering from the wickedness of a boy whom he had trusted, and it was hardly more than natural he should be suspicious.

When they arrived at Mrs. Green's, and ascended to the attic which was the scene of so much industry, they found that the amateur artists had made great progress in their work, although it was shown more by the dense coloring that had been put on the newspaper scenery than from any very fine effects.

Johnny had two wide strips of paper, that were to be placed either side of the stage, where the audience would see them as one sees the wings at a more pretentious theatre, completely covered with patches of black and green. He pointed to his work with evident satisfaction, and assumed an injured look when neither one of the new-comers understood that it was a very fine representation of a forest.

Paul and Nelly were industriously engaged in coloring two other wings with alternate stripes of red and blue; but their work was not sufficiently advanced to render it possible to form any idea as to what it was, and they refused to give any information until they had finished it.

After the coloring of the scenery had been admired, and Dickey had examined with a critical eye all that had been done, Ben stated to Johnny and Paul the proposition which Master Spry had made, declaring himself in favor of accepting it.

Of course, after the advantages of this new connection had been explained, the artists were perfectly willing to admit Mr. Spry as a partner, and he was informed of the fact, with the intimation that it was necessary to have the seats there as quickly as possible.

Dickey promised to begin his labor on the following morning. Then, while the others worked on the scenery, he described to them the success he should make as an actor, provided he was given a part which admitted of his carrying a sword and shield.

A GREAT MYSTERY.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

ALL the pupils of the North and South Grammar Schools in Highbury had been looking forward several weeks to the 10th of January. It began with a bright morning, and before nine o'clock several boys had already gathered in front of a small frame building in the middle of the town, and were anxiously awaiting in line the opening of the Young Folks' Post-office. It was the day the prizes for the best-written letters were to be distributed, and each was hoping to receive one.

As the early hours of the forenoon passed, the crowd around the building rapidly increased, and by-and-by the line was composed of both boys and girls, and extended some distance along the street. All were in the best humor, and the fun and merriment of the crowd attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood. The leading topic of conversation was of course the prizes.

"My plans are all made how to spend the money," said one rosy-cheeked girl well up on the line.

"So are mine," declared three or four of her companions at once.

"Kate was lying wide awake half the night thinking of the fixings she intends to buy," put in the brother of one of the girls. "But I reckon the boys will get the prizes this year instead of the girls."

The talk ran on in this vein up and down the line. The pupils who would probably get the prize-money in their letters, Professor Clarke (the originator of the plan and Postmaster-General), and the Post-office were all discussed in turn. The Post-office was something that all the boys and girls had become thoroughly interested in. It served them in their locality in the same way that the United States mail and the several thousand post-offices throughout the country do everybody. They wrote letters to one another about anything they had a mind to, and deposited them in the little office, which was located in the central part of the town. Every other day the letters were distributed in numbered boxes, and the office was kept open two hours to deliver them.

It was an enterprise that had been arranged by the Professor for their amusement, and to encourage the pupils of the two schools to practice letter-writing. A small rent was charged for each box, and ten stamps were sold for a cent. The letters were liable to be opened at any time by the Postmaster-General, and at stated times in particular they were all opened for examination. Then the three who had written the best letters were awarded as prizes an equal division of the money which had been received during four months for the boxes and the stamps. No one knew who would receive the prizes until after the examination.

While the crowd waited, a monkey appeared at one of the office windows, and attracted much attention by his efforts to press out a cracked pane of glass and make his escape. Shortly he succeeded, and sprang out nimbly, amid a shout of laughter. He belonged to the Professor, and was an old acquaintance of everybody present. He had been forgotten by the Professor, and left in the office all night. His appearance served to amuse the crowd, and helped to pass the time, until somebody suddenly shouted that the postmasters were unlocking the office.

The line now began to move along rapidly toward the little window of the office, and the two assistant postmasters were full of business. As fast as the letters were received they were hastily torn open in search of a prize. But the prizes evidently were not among the letters first at hand. One after another walked away from the window disappointed. The excitement increased, however, with those at the rear of the line every moment. Fifty had reached the window and fallen back into the crowd

of lookers-on, then seventy-five, and then a hundred; but still the chances were all in favor of the hundred or more yet to come.

In the course of an hour and a half, when the line had diminished, without any prize being received, to the last dozen or so, the large crowd that had gathered in the region neglected all other interests to see what would happen. Everybody watched quietly but eagerly until the last of these few had reached the window. Then there was a great shout. It was found out that no one had received the prizes; *the three letters containing the money had disappeared.*

The discovery caused considerable confusion. Two boys from each school were selected by the crowd to call on the Professor at once and state the fact to him.

But the Professor could give no explanation of the mystery. The letters had all been carefully sorted and distributed in the boxes the previous evening. He had done it himself. No one except himself knew which letters contained the money, and he could not account for their disappearance. Finally, after thinking the matter over, he commissioned the boys to make an investigation in their own way.

"We'll examine the premises first," suggested Sidney Rogers, the first boy of the four who had been chosen.

"And we must keep everything a secret until we've



found out just where the letters went to," suggested another, Tom Harris.

The other two, Ed Willis and Dan Mitchell, also agreed that not a soul should be allowed to find out what they were doing.

They put off further action until night. During the rest of the day they merely loitered around town separately, not to excite suspicion, and listened to the talk; for all the boys, and girls too, in town were talking about the affair.

After dark the four boys met in an alley at the rear of the Post-office, and then cautiously unlocked a back door and entered. Sidney Rogers had borrowed a dark lantern of a police officer who lived near him, and this he sprung open as soon as they were sure all the shutters were tightly closed.

"Now, then, we've got the place all to ourselves as long as we please, I guess," he said, depositing the lantern on a shelf, and drawing off his coat. "Let's get right to work."

"We ought to see first if there's any trace of burglars," said Tom. "Perhaps the windows show they've been pried open, or maybe we can find something lying around that they left behind them."

The room was not a very large one, with only two windows, and a glance could embrace all its details. There were the empty pigeon-hole boxes with the glass front, as in most post-offices, extending the width of the room, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling. Next an observer might have noticed a small air-tight stove, a rough pine table, and three chairs rather the worse for long use. Another noticeable thing was the Professor's ulster—the Professor was the most forgetful of men—which he had left hanging on a hook in one corner.

"Hark! what was that?" asked Dan, nervously.

They had all started as they heard a loud thump against one of the wooden shutters. In a moment it was repeated.

"It's the wind blowing the limbs of that tree out there against the shutter," Tom suggested, in a low tone.

"Lay low," whispered Sidney, shutting the lantern and crawling under the table. "Somebody's trying the door."

They hid themselves in the dark, and waited breathlessly a minute or two.

The door creaked again, and they listened, not venturing to whisper for several moments. It might be the wind, and it might be somebody cautiously trying the lock. They couldn't decide. The situation becoming rather tedious at length, though, Sidney permitted the lantern to glimmer forth a few rays, and they all stood up.

"What can a burglar be after here, anyhow?" asked Dan, glancing around. "There's nothing to steal, unless he's after the Professor's ulster."

"We ought to take that home to him, I suppose," said Tom, reflecting. "I guess I'll take it along with me."

Tom went ahead, with the coat on his arm, and opened the door. Nothing more formidable than a gust of wind met him, and he sprang out into the darkness, ready to face whoever might be there. "Come on, fellows," he called back to them, walking down the alley.

But those who remained behind suddenly fell on a discovery. As Sidney led the way, with his lantern flashing ahead of him, he and Dan at the same moment caught sight of a letter lying on the ice just outside the door, and on stooping down to pick it up, another also was discovered a foot or two away. They were Post-office letters, duly stamped. One of them was directed to the girl already mentioned with the rosy cheeks, and the other to a pupil who had lately joined the South School—a new boy and a stranger in the town.

"I thought we'd find something sooner or later," said Sidney, in a low tone. "Somebody's been round here fast enough, I guess."

"So I should say," said Ed. "Why didn't we think of it before? Maybe it's that new boy."

"Hide the letters in your pocket," replied Dan. "Be quick. Let's hurry away. Perhaps he's watching us now."

Dan fastened the door, and then the three ran down the alley after Tom. When they had all conferred together a few moments, it was decided to carry the letters immediately to the Professor.

They found him in his cozy study—a place where all the boys were usually glad to be invited. A large Maltese cat was lying stretched out on the hearth asleep, and near at hand on an ottoman sat the Professor's monkey blinking at the fire.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the Professor, leaning back in his chair, after looking at the two letters and meditating some moments. "In the morning I'll send out a request that all the pupils of both schools come together at two o'clock promptly in the large hall of the North School. I shall ask all to bring the letters they received to-day to be counted. I know the number that was in the mail, and I wish to find out how many are lost. I am very glad you found these—one of them especially."

As soon as the boys were out-doors they began to spread the news that the Professor wished everybody on hand at a grand mass-meeting, and although it was vacation week, before noon the next day every pupil in both schools had been notified. At two o'clock the large hall of the North School was packed. Everybody, in spite of the determination of the detectives, had heard about the finding of the two letters, and the expectation was general that something would happen at the meeting which it would be a loss to miss.

When the Professor arrived he took off his ulster, and dropped it carelessly over a chair. Then he began at once to receive the letters and lay them in piles on his table as fast as the pupils brought them up. This business was proceeding rapidly, the pupils going up in turns.

Everybody was looking straight at the Professor, watching him count the letters in his nervous way, when the monkey stealthily made his appearance at the top of the open window, and dropped in without ceremony. He had the habit of coming up the lightning-rod, and getting in now and then wherever he could, as often as he stole a chance to follow the Professor to the building. There was a broad smile and a little stifled laughter, but the Professor allowed him to seat himself in the chair with the ulster undisturbed. Then he curled up his tail as usual, and viewed the crowd of faces looking merrily at him with much composure.

The big round-faced clock in the rear of the hall ticked away about five minutes, during which the monkey quietly watched the Professor at his work, and the crowd watched the monkey. The Professor then happened to feel a draught from the window, and left his seat hastily to close it. Before he got back everybody saw the monkey spring over to the table, seize one of the letters, and bounce back to his chair, where he slipped it into one of the pockets of the ulster. The crowd roared with laughter.

"Jocko, you rascal, what are you up to?" said the Professor, good-humoredly.

Jocko scampered to an extreme corner of the platform, and began to sputter his monkey talk in an excited fashion. But he was by no means so much astonished by the turn of affairs as the Professor was when he thrust his hand after that letter and found the pocket full of letters.

"Why, you rascal of a monkey, it is you who have been at the bottom of this mischief!" he said, turning the pocket wrong side out, and emptying a dozen or more letters on the platform.

The excitement was great, and it was some time before it subsided. When it did, the Professor explained that the night he distributed the letters he had carried them to the Post-office in his overcoat pocket. The monkey was with him, and probably noticed that he took the letters out of the pocket after he hung up the coat. The little animal

was shut up in the office all night with the coat, and he had undoubtedly carried the letters out of several boxes back to the pocket from which he had seen them taken. Among those that he had taken were the three containing the prizes, one of which and another had dropped from the pocket when Tom sprang out of the door the previous night with the coat over his arm. In short, the great mystery was cleared up.

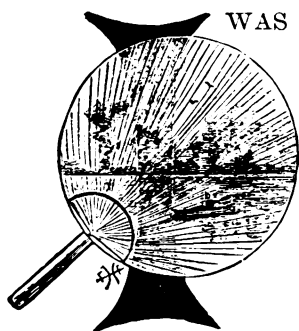
As soon as quiet could be restored, it was announced that the prize letters were for the pretty girl with the rosy cheeks and for Tom and Dan.

The detectives, you may be sure, have always kept very quiet about their suspicions.

OUR LITTLE DUNCE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

III.



WAS so restless that when the girls had all gone up and returned, and there was no sign of Nelly, I ran upstairs and knocked at Miss Blakeman's door.

Her sad voice bade me enter.

"Well," I was beginning, when she burst forth with: "Oh, Jessie, perhaps we have done that poor child wrong by telling her so con-

stantly she was stupid. That may be her excuse now for what she has done."

"Oh, Miss Blakeman," I pleaded, "*what*—what is it?"

"Just this," said the old lady, sadly. "It is clear that she has somewhere possessed herself of the best of all the compositions, and has written one almost precisely like it. Stupid as she is, she is *not* a fool, and could not have done it from sheer idiocy. Oh, I would rather think she had!"

I paused, too bewildered to speak for a moment. *Could* it be my little Nelly's mind had not really grasped the idea of what an original composition meant? Could it be she had done it in fun, and now feared to avow it? But no; I dismissed the first idea, remembering all our days and weeks of study and reading together, and how often I had said that my little wild flower was blooming into something sweeter than any garden rose. And the second idea!—I dismissed that also. She would have been the first to betray herself.

My dear old teacher began to lose patience. "Well?" she said, sharply.

"It is impossible!" I exclaimed. "If the two papers are alike, why credit Nelly with the deceit?"

"I proved that satisfactorily. As each girl came in I made her tell me the story, or scheme, or idea of her composition, and no one failed or faltered but Nelly. I wish you could have heard her mixed-up statements, many of them quite wrong, showing beyond a question that she had been the copyist. The other girl, from whom her ideas were taken, spoke so differently."

"And when you charged Nelly with it?" I said, almost sternly.

"That is another thing," Miss Blakeman hurried to say. "She seemed perfectly confused and frightened to death. She stoutly denied it, and then said she didn't know—perhaps she had gotten it out of a book. Of course at that time she did not know that I knew who the other girl was."

"And can you tell me?" I asked, trying to speak gently.

"Oh yes," said poor Miss Blakeman, "since she will take the prize—Vernona Powers."

"Vernona!" I think all my force of scorn was in the one word I uttered.

"And why not?" said Miss Blakeman, quickly. "Come, Jessie, don't let favoritism get *too* strong a hold upon your judgment."

I felt too sad to say much more, but I listened to Miss Blakeman. She said she had told Nelly that she would for her and her father's sake say nothing of this to any one until after the Christmas holidays; that if she would confess to her fault, and admit her sorrow and penitence, and ask Vernona's forgiveness, she would let it pass and let her begin again.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"The same thing. She had not deceived anybody; she didn't care if Vernona took the prize; she never expected to get it. She had only written the things as they came in her head, chiefly to show you how she was trying to do well. But she couldn't ask Vernona to forgive her for what she had never done."

So I went away with a heavy heart, I assure you. I knew not what to think or feel about it. I went in search of Nelly, and found her on her little bed crying her eyes out, but she would scarcely speak. Only with her arm about my neck she whispered now and then, "Papa won't believe it of me; God won't believe it." And in ten minutes I whispered back, "Nelly, if you will look me in the face and say it is not true that you borrowed one word of the composition from Vernona or any one else, I promise to believe you."

She sat upright quickly in her bed, and looked at me with streaming eyes as I spoke. Then she said, breathlessly: "It is not true—it is not true. Oh, *do* believe me!"

And down went the curly brown head again on the pillow, while I said, honestly and with all my heart, "I believe you, my child, entirely."

And since I did, how could I keep silence with Vernona after the prize festival? I rejoiced that we should so soon go away for the Christmas holidays.

The next day and the next passed in a curious, unreal fashion. None of the girls knew who was the guilty one, and Miss Blakeman decided that they should not. But Nelly's heavy eyes and languid air proclaimed that, unless she was ill, something had gone very wrong with her.

On the afternoon of the 23d she begged to be allowed to go upstairs and lie down, and Miss Blakeman, who treated her with quiet severity, gave the permission.

I remember that day so well! A wild, stormy, snowy afternoon, with gusts of wind that shook the branches of the trees, sending the flakes whirling madly over the lawns and gardens, and making us all so glad of the roaring wood fires in the great hall and the school-room, where Christmas hangings were keeping forty girls busy, every one full of joyous excitement and good cheer. I wondered, as I was tying up some boughs, whether Nelly was lying down in a cold room; and giving my work into Fanny Joyce's hands, I started to go and look for her. Just as I was about leaving I heard a group of the girls talking of Nelly, one and all of whom seemed to have decided that she was the culprit.

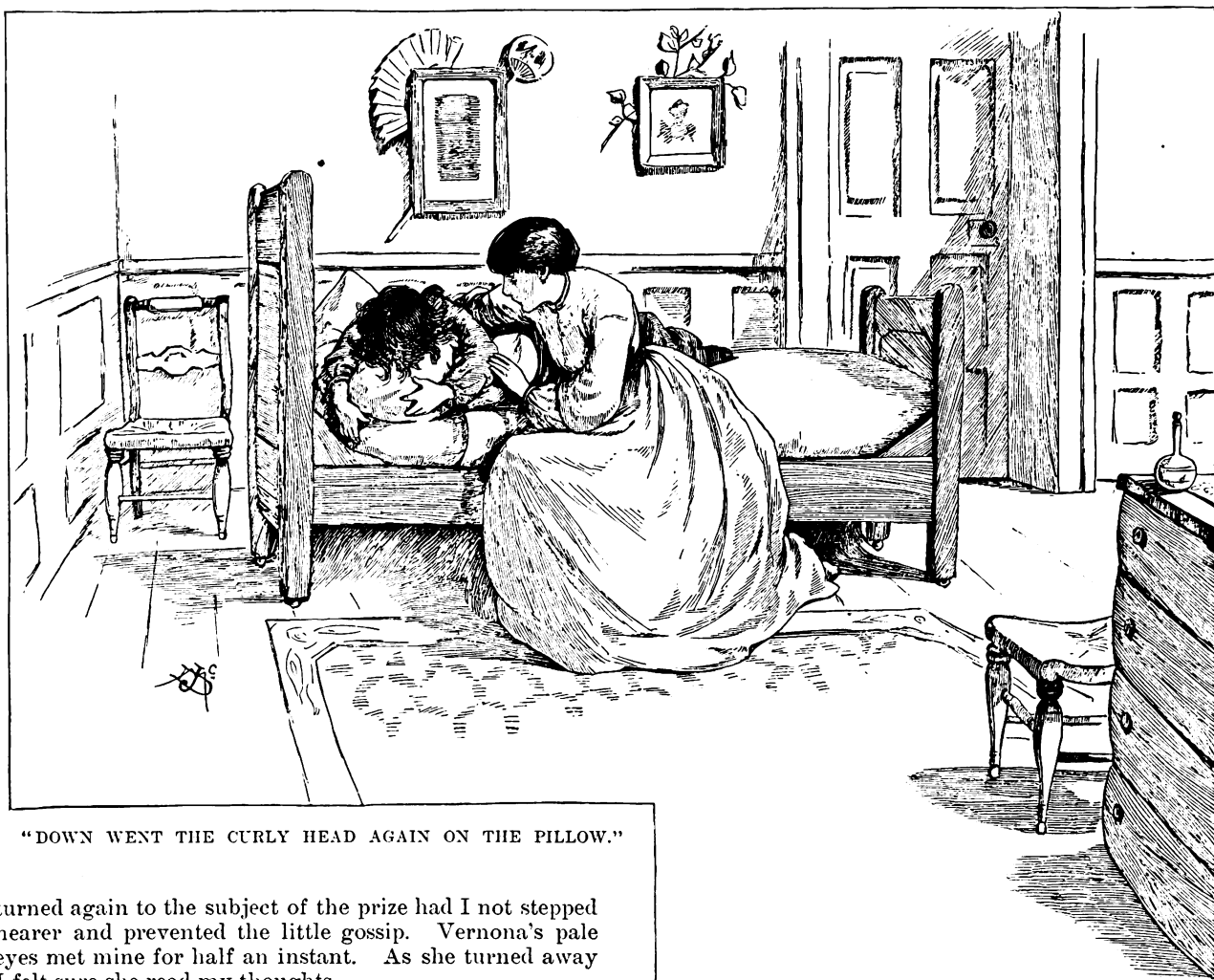
"You never would have thought she would be *mean*, would you?" said Clara Lyons, a good-humored, placid girl whom Nelly liked. "She was always so straightforward!"

"But Vernona knows all about it," Jenny Bateman put in. "She told me she could tell a very nice story if she liked; and do you know, girls, I think she is to have the prize?"

"No!"

"Oh, but *yes*, I do, and it's a perfectly lovely set of the British poets in a case. I'm not *always* behind the age."

The girls clustered about Jenny, and were pressing her to tell what she knew, when Vernona came up, still very fine-ladyish in manner, yet a trifle pale, and perhaps excited. Every one was silent, but all regarded her with an air of increased admiration, and Jenny would have re-



"DOWN WENT THE CURLY HEAD AGAIN ON THE PILLOW."

turned again to the subject of the prize had I not stepped nearer and prevented the little gossip. Vernona's pale eyes met mine for half an instant. As she turned away I felt sure she read my thoughts.

I hurried to Nelly, whom I found very chilled and worn out on her bed, and covering her up carefully, I went into my own room to get some camphor for her head.

In looking for the bottle I had to move out a chest of drawers and open a little cupboard behind them which for months I had not used. As I did so I saw what seemed to be a copy-book tumble down from a shelf, and taking it out I recognized it as one of the first poor Nelly had used; but it was only a blotter, the sheets of which were stained by impressions of her round, childish handwriting.

I took it up along with my bottle, and thinking nothing of it, went back to Nelly's room.

She saw it at once, and said, in a tired voice, "Oh, that's my old blotter!" and, so saying, began to cry.

"Why, Nelly," I exclaimed, "what is it, dear?"

"It's making me think of that horrid composition," she said, brokenly. "I used to write bits of it and hide it in my desk when I was trying to make it go straight. I had all the ideas, you know, about the birds and flowers and the sunshine in my head, but it was so hard to get them straight."

I was silent, in a bewildered way, as she continued: "Do you remember the night last summer Vernona chased me upstairs? The girls had teased me; they were talking, and I thought no one would notice my going on with my writing. I ran into your room, and threw the blotter into your little cupboard, and the next day you had that big chest moved against it, and I never thought of it, but got a new one, if you remember."

"Nelly," I said, feeling my heart begin to beat, "when was that? Can you remember?"

"Last June," said Nelly's tired little voice; "just before that time you laughed at me for asking about Queen Emma's father. I was trying to remember a queer story my father had told me about him. It came in well."

"You are sure of this, dear?" I said, gently.

"Oh yes," was the weary answer; "it was last June."

Now you can understand my feelings. *I had heard Vernona boast that she had not begun to write her composition until November.*

"Nelly," I said, after a minute, and wondering if a detective ever felt so startled, "give me the blotter, dear, for just a moment."

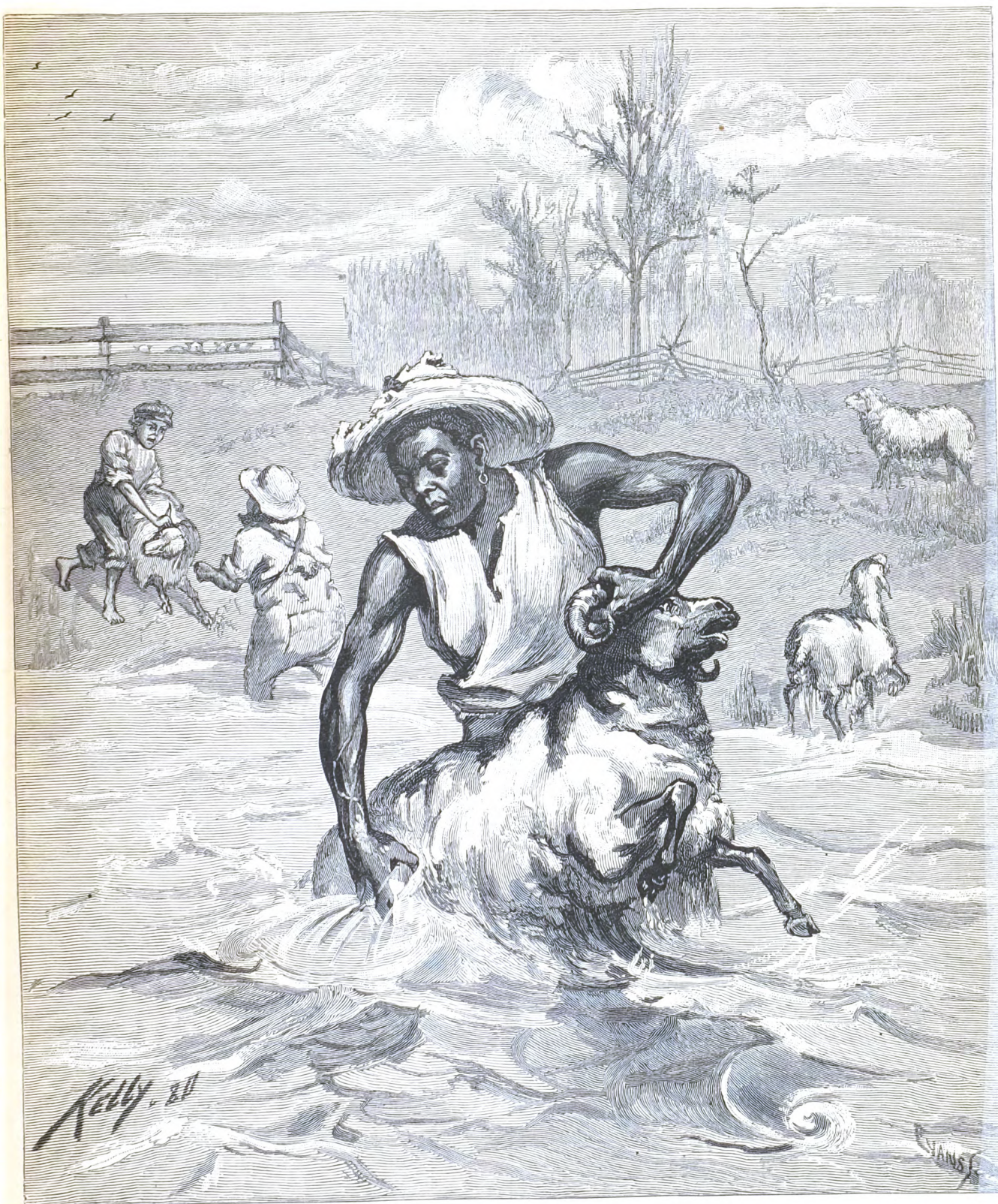
The little feverish hand held it out to me, and fell back in a disheartened way.

I went back into my own room and locked the door. Then I lighted the two candles at each side of my mirror, and holding the blotter up to the glass, looked carefully at page after page. Girls, tears rushed to my eyes. That little forgotten book was the silent testimony to my Nelly's truth.

There were the paragraphs carefully blotted, interlined, altered, misspelled, just as Nelly had labored over them; but her ideas were all there—all her own—and this had been last June!

I flew down-stairs, clasping my mute witness, and in a few moments was closeted with Miss Blakeman. Then I went upstairs, and rousing Nelly, helped her down to the old lady's parlor, whispering some words of good cheer to her on the way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ABE WASHING THE BIG RAM.

WASHING THE SHEEP.

BY JOEL BENTON.

YEARS ago, when I was a boy, one of the most interesting events on the old farm was the annual sheep-washing. It came either late in May or else quite early in June, according to the weather and various other circumstances.

If the wool on the sheep, for instance, was not getting injured in any way, and if there was no especial reason why it should be hurried into market, there might be a delay. After the washing, the shearing, of course, soon followed, for if there was too long an interval between these two processes there might possibly be a necessity for repeating the first.

There is more than one way of washing sheep. When there is no stream or ford near by, farmers are sometimes compelled to drive their flocks a great distance. Sometimes a small spring or rivulet can be diverted into a wooden vat, and into this small receptacle they put their whole flock of sheep, one at a time. It is, however, a very inconvenient way.

On our farm a large stream, one of the most important tributaries to the lower Housatonic, curved in a pretty sweep about the house and barn, and little pens, into which the sheep were driven, were established by the various farmers along its banks.

Let us suppose, now, that it is the first week in June, and that a flock of sheep is to be washed. The flock will no doubt be in a distant pasture, perhaps a mile or more from the place fitted up for the washing. The men and boys—for the boys will not need to be called or urged to this task—will be up early in the morning, hurrying the chores along in order to be ready for this chief event of the day. If it is not the Saturday holiday, there will nevertheless be no school on that day. The boys have read the unwritten law on the subject in their father's face, and do not easily forget their privileges.

The dew is not yet off the grass when the small group of men and boys and the shepherd dog start for the hill lot or mountain pasture in search of the sheep. The boys and the shepherd dog are not long in getting the sheep in a round mass together, and the little lambs too, of which there are many. They all go on down to the open bars, huddling close together, as if none wished to be on the outer and defensive line.

As they reach the dusty highway the flock lengthens out and becomes more ragged in shape, and proceeds faster on its way. Then when they approach their destination there is usually a little feeling of rebellion on the part of the sheep against being penned up in the close quarters provided for them. It takes a great deal of persuasion from before, and shouting and command from the rear, to mass them in; but it is all accomplished after a little effort, and the high board or rail fence makes them secure.

You may suppose now a bank on the edge of the stream, or a platform erected against it, from which the sheep go down into the water. It is one man's business to catch the sheep—and this is usually done by the farmer himself—and throw them off into the water. Here a man stands, dressed for a half-day's bath, whose business it is to do the washing. On our farm it was always Abe who did this part of the work. Abe was a sturdy negro, an able farm-hand, and a great favorite with all of us boys.

Abe would catch the sheep, and stepping aside a little out of the way, so that another one could be thrown in, he would proceed to squeeze the sheep's fleece thoroughly all over, with his hands, a handful at a time, holding, in the mean time, the animal by the horns, and keeping its head high so that it should not be strangled or frightened by the water. There was one big ram that used to make Abe a great deal of trouble. There was always a struggle between the two, but it usually ended in Abe's getting him by the horns and holding him fast until his wool was well washed, and he looked to be quite a model of cleanliness.

The sheep doesn't enjoy the performance in the least, and keeps up a continual sighing and groaning over what he thinks an outrage. But when you see the dirty water which floats away while the process of washing a single sheep is going on, you can easily understand that the farmer finds his difficult task not by any means unnecessary.

Usually three or four men, at least, are in the water at once, each with a sheep, and when one is finished it is led carefully to the bank. But the wool is now heavy with water, and the animal finds it much more difficult to move than before, when its coat was dry. The washer assists it

to gain its feet, and when it does so he proceeds to take another, which is thrown to him.

The lambs, which are all left by themselves in another inclosure when the sheep are penned for their bath, keep up an incessant wail of sorrow, to which the sheep, both the washed and the unwashed, as plaintively respond. You can know a long distance off that this annual event is being celebrated from these piteous calls and replies.

The men, if the sheep only knew it, have a hard time too. They can not go in the water just once and then step out, but they must be in it waist deep for several hours together. It sometimes happens, too, that the water is far from warm at this season of the year, although the day itself may be.

To catch a sheep which is thrown to you in the water is not difficult, as I have said; but if you do not arrive on the spot in time, and the sheep is quite determined, it sometimes pushes through the water and gives the washer a lively chase, not infrequently escaping to the land.

The boys enjoy this and the subsequent rescue, and there is, in fact, nothing about the whole performance that they do not enjoy. Sometimes they are permitted to go into the water with a small sheep, or two boys go with one sheep, and assist at the washing. A very small boy is allowed, perhaps, to wade in a moderate distance with a lamb, and so imitate, much more to his own satisfaction than to the lamb's, the more serious work of the men.

Toward night, when the last of the flock get together, the noise and excitement among the sheep grow less, and gradually die out. They have got used to the situation. Presently sheep and lambs are all collected, the men exchange their wet suits for dry ones, and the return to the pasture is made. The march back is not as triumphant as the one of the morning, but the boys go along, and find amusement in it.

THE STRANGER'S KISS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE pines stood solemn, straight, and tall
On either side the way.
I had not seen a child at all
That long and lonesome day.

But when the fading afternoon
Was near the sunset's bar,
A little girl, as gay as June,
Came tripping in the car.

I looked at her, she looked at me;
I moved to give her place;
And as we chatted merrily,
The smiles lit up her face.

The dress she wore was plain and old,
Her little hands were bare,
But, ah! the brightness of the gold
Upon her curling hair!

And sweet it sounded in my ear—
As sweet as any song—
When, asking what she did, the dear
Replied, "I help along."

"B——!" cried the sharp conductor's tone;
Her journey quickly ends.
In that short hour we had grown
To feel like loving friends.

"Good-by," she said, my nut-brown maid;
Then—only think of this!—
Both arms around my neck she laid,
And gave a loving kiss.

And onward through the pines I went,
Nor cared how darkness fell,
For in my heart a new content
Came in with happy spell.

Dear stranger child, your words were true,
And sweeter than a song;
God's lovely work in life for you
Is just to "help along."

MR. THOMPSON AND THE SQUIRRELS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON had been out gunning all day; not that he was fond of gunning, but everybody else went gunning; so in order to be in the fashion Mr. Thompson purchased a shot-gun, some powder and shot, and a pipe. Mr. Thompson never smoked, but he had read of hunters smoking their pipes; so he bought a pipe as a part of his outfit.

After he had tramped around through the woods all the morning, and had not seen a living thing to shoot at, he became tired, and sat down under a tree to rest and eat his sandwiches, and, as he had read it was the proper thing for a hunter to do, to smoke his pipe. He sat at the foot of a large hickory-tree, and as he puffed slowly and painfully at the pipe he began to consider that hunting was not so much fun after all. His legs were tired, his hands were scratched by the brambles, and there was a big blister on his shoulder where he had been carrying his gun.

"I don't believe that there are any squirrels in these woods, anyhow," he muttered, in disgust. A titter in the tree above him attracted his attention, and he stopped to listen.

"He don't believe there are any squirrels! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tee, he, he, he!"

"How that smoke smells! Phew! it's worse than gunpowder," came from the tree.

"I don't see how men can smoke the nasty stuff," chattered the second voice.

"Nor I. Let's drop a nut on his pipe, and put it out."

Then followed another titter, and plump down came a big walnut on the bowl of the pipe; the stem slipped from Mr. Thompson's nerveless lips, and the pipe fell on the ground beside him.

"Good!" exclaimed both voices in unison.

Mr. Thompson looked up. There, on a branch just above his head, sat two squirrels gazing down upon him with great satisfaction.

"We put your old pipe out," cried the larger one, in great glee.

"Come up here," added the second voice, invitingly.

Mr. Thompson looked up the tree, fifteen feet smooth and solid, without a limb or knot to afford a foot-hold. "I can't come up," he replied.

"Come on! come on! why not?" shouted the two squirrels in chorus. "Just stick your claws into the rough bark, and come on."

Mr. Thompson shook his head sadly, and looked down at his hands. He gave an involuntary start. His hands had grown smaller; *he* had grown smaller, and in place of his carefully kept white fingers and his rather small feet, of which he was very proud, were four hairy paws just like a squirrel's; his gray corduroy shooting-coat had changed into gray fur, and he was conscious of a long bushy tail which swept over his back. He shook himself for a moment to realize that the change was true; then sprang to his feet, and scampered lightly up the side of the tree.

"We told you you could come up all right," exclaimed the larger squirrel, as Mr. Thompson gained the limb.

"You look quite like a respectable squirrel," said the other.

"I say," interrupted the first, "what do you want to shoot us for? We never do you any harm, but you men are always after us."

Mr. Thompson looked very sheepish for a few minutes; finally he muttered something to the effect that he did not shoot any.

"I know," answered the squirrel, cheerfully, "you never shoot, because, in the first place, you are so much interested in what is going on on the ground that you never think to look up in the trees; then, if somebody points us

out to you, you do as you did the other day, and stop to see what we are going to do;" and the squirrel laughed again.

"Well, you see," explained Mr. Thompson, volubly, "I don't care for gunning, but I am interested in the habits of animals, and I try to study them at every opportunity."

"Interested, eh? Well, then, I think I can show you a thing or two. Come on," said the larger squirrel.

He jumped from branch to branch, Mr. Thompson following. At last they reached a tall tree, nearly at the top of which was what appeared to be a great bunch of dry leaves lodged in a crotch. But when Mr. Thompson came close to it he discovered that it was made of twigs, curiously twined together, and made into a sort of a nest.

"This," said the squirrel, "is my summer residence. You see it is strongly enough built to withstand the lighter storms of summer; then the foliage on the trees protects it as well."

"How do you get in?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Here is the doorway, on the southeast side.

"Why on the southeast side?"

The squirrel laughed, then answered: "You know we squirrels are very fond of sunshine, and we even go so far as to always build the doors of our houses toward the south, unless some obstacle prevents. Won't you come in?" he continued, politely.

Mr. Thompson entered. He was in a circular room about as large as a boy's head. It was lined with an abundance of dry leaves, and really seemed very cozy. He only remained a moment, however, for his guide asked him to go and see his winter-quarters.

They jumped from tree to tree until they at last came to a magnificent old oak. The squirrel scampered up, and Mr. Thompson followed close behind. Suddenly he paused. On the under side of one of the great branches was a knot-hole. The squirrel entered, and Mr. Thompson followed. They were in the hollow of the old tree. Up at one end, above the knot-hole, the hollow grew smaller, and the squirrel had used this space for storing his winter provisions of nuts and corn. At the other end, where the hollow grew larger, was a bed of dry leaves and moss.

After having admired the winter residence they started to return to the tree where they had first met. When they reached the branch they sat down to rest.

"Do you keep all your winter stores in that tree?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Oh no," answered the squirrel; "they are hid all over the grove. In fact— But look at the leaves where your pipe fell!"

Mr. Thompson looked. Sure enough, the dry leaves had taken fire, and a tiny tongue of flame was lapping its way toward where Mr. Thompson's game bag lay. A thought flashed across his mind. "My powder is in that game bag!" he exclaimed.

"Jump for it," replied the squirrel. "Just spring from the branch, and guide yourself with your tail."

Mr. Thompson sprang, but he did not seem to get the knack of guiding himself with his tail, for over and over he tumbled until he reached the ground, just in time to hear a terrible explosion. He lay for a moment stunned, then sprang to his feet and rubbed his eyes. There lay his game bag torn to rags. About twenty feet off was his shot-pouch. The two barrels of his gun had burst, and his whole outfit, in fact, was ruined.

He gazed sadly at the wreck. Then for the first time he realized that he was burned. He looked at himself. His coat was half burned off, and his hand was full of specks of powder from the explosion.

He picked up the scattered relics of his hunting expedition, and trudged wearily toward home. Arrived there, he tried to sneak in the back way; but it was no use: the family saw him, and he was straightway overwhelmed with questions.

"You see, I went up in a tree to talk with a squirrel, and while I was gone—" said Mr. Thompson.

"Up in a tree!" "To talk with a squirrel!" chorussed the boarders.

"Yes," replied Mr. Thompson, snappishly. "Don't you suppose I know? Don't I *look* as if I knew?" And, with a rueful glance at his ruined equipments, he trudged crossly off to his room, and has ever since refused to speak of the matter.

OUR BOY SOLDIERS.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

FEW prettier sights are ever seen than the exhibition which was given on the afternoon of May 19 at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory in New York city by the pupils of the Columbia Institute.

This is one of the most popular schools for boys in our city. Its object is to give a sound commercial education to young men and boys about to engage in business, and to prepare candidates for entrance in any college, or for the United States Naval and Military Academies. To the studies necessary to achieve this end its Principal, Professor Edwin Fowler, and his associates have done wisely in adding a knowledge of military tactics.

It was delightful to see these sturdy boys in spotless uniforms going through the tactics of the drill manual. The entire corps consists of about fifty students, of whom forty-one are privates, under the command of four sergeants, Masters B. Schmidt, O. Hebert, G. Beckwith, and E. Spencer, and five commissioned officers, Major O. L. Rogers, Captains Keasbey and Alexander, and Lieutenants L. Schmidt and Whyland.

The entertainment opened with the ceremony of "guard-mounting." The battalion, consisting of two companies, A and B, was then formed. A pair of marking flags, silk, gold-fringed, and handsomely mounted, bearing the monogram of the Columbia College Cadets, was presented to the corps by Mrs. Fowler, the wife of the Principal. This was acknowledged in a short speech from O. L. Rogers, Major of the corps, and the evolutions commenced.

One of the leading features of the entertainment was a special competition drill by Masters Romaine, Sanford, Woodward, Wells, E. and G. Lichtenstein, Smith, Stone, Smedley, Schneider, and Sills. A handsome breastplate was awarded to C. Woodward. Pretty gold badges were also awarded by the Principal to Masters Sanford and Sills, the latter being an infant hero of seven sum-

mers, whose perfection in soldierly conduct and discipline was truly surprising.

Some of the little soldiers did indeed remind one of the famous army of Lilliput. Many of them were not even grown up enough to have reached the dignity of trousers, but wore the daintier knickerbockers, with black stockings and shining patent-leather slippers. Yet they felt how important their conduct was, and each one knew that not a toe must be off the line or a little nose turned sideways, else the effect of the battalion would be spoiled.

When the word of command was given, each little soldier obeyed instantly and perfectly. "Right about face!" The whole battalion wheeled around like one man. "Present arms!" There was an even line of glistening bayonets in front of an even line of dark blue and glistening white belts and arm straps.

When the review was over, and each young soldier had done his best in rank and file, there was another opportunity for the display of well-trained feet. A dance followed. The glittering uniforms mixed themselves up with dainty muslins and shining silks, and soon military tactics and warlike attitudes were forgotten in favor of whirling polkas and mazy quadrilles.

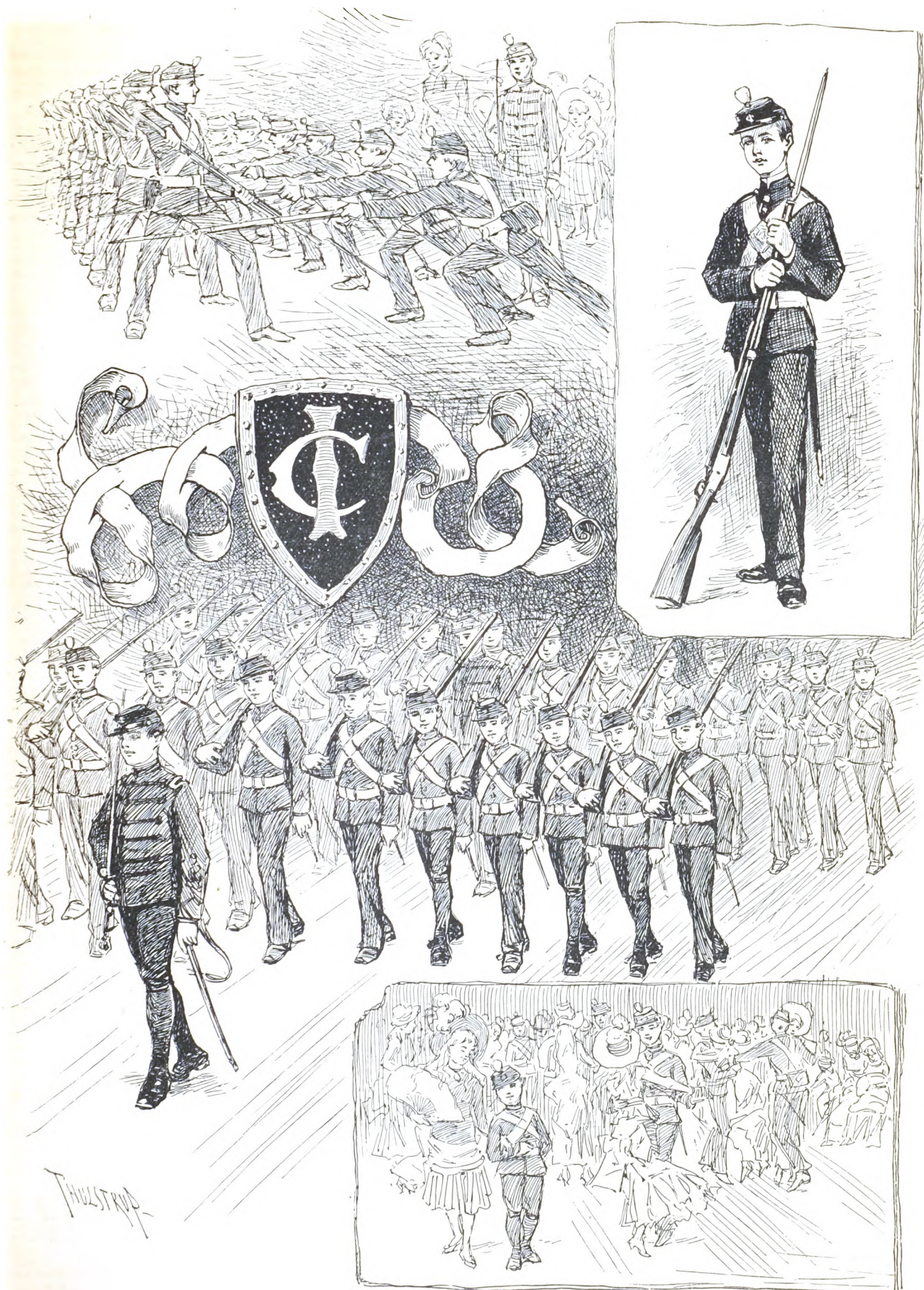


A FANTASY.

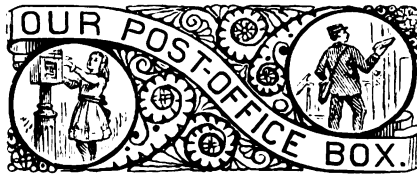
BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

I DREAMED a terrible dream last night,
A dream so real that I shudder to write.

I dreamed that I sailed far, far away
To the home of Art (with a very large "A");
And a country most weird and strange to me
Was the land I sailed to over the sea.
For Japanese fans in all sorts of manners
Hung over that country like so many banners.
They sprang from the ground, they hung from the trees,
In festoons they dropped and swung in the breeze;
From house to house they hung over the doors,
They covered the roofs, the ceilings, and floors.
The people there used them for carpets and mats,
They used them for clothes and used them for hats,
They used them for tables and chairs and beds,
And wore them alike on their feet and their heads.
In the garden the fans were growing in rows;
They ate them and drank them, I really suppose.
When I looked for the sky I was lost in amaze:
Japanese umbrellas alone met my gaze.
Yes, my very brain whirled and grew sick at the sight
Of the strange decorations I saw last night.
And, behold! when I opened my eyes in bed,
Japanese umbrellas hung over my head.



THE COLUMBIA INSTITUTE DRILL.



WELL, my darlings, June is here again, with her lap full of roses and her woods full of songs, and her blue skies like great calm oceans, where the white clouds go sailing to and fro like fairy boats. How I love June! and how I wish we might have sixty days of her beauty instead of only thirty! Here we are now at the tenth, and the sweet, sweet days are slipping away so very fast, much as Amy's waxen beads did the other morning when she happened to break the string.

What was that I heard? It sounded like a laugh. And now that I listen, the laugh grows louder—a perfect laughing chorus. What is it, children? I like to laugh with you. Is vacation coming soon? A few more weeks of hard work, a few more examinations, and then you will have the long summer recess, when there will be no school duties to think of, but instead you may enjoy yourselves in many delightful ways.

You know the Postmistress always counts on a splendid budget of letters from the young people in vacation days. But you must all be diligent in these closing weeks of school. Then toss caps and wave kerchiefs as merrily as you please.

The first thing I have for you is a pleasant and amusing exercise for the parlor or veranda on summer evenings.

THE GAME OF "ANIMALS."

Form two sides in rows facing each other. Place the scorer at the head, with the leaders' names written on a sheet of paper. Suppose the leaders be called George and Minnie. Either one may open the game by mentioning an animal whose name begins with A. Say that George begins with "Ape." After he has spoken the word he must begin to count, moderately fast, from one to twenty; before he reaches the latter number any one on Minnie's side may name another beast, bird, insect, or fish beginning with A, such as "Alligator," and commence counting, interrupted by George's side with "Ant," and so on. The side which can complete the count without interruption wins that letter, and the scorer places it to its credit, and the game continues with the next letter.

Observe never to interrupt your own side. After the alphabet is gone through, the side whose list of letters is longest wins the game.

ELLA D.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Will you please let me send a letter to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE through your Box? I have been reading this morning the story of Jimmy and little blind Katie, in No. 224, and I wish very much to tell about a plan for helping the little blind Kates.

At the school for the blind, South Boston, the plan originated, and its strongest impulse came from the unselfish, loving hearts of the little blind children there. Last summer, in vacation, these children worked, scrubbed floors, tended baby, and sewed patchwork, and in September brought to Mr. Anagnos, the director of the school, eleven dollars and some cents, with the request that it be used to build a Kindergarten home for blind children too young to be admitted to the institution.

"The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed," planted in these childish hearts, it kept on growing. Their teachers were, of course, interested to help, and on Washington's Birthday the girls' school held a fair in their school-rooms to swell their tiny fund. One of the teachers told me that if they could clear seventy-five dollars they should be happy. Judge of their happiness, then, when the proceeds counted up two thousand!

Kind hearts have opened to the needs of the sightless babies, and the building, which will begin next fall, may be considered as in great measure the result of the Christ spirit in these child hearts, leading them, in the shadow of their misfortune, to reach out tiny hands of help to those even more suffering and needy than themselves.

Much of the outside help has come from children, little ones from far away coming to the help of their sightless brothers and sisters, day schools, Sunday-schools, and individual children giving of their small earnings and self-denials to make darkened lives bright.

Are there not among the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE many who will help?

If you will send a two-cent stamp to Mr. M. Anagnos, Director of the Institution for the Blind, South Boston, Massachusetts, for a pamphlet describing the Kindergarten that is to be, and the need for it, you will receive a little illustrated

book well worth reading, and from it you can learn more about the children who have helped, and those who are to be helped.

Very truly your friend,
ONE OF THE OLDER PEOPLE.

The Postmistress has read the pamphlet referred to, and found it very interesting and touching indeed.

NAPA CITY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My pupils take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I read them the stories Friday afternoons. The little girls seem most interested in the Post-office Box, but the boys ask every Friday if there is a "Jimmy Brown story." Last Friday my little fourth-grade pupils wanted something new in their composition work, so I told them they might each write a story of their own, and if they should do very nicely I might send the best ones to the Post-office Box. I know you would have enjoyed the eagerness with which they wrote and read their stories. The class all agreed that the ones written by Gertie C. and Lillie B. were best, and asked me to be sure to send them to the Post-office Box. I inclosed them just as they were handed to me. Can you find space for them, and encourage my dear little pupils? Thanking you for the pleasure we have all taken in your part of the paper, I am very truly yours,
MARY L. T.

Here are the stories. This is Lillie's:

BIRTIE'S WHITE MICE.

Birtie Fields was an only child, and his father was a rich banker. One rainy day Birtie was standing by the window, looking out at the rain, when all at once he heard some one knock. He went to the door, and saw a poor ragged boy standing there. He asked him in, and told him to sit down by the fire, and went and told his mother, and she came down to see what the strange little boy wanted. The little fellow wanted to sell a pair of white mice. Birtie thought they were very pretty, and asked his mother to buy them. His mother bought the white mice, and Birtie named them Jack and Jill. Birtie's father bought a cage for the mice; in the cage a wheel was made, and in the corner a bed was made. When the mice were tame they would come and run on the table and sit on Birtie's shoulders. One day Jack hid, and Jill went poking her nose into every corner to find him; Jack soon came out, and they played together once more.

LILLIE B.

This is Gertie's:

THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

I was born on the island of St. Helena. It is a small island in the Atlantic Ocean that belongs to Africa. It is mostly inhabited by negroes. It is never cold enough to snow, though they have frost. It has many nice fruits. Most of my aunts and uncles and cousins live there. There are not very many horses there, but instead of them there are donkeys. The tide comes up on the shore, and it washes pretty shells up. The cat-fish there are very poisonous, for they have a large bottle of ink, and when you catch one it puts its ink on you. There are many soldiers on the island. The island of St. Helena was once a volcano. When I left the island I was a very little girl, and I had a little brother who was at that time two years old. I left to go to Boston, where I had a little cousin and an aunt and uncle. I did not have a very pleasant trip, because we ran out of food. Once we ran into the sand banks at Nantucket and into the rocks, and the ship was almost broken. I was on the ocean sixty-two days.

GERTIE C.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

When I hear my mamma read the letters in the Post-office Box I feel like writing one too. I can't play much now, because I have to stay in bed a good deal, as one of my hips don't fit quite well. When I do get up for a little time each day I have to go around on crutches; but I have a pretty good time, as the boys let me boss all the jobs, and the little girls often come to tea with me. I have a good strong brother about seven and a half years old, much younger than I—I am nearly nine—and he can do as much work as two boys. He is now erecting a tent over our flowers to keep the sun from hurting them, and the dogs and chickens from eating them and scratching them up. I have a birdie, and his name is Tommie Tucker; and to-day a lost dog came along, and we found him. I gave him all my breakfast, and if he will only keep on being lost I'll give him all my lunch and dinner too. A boy doesn't want much to eat when he has to lie in bed most of the time. I wish, dear Postmistress, you would hurry up and get poor Paul home to his mother; it makes me so sad to think of his sleeping another night in that barrel. I am going to write letters often after that, and I hope some one will answer them.

FRANC JEWETT W.

Write as often as you please, my boy. Don't distress yourself too much about Paul; Mr. Otis will bring him safely through all his adventures.

One day last winter I was taking a stroll in a city where I was a stranger, and I could not find my way back to the hotel. So I looked about, and presently I saw such a handsome little fellow, with dark eyes and hair, and a face like a sunbeam, but, like you, he had something the matter with his hip, and the little man was on crutches. The children and I are always comrades, so I asked him to tell me which street I must take. He very politely offered to be my escort, and we had a charming walk and talk.

"Yes," he said, in reply to a question; "I used to go staving along just like those fellows who are playing ball over there." (It was in a Southern city, where boys played ball in January, that I met my little knight.)

"But," he said, "I don't fret about it. What would be the use? Doctor says I'll be well one of these days, and I have plenty of fun as it is."

I think a brave little laddie who makes the best of things, even when he has to suffer pain, is very noble. I know there are some such among my correspondents, and I want them to feel that I keep a special place for them in my heart.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

When I last wrote to you I was in Florida. I am now here, going to school. My uncle is a professor in the college here. I study history, reading, penmanship, geography, practical and mental arithmetic, spelling, and grammar. We have five studies each day. I am in the fifth grade, and hope soon to be in the sixth and last. Last month I had ninety-two per cent., which was very good, my teacher said, for the first month. The schools are so different from those I have attended. I will have been here just a month to-morrow. I came alone all the way by steamer from Savannah, Georgia, to New York. It was not rough, and I had a splendid journey all the way. It was the first time I ever travelled alone for any distance, and the first time I was ever in the North. I have seen snow but once, and that was in Texas, where we lived before we went to Florida. I was too late to see any snow here, but hope to have plenty of sleighing and skating next winter. The next time I go to New York I am going to see the Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park, and all the sights, and last, but not least, where YOUNG PEOPLE is printed, and call, if I may, on the Postmistress. Are you at home to visitors? I am not the only one who wants to see the Postmistress. I have seen many new things here; for instance, I never saw an apple orchard or blossoms, nor a quarry, before. Though many here never saw an orange grove or blossoms, nor a Florida swamp, and pine and palmetto scrubs. There are some splendid farms around here, and Princeton is a very pretty place, but I like a grove and Florida better. Were you ever there, or here in Princeton?
F. C. S.

I have been in Princeton, dear, and in Florida as well, so I know what sort of exchange you have made. We are always glad to meet the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and should you happen to find me in, I shall be charmed to meet you, for F. C. S. is one of my most faithful correspondents.

WASHINGTON COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

I have known HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, but have not had courage to write before. There has been a tornado in Jamestown, a town about eighteen miles from here. The effects were very serious; there were six people killed, among them two little girls, one fourteen and one seven. Some of the houses are torn to kindling-wood. All that remains of the Baptist church are the two ends. All the churches were injured. One whole street was swept away. Papa, mamma, and my little brother went to Jamestown on Saturday, and heard many particulars. One little colt was taken gently up and placed in another field, quite safe.

MARY D.

CHANDLERLAIN, DAKOTA.

I am a little girl living in the far West, and I see a great many things which when I lived farther East would have seemed very strange to me. Chandlerlain is a picturesque little place on the left bank of the Missouri River, and north of the town is the American Creek, and it empties into the river. West of the river and north of the creek are bluffs, and on the east and south. In the river is American Island, which the town hopes to get for a park. The bank of the river is so high that there is no danger of its ever overflowing. All the land for two hundred miles west of here is an Indian reservation. There is an Indian agency, where there are fifteen hundred and fifty Indians, and every Saturday the government furnishes them with flour, sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and also thirty-five head of cattle, which they kill and divide among themselves. After that, some carry their part home on their backs, some have ox teams, some have pony teams, some pack it on their ponies' backs, and some attach long poles to the ponies' necks, that reach out behind, and they weave pieces of hides across,

and lay their meat on that. It is quite a sight to see them. The Indians come across the river in summer in boats, but in winter they come on the ice, and have buffalo-robbers, furs, moccasins, pipes, and ponies for sale. If an Indian has no team, his squaw carries all his loads (and her pappoose, if she has one) tied on her back, with something tied around the waist to keep them on, while the Indian man goes carrying nothing but his pipe. Don't you think this pretty hard for the squaw? Some, however, are a little more civilized; they are getting more and more so all of the time. Most of the squaws dress in short dresses, with moccasins and leggings, and blankets summer or winter. The Indians dress as nearly like white people as possible, excepting that some wear feathers in their hats, and almost any of them, if they can, will wear beads, tin and brass jewelry, or anything else they can get on that is bright. There are quite a number of them encamped near town.

EDITH N. D.

This is a very good letter. I wish the children to notice that all savage peoples behave like these red men, and make the women do the hardest work and carry the heaviest loads. Among civilized nations, men respect women, and try to make their wives and daughters happy and comfortable. A Christian gentleman never lets a lady suffer a hardship if he can help it.

Edmund dear, remember this, and help sister Bessie with that basket. Set a chair for mamma when she enters the room; open the door for auntie when she leaves it. Never act like the stupid, solemn-faced Indian who lets the squaw carry the loads.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have four little sisters; their names are Lelia, Mary, Leslie, and Fern, but Leslie is dead. We have a temperance society, which meets every other Tuesday; it is called Lookout Band. I went walking, with my teacher, Miss W., and found some flowers. Lelia goes to school every day. I do not, because I have the headache so much. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and I think it the nicest paper that ever was. I like the letters best of all. Lelia is eight years old, and Mary is five. Leslie was two years, and Fern is ten months old to-day. On Christmas I got a book and some perfume, and a doll named Pansy. Ever your friend,

MARIA C.

Did you ever read a beautiful piece of poetry, entitled "We are Seven"? It begins,

"I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said."

Something in your letter, dear, reminds me of the poem.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are twins of thirteen years, five months, and twenty-nine days, and like the paper very much. I suppose you think that it is the best paper in the world; our brother thinks so, but of course he is not a very good judge, as he is only seven years old. (Now my sister is going to write.) Now we will tell you about our pets. We have five—two apiece and one for our little brother; they are two turtles and two owls. I suppose you will think it very funny for us to have such queer pets, but our dear uncle who died brought them home from a far-away country, so we keep them to honor his memory; their names are Toto and Loto. Our little brother's pet is a flying-squirrel that has no name. Good-by, darling Postmistress, with many kisses from your little friends

LENA and LOUISE VAN B.

Certainly I have a very high opinion of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think your brother quite old enough to be an excellent judge, my dear twin girls.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl ten years old, and will be eleven in October. I like Jimmy Brown's stories better than any others. My brother and I take this paper together, and like it very much. My brother is three years older than I am. We have two pets—a cat and her kitten. The kitten is about one month old, and is very cunning. ETHEL D.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, RHODE ISLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for the last two years, and in that time it has come to me in Chicago, in Wisconsin, in Maryland, and now finds me at the sea-shore, where we have a cottage for the summer. My little sister, seven years old, loves to have me read the stories to her. I want to tell you about a wedding she had with her dolls to-day. She asked the bride if she would darn her husband's stockings, and then asked the groom if he would promise never to drink, or swear, or beat his wife. "Then I say you are no more Kate, but Mrs. Starr." We find a great many curious things on the beach. I am always so glad when Tuesday comes and I get my HARPER; I love it very much. I made some butter-scotch after one of the Little Housekeepers'

receipts to-day, and it is very nice. Now good-by.

LISLE T.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have three sisters—Margaret, Anna, and Mabel; and one brother, Willie. We have only two pets—Becky Miller, a very handsome cat, who has had the scarlet fever, and Cherry-Hop, our bird. I go to school, and have been going for six years. I was only five when I began to go, and I am almost eleven now.

A. CAMPBELL.

I am puzzled to know how a cat could have the scarlet fever. Did she take catnip tea to cure it?

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

We are two girls that have written once before, but as our letter was not published, we thought we would try again. We both attend a private school consisting of thirty scholars. Our class studies arithmetic, American literature, history, geography, physiology, elocution, spelling, writing, and drawing. We both like physiology best. Hoping that this will be printed, we will close.

MAUDE A. and CLARA G. M.

JAMESTOWN, TENNESSEE.

We have never written before, but we have been thinking about it a long time. I should like to tell Percy M. that we have a horse named Mollie too, and a dog named Collie; he has what they call a watch eye. We do not go to school, as it is too far away, but we hope the country here will soon be settled, so we can have school. We used to live in Huron County, Michigan. It was so cold there! We would like it a great deal better here if we had a school. We are two little girls, aged nine and eight, and we have three little sisters besides, but no brother. We are going to write to Nellie K. very soon; we can not write very well ourselves yet, so our mamma is writing for us. We think a great many of the little folk would like to have a stroll through the beautiful woods here, and see the big rocks and cliffs and water-falls. If any of them should ever come to Rugby, Tennessee, in the summer, we would be pleased to have them come and see us.

EDNA and MAUDIE C.

BLUEPOINT, NEW YORK.

I am a girl thirteen years old. Our school takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like to read the children's letters very much. I study history, reading, writing, arithmetic, physiology, geography, word analysis, and grammar. There are about fifty scholars in our school. I live a mile from the Great South Bay. In the winter it freezes, and we have jolly times on the ice. In the summer we go bathing and sailing. Last summer I went sailing to Bellport to see a boat-race. A thunder-storm came up, and it blew fearfully. The boat was all heeled over, so that the seas came rolling all over the deck. When we got home we were soaked through. I have an organ, and I take music lessons. Three years ago my mamma went to England to see her mother, brothers, and sisters, and last summer my uncle went.

ALMA P.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Here is another of your little girls. I think you can find a place for me; I don't take up much room, for I am only five years old. I am glad to see that Kittle May D., from Kansas, is well enough to write, for when my papa was out there not long ago she fell off her horse on the lawn. Mamma tells me to say that Kittle has a fine brother Willie whom the Postmistress ought to hear from. Papa has taken me to see Chang, the Chinese Giant; he has a very kind face. I think he must know a great deal. After looking at him, I saw for the first time Punch and Judy fighting over their baby. I have just had a birthday, and these are my presents: three beautiful books; a gossamer for my large doll, the oldest of my children; a set of jewelry for Helen, my German doll; a gold back-comb for May, my French doll; a bottle of fine extract, and a pair of kid gloves, also some pretty cards. As I know how to print only with a lead-pencil, my sister is writing this for me, but I tell her what to say.

AGNES V. P. W.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I have a little brother and a sister. We all go to school. Nearly all of the letters tell about the pets the boys and girls who take YOUNG PEOPLE have. I have two pet pigeons, but the city is a poor place for pets; we expect to go on a farm next spring, and then I shall have lots of pets, as I am very fond of them.

JOHN G. K.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA.

I am a little boy eight years old. I live in an oil town. I wrote you some time ago, but it wasn't printed. I was hugging eggs in our barn last Sunday, and fell from a high scaffold and broke my arm. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one year, and like it very much. I have a little sister five months old, named Nellie, and an older one named Bertha. My mamma is writing for me, as my arm is so sore.

HENRY C. F.

I am very sorry for your misfortune.

Three Cincinnati girls have sent a bright little letter. Their names are Alice, Jo, and Becky. Alice, by-the-bye, is the middle girl, so far as age is concerned, and is the author of the following:

ODE TO MY BIRD.

My little bird, whose name is Bill,
Is a jolly little fellow;
His eyes are just as bright as beads,
His voice is sweet and mellow.
I must confess he wastes his seed,
Makes a fuss when there is no need;
Still he makes up for all the trouble,
And I think repays me double,
By his singing.

Thanks for favors to Mattie S. W., John A. G., A College Girl, Robert H. P., F. Belle T., Allers G., Maud V. P. W., Blanche W. L., William S., Emma McC., Otis L. B., Walter C. P., Dorr H. C., May C. D., Sydney E. W., Eulalie C., Cora M. B., Granville M., Charlie C. C., Carrie C. V. D., S. C. H. Julia A., N. B. P., George E. K., F. Dean R., Lulle M. S., Lizzie M. R., Juddie L., Emmie A. H., May J., Ross K., Anna H. R., Allie M. C., Jessie M., Clara H. W., Bessie W., Rosamond B. B., Jennie L., Minnie L. C., Caryl S., Percy C. J., Cora W., Phoebe B., W. Frank C., Nona L., Mattie H. S., Rubie F., and Mary S.—Emile M., Mayence: Write a letter describing your school more fully. American boys will be interested in it.

The Postmistress is obliged to inform the children that she can not arrange for their private correspondence with each other, excepting as they express their wishes through the columns of the Post-office Box. Indeed, it will be better for you to send your friendly little messages to the Post-office Box itself for publication.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A HALF-SQUARE.

1. An allowance. 2. Fruit of a tree. 3. A sound considered as to pitch. 4. A preposition. 5. A letter from Annapolis.

COLUMBIA.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters, and am something in search of which many brave men have died.
My 6, 2, 8, 7 is a game.
My 8, 9, 4 is to rent.
My 4, 2, 3, 1 is already rent.
My 6, 9, 4 is to fondle.
My 4, 5, 7, 3, 1 is a bribe.
My 4, 5, 9 is an article.
My 6, 2, 8, 9 is a measure.
My 6, 2, 3, 4 is a harbor.
My 4, 7, 6 is a toy.
My 9, 4, 5, 9, 3 is something which soothes pain.
My 6, 9, 3, 4, 5 is a city in Scotland.
My 8, 9, 7 is a boy's name.
My 3, 7, 4 is to decay.

EUREKA.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

My first is in bake, but not in pan.
My second in boy, but not in man.
My third is in row, but not in swim.
My fourth is in toy, but not in tin.
My fifth is in snow, but not in dough.
My whole is a poet who died long ago.

FLORENCE ANDERSON (aged 7½ years).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 238.

No. 1.—Ash, asher. Slip, slipper. Skip, skipper. Bow, bower. Broth, brother. Chest, Chester. Cap, caper. Fay, fair. Ham, hammer. Pea, pear. Paint, painter. Boil, boiler. Eld, elder. Check, checker. Beak, beaker. Flow, flower. Cent, center. Barb, barber. Charge, charger. Sense, censor. Rock, rocker.

No. 2.—Crow.

No. 3.—Richelieu—Raleigh, India, Canary, Henlopen, Etna, Lisbon, Italy, Elba, Ulster.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Cora Zentmire, Eldridge M. N. Remsen, Helen Abendroth, H. W. Gulager, Steele Penn. C. L. Barrett, Jessie P., Beatrice Hoey, Florence Anderson, Arthur Montgomery, May L. Anna M. Green, Nellie Gassaway, R. E. W., Eugene Gardner, Helen S. B., Elizabeth T., Jeanie F., Martin Payson, and M. Pitcher.

The answer to the Anagram, on page 464 of No. 238, is "The Land of the Midnight Sun."

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE CAT'S SOLILOQUY.

AN open cage, some feathers fair,
Two little maidens crying,
And Pussy seated on a chair,
The mournful scene espying.

Tear after tear rolls down each cheek,
Sob after sob arises,
While Puss, as well as she can speak,
Calmly soliloquizes:

"If they would keep a bird in cage,
They should not leave it undone;
For that's the tale in every jail
From Panama to London.

"Their ducks and chicks they pet and feed;
And yet I've often noted,
They eat the very birds, indeed,
To which they're most devoted.

"Then wherefore look so cross and sour?
Why make this sad commotion?
Why should not I a bird devour
For which I've no devotion?"

WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in a city in Scotland on the 15th of August, 1771. His father held an office under the crown.

When he was two years old he had a fever, which caused the lameness from which he never fully recovered. To give him the benefit of country air he was sent to his grandfather's at Sandy Knowe. He spent his time there on pleasant days wandering over the knolls under the charge of an old shepherd. When he grew old enough to ride, he had a little Shetland pony, which he rode at full gallop over the hills. He was very fond of this pony, and would often bring it into the house and feed it sugar.

When he was eight years old the poet Burns said of him, "This lad will be heard of yet."

He attended the High School at Edinburgh, and received the greater part of his education there. He did not stand high in his classes at school, but was a general favorite with all the boys, who were always ready to listen to the wonderful tales he delighted to make up and tell for their benefit.

He enjoyed taking long walks, and his lameness did not prevent him from engaging in active out-door exercise and sports. He was a remarkably sweet-tempered boy. He was fond of fun, and had a great amount of common-sense and self-command.

In 1783 he entered the University of Edinburgh. When he was sixteen he had a severe sickness, caused by the breaking of a blood-vessel. He was not permitted to speak or move for weeks. He spent the time reading, and laid up a store of knowledge which served him well in after-years. He took particular delight in old legends, romances, and Border songs. He also learned Italian and Spanish. Some time later he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He did not like the profession, was not successful in it, and at last gave it up.

He married Margaret Carpenter in 1797.

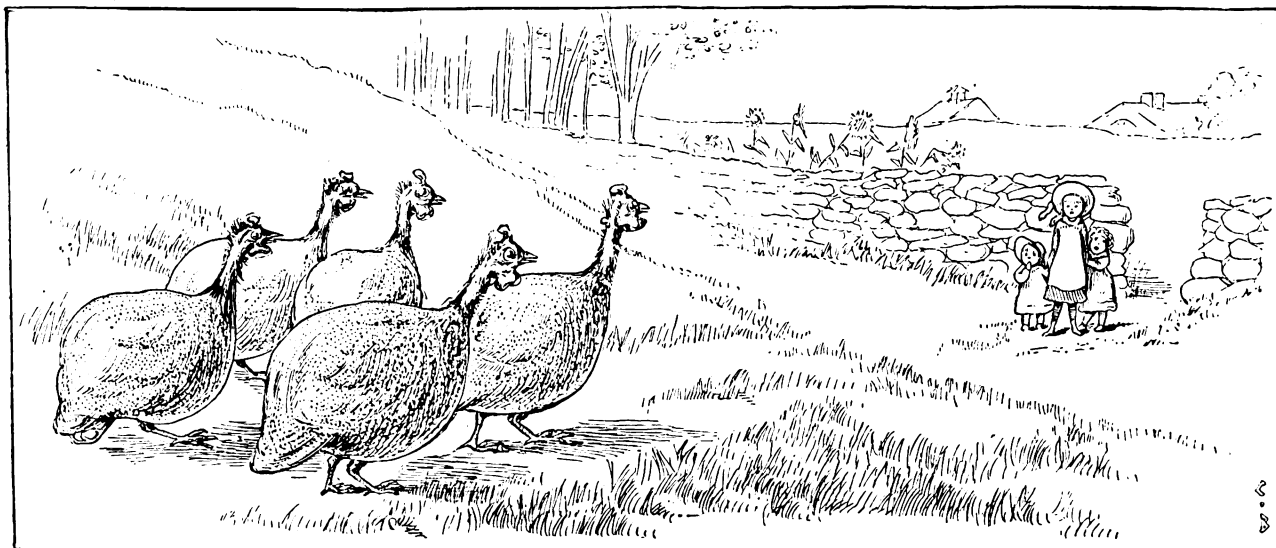
He published his first important work in 1805, when he was thirty-four years old, but had devoted a great part of his time to writing before that. His next book was written to pay off the debts of his brother Thomas. One of his books which attracted a great deal of notice was published in 1814.

He was very fond of company, and often had his house filled with guests. When asked how he could write with so many around, he replied that he usually thought over what he was going to write for an hour or two before he got up in the morning, then found it easy to put it on paper.

He had a remarkable memory, and once repeated a ballad containing eighty-eight stanzas, which he had not heard but once, three years before.

He was created a baronet in 1820 by George IV. In 1826 he met with great financial losses. In order to pay off his debts he turned with renewed energy to his writing, and was in a great degree successful.

In 1830 his health failed, and he was obliged to give up his literary labors. He took a trip south, but did not receive any benefit from it. He soon returned to his home, where he died on the 21st of September, 1832.



"GO BACK!—GO BACK!!—GO BACK!!!"

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 242.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



VITTORIA.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

GREAT melting eyes, and laughing lips
O'er which the soft Italian trips,

Loose clouds of dusky curling hair,
Sweet dimples lurking everywhere,

An olive skin as smooth as silk,
And pearly teeth as white as milk.

Vittoria did you call her name?
Like victory 't sounds, and fame.

On many a proud and saintly page,
By sister fair or abbess sage,

The pretty name is shining now,
A star that gleams from history's brow.

Come, Alice, Edith, Mary, Bce,
And dream of Venice by the sea.

For there this dainty maid was born,
Where white doves circle night and morn,

Where swift gondolas flash and glide
Across the pulsing moon-lit tide.

She does not need our daisied parks
Beneath the shade of old St. Mark's.

Perhaps, you think, she'd like to hear
What fun you've had this very year—

How you have searched for flowers in May,
In summer tossed the new-mown hay,

How you have climbed the mountain crest,
And peered into the eagle's nest.

The little one will listen while
You speak, with flitting blush and smile;

Then she will go and feed her birds,
And coo to them in silver words.

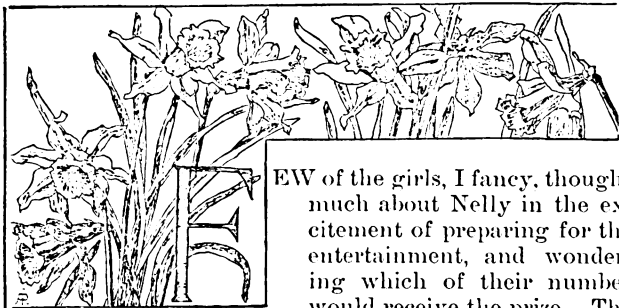
The happy languor of her race
Is in her proud patrician face.

Venetian skies are calmly blue;
Vittoria would not change with you.

OUR LITTLE DUNCE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

I.



EW of the girls, I fancy, thought much about Nelly in the excitement of preparing for the entertainment, and wondering which of their number would receive the prize. The rooms were filled with merry

girlish voices as the toilets for this distinguished occasion were made. You could hear the girls singing scraps of songs, calling to one another across halls, finally rushing in their white cashmere gowns here and there, gathering in eager groups, all full of the excitement of the occasion.

Meanwhile, with great difficulty—for she was so weak—I dressed Nelly in my room, and quietly got her down to Miss Blakeman's apartment, where a nice little supper was waiting for her by the fire. While she ate she looked up now and then, smiling wistfully at me, and once or twice she said some little word, and always a gentle word, about Vernona.

In the glare of the school-room, with the throng of visitors, amid the music and the general excitement, it was hardly remarked that our little "Dunce" slipped in and took her place late.

She had whispered to Miss Blakeman, "As soon as the girl has got her prize can I go upstairs again?"

And then Miss Blakeman had answered, "My dear, I have just heard that your father will be here; if you like, you may go with him into the parlor."

So Nelly took her place, straining her eyes to find her father's great form and jovial, happy face amidst the crowd of guests.

Suddenly I saw their eyes meet. Father and daughter—they were both alike! The same trustful, happy, child-like glance seemed to be exchanged between them, and Captain Darton tried by gestures to show his little daughter there was room at his side for her. But Nelly laughed and shook her head at him, and I smiled too, thinking we should have had hard work if Captain Darton had come to school as well.

At last the music was over, the usual address made, and then Dr. Charles, who had been for some time closeted with Miss Blakeman, stepped forward and said, in his usual elaborate manner:

"The composition which I am about to read to you has taken the prize under extraordinary circumstances. It has many faults of grammar and style, but it is so rich in originality of thought, so full of beauty of language and idea, that we have decided to give it the place of honor."

He took out a little roll of paper, and I furtively glanced at Vernona. She was very pale and still. Nelly, in the seat back of her, leaned forward, and I saw her lightly press a kiss on Vernona's shoulder.

The reading began. We had heard, year after year, a great many compositions on December 23, but never such a one as this. Crude as it was, a soul and heart, a delicate mind and nature, full of poetry and truth and sweetness, spoke in those simple lines. There was no attempt at flights of fancy or rhetoric. What the girl had seen and felt and loved of God's grace and bounty in the green life of His earth, its wintry gust, its quiet meadows just breaking into spring warmth and color—of that, in language that was like a child's and yet was a poet's, she wrote.

I looked at my little Nelly. I saw the strange and dreamy look come into her eyes. I saw also the same eyes fill now and then with a strange, yearning look, as though something of the mystery and beauty and peace of that "far-off country" had come to her. Girls, I am nearly twenty years older than I was that day, but I can feel again the thrill which rushed through me as Dr. Charles closed the paper, and said,

"The prize is awarded to Miss Elinor Price Darton."

I have always been so thankful that the curious solemnity of the hour was broken by the Captain's voice. He jumped up, and in a hearty, vigorous tone cried out,

"Hooray! hooray! 'Hip, hip, hooray!'"

And inspired by this, one and all gave vent to loud applause, in the midst of which some one heard Dr. Charles say, "Where is Nelly Darton?"

There was our little "Dunce"—no longer to be so called—honored above all others in the school and in our hearts. I wish you could have seen the picture.

Nelly came forward, smiling very faintly, and stood at Dr. Charles's side while she received her little gold medal and the beautiful case of books. And from one to another flew comments on the strangeness of it all. How Nelly got down from the platform I can not tell you. A moment later she was by her father's side, showing him her medal, and talking in eager, low tones.

Girls, when Nelly grew to womanhood, and became the writer of stories and poems you have all read, she told me she often wondered *how* she wrote that composition. It seems she had often "thought at" things of the kind, but had no idea of writing them down until the spur was given by hearing of the famous academy prize. Then, little by little, she had worked it out. At last *her* kind of work had been shown her.

And Vernona? You will wonder how it had happened that her composition was put aside.

As soon as Miss Blakeman had been convinced that the original composition was Nelly's, she sent for Vernona, and between much good and loving counsel and some warnings she induced the girl to confess her deceit.

Vernona explained how she had longed to gratify her father, and how, just as she was in despair about her work, she had chanced to find a copy of Nelly's composition, and having sense enough to see its good points, she had taken them, never dreaming that the little "Dunce" *could* have any chance.

Poor Vernona! I believe she suffered months of misery in that one hour, and I will say her remorse was very genuine. It was not all just shame; it was in part honest penitence. She humbly told her story to Nelly, whose tender heart melted at once, and her "Never mind, Vernona; we'll try and forget it," though it brought a fresh flood of tears, had a charm in it which softened the girl's heart more than an hour's rebuke could have done.

It was impossible to resist Nelly's pleading that Vernona's fault should not be made known. What penance Miss Blakeman imposed I never knew, but at all events no one in the school but us four knew of her offense. And with her frank and sorrowful admission of guilt had come a sort of grace which certainly helped her ever afterward. I knew her many years later. Nelly was always her friend, and I can testify to her having led an honored, useful life in which I believe deceit never again took part.

As for Nelly, our little *clever* "Dunce" now, it was not possible to put her on any pedestal except in our affections. Nelly would be Nelly of old in some ways forever, but from that day forward her horizon widened. It became an accepted fact that Nelly never would be great at "ologies," at the piano, at French, or mathematics; but as time went on she grew to be leader in all the literary work of the school—our dramatist, poet laureate, and writer of special addresses; and when she went away into her own home we knew what she was, and what gifts of frank, fearless honor, in deed and word, she would bring to her husband. She had said, "*God would not believe it*," and He had not permitted her disgrace; but if He had, Nelly was one of His children who would have known that the reason as well as the result was in His keeping, and she would patiently have waited for His day.

Girls, you saw Mrs. Darrell yesterday. Did she look as though we had ever called her our little "Dunce"?

THE END.

THE COLONEL'S SNUFF-BOX:

A STORY OF BENGAL.

BY DAVID KER.

"I'M surprised that you should still take snuff, Colonel Pearson, when the practice is so completely out of fashion."

"My dear madam, an old-fashioned custom just suits an old-fashioned fellow; and, besides, I should be ungrateful to give up a habit that once saved my life."

We all looked up, seeing that one of the good stories for which the Colonel was so famous was coming.

"You must really tell us that story, Colonel," said our hostess. "I'm sure it must be a good one."

The Colonel laughed. "I don't know that it's very much of a story, after all; but if you care to have it, here it is for you:

"A good many years ago, not long after I first came out to India, I was sent to do garrison duty in one of the wilder parts of northern Bengal. The place where we were stationed was the most out-of-the-way spot you can imagine. In front, a range of high rocky hills; at the back, far as eye could reach, a great mass of dark green jungle,

thick and close as a bramble hedge. There wasn't a white face within forty miles, except my own, and that, with the sun and the mosquitoes, was not very white either. Altogether I was a kind of Eastern Robinson Crusoe, with an outpost station in place of a desert island, and thirty or forty Man Fridays instead of one.

"You would have thought this was the very last place where one could expect to meet a friend; but I had not been there a week when a man came up through the jungle whom I had not seen since we were at school together in England. So of course I gave him a share of my tent, and made him welcome to stay as long as he liked.

"Now I should tell you that among the presents that I had received on leaving England was a gold snuff-box given me by an old uncle of mine, who had commanded a cruiser in the Eastern seas, and was especially interested in everything East Indian. It was from him that I first learned to take snuff myself, which he said would be better for me than smoking. I valued the box, too, knowing how fond of it the old gentleman was, and what a wrench it must have been for him to part with it.

"One day, after a long march, we had turned in early, being rather tired. My friend was soon asleep, but I, tired though I was, could not get to sleep anyhow. The more I closed my eyes and tried to doze off, the more wide awake I was, and as restless as I could be. At last I could stand it no longer, and determined to try whether a pinch or two of snuff would steady my nerves a bit.

"I had just got out the box, which was under my pillow, when there was a rustle outside the tent, as if somebody had brushed against it in passing. The next moment the loose flap of canvas that hung over the doorway was pushed aside, and in came, not three feet from where I lay, the great yellow head, fiery eyes, and long white teeth of the biggest tiger I had ever seen in my life.

"I think it was one of Napoleon's old Generals who used to say: 'It is only a coward who says he has never been frightened.' I don't mind confessing that I was frightened that time, and very badly frightened, too. The guns were all beyond my reach, and I knew well that the first movement I made would bring the beast upon me.

"Just then a thought struck me. I saw that, after the darkness outside, the glare of the light I had kept burning dazzled Mr. Tiger, who was blinking and winking like a man just aroused from a nap. Before he had time to make a spring I flung all the snuff right in his face.

"You should have heard what a noise he made! It wasn't a roar, or a scream, or a howl, or a sneeze, but all four put together, loud enough to wake up the whole country. Away he went dashing and crashing down the hill, sending the stones and gravel flying like hail, and sneezing and coughing at every jump, fit to blow his head off. And then flash, flash, crack, crack went the rifles and matchlocks of our men below, to whom the chance of shooting a tiger was like a half-holiday to a school-boy. I could hear him still running, however, and thought he had got off; but the next morning we found him lying dead at the edge of the jungle a quarter of a mile away, with three bullets in his body."

There was a pause when the Colonel ended, broken at length by our hostess:

"But really, now, Colonel, aren't you making fun of us? Could a pinch of snuff really drive away one of those terrible tigers?"

"Well," said the Colonel, smiling slyly, "if you don't believe it, ask this gentleman opposite me, who was my tent companion that night."

"Dr. G——!" echoed the whole company, amazed.

"Just so," said the missionary, with a hearty laugh; "and Dr. G—— wished himself anywhere else, I can assure you. But as I was much the fatter man of the two, it's perhaps just as well for me that the Colonel was so handy with his snuff-box."



TASTEFUL EAR-RINGS.

CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY JOSEPH J. CASEY.

VIII.—THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

GRADUALLY every place on the globe will have postage stamps of its own. A little more than forty years ago the idea of postage stamps for the prepayment of postage on letters was laughed at by every one. But the experiment was made in England, and now more than one hundred and fifty distinct governments use postage stamps.

In the Falkland Islands stamps were introduced in 1878. The type is represented in the stamp here given, and differs from those usually made for the colonies of Great Britain. The Falkland Islands belong to Great Britain, and in default of a special symbol for the stamps, the portrait of Queen Victoria is used; that is, the portrait of Victoria when she was much younger than she is now—when, in fact, she was a young lady, and more beautiful than at present.



All philatelists wonder why the English colonies which put the portrait of the Queen on their stamps do not use the portrait as it is to-day. But whether it is to save expense or to flatter their sovereign, only one colony—that of Newfoundland—represents the Queen of England as she is now.

The series in use in the Falkland Islands includes the following values and colors: 1d., claret; 6d., green; 1s., brown.

The Falkland Islands, about 200 in number, are in the South Atlantic, and lie about 250 miles east of the main-

land of South America, between the parallels of 51° and 52° 45'. A glance at any map or geography will fix the location. Only two of these islands are of considerable size. The largest is East Falkland, 95 miles in length, with an average width of 40 miles; and next, West Falkland, 80 miles long, and about 25 miles wide. The area of East Falkland is about 3000 square miles, and that of West Falkland about 2000.

In 1845 Mr. S. Lafone, a wealthy cattle merchant on the River Platte, obtained from the English government a grant of the southern portion of East Falkland, a peninsula 600,000 acres in extent, and possession of all the wild cattle on the island for a period of six years, for a payment of \$50,000 down, and \$100,000 in ten years from the 1st of January, 1852. In 1851 Mr. Lafone's interest in Lafonea, as the peninsula has since been called, was purchased for \$150,000 by a company chartered in London for the purpose of turning the island to more account.

The head-quarters of the Falkland Islands Company are now at Stanley, where their colonial manager resides, while their grazing and boiling-down operations are carried on in different parts of the islands. Stores and workshops have sprung up at Stanley, and now ships can be repaired and provided in every way better and more cheaply there than at any of the South American ports—a matter of much importance, seeing that a greater amount of injury is done annually by severe weather to ships passing near Cape Horn than in any other part of the world.

The Falkland Islands were first seen by Davis in the year 1592. A few years afterward they were visited by a Dutchman, Sebald de Wert, and called the Sebald Islands—a name which they still bear on some of the Dutch maps. Captain Strong sailed through the passage between the two principal islands in 1690, and called it Falkland Sound. From this the group afterward took its English name.

In 1763 the islands were taken possession of by the French, who established a colony on Port Louis; but they were expelled by the Spaniards a few years afterward. In 1761 Commodore Byron, on the part of England, took possession, claiming the right of prior discovery, and his doing so was nearly the cause of a war between England and Spain, both countries having armed fleets to contest the barren sovereignty. Spain yielded her claims. The republic of Buenos Ayres claimed the group in 1820; because the islands had not been actually colonized by England, and formed a settlement at Fort Louis which promised to be fairly successful. But there was a misunderstanding with the Americans, and it was destroyed by them in 1831. Finally the British flag was once more hoisted at Port Louis in 1833, and since that time the Falkland Islands have been a regular British colony under a Governor, and the seat of a colonial bishopric.

In the islands the sky is almost constantly clouded, and rain falls about 250 days in the year. The islands form essentially a part of Patagonia, with which they are connected by a high plateau under the sea.

Two vegetable productions of the Falklands, the "balsam bog" and the "tussock grass," are objects of curiosity and interest. In many places the low grounds look, at a little distance, as if they were scattered over with large gray boulders, three or four to six or eight feet across. These boulder-like masses are single plants. The growth is so slow and the condensation is so great that the block becomes as hard as the boulder which it so much resem-

bles, and it is difficult to cut a shaving from the surface with a sharp knife.

The "tussock grass" is a wonderful and most valuable natural production, which, owing to the introduction of flocks and herds of animals into the islands, will probably ere long become extinct. It is a reed-like grass, which grows in thick tufts, from six to ten feet high, from stool-like root-crowns. The leaves and stems are excellent fodder, and are much liked by cattle; but the lower parts of the stems and the crowns of the roots have a sweet nutty flavor which makes them delightful, and cattle and pigs and almost all other animals crop the tussocks to the ground, when the rain, getting into the crowns, rots the roots.

Several species of wild-geese found in these islands are so fearless that the boys bring them down at will by entangling their wings with a form of the "bolas" made with a pair of the knuckle-bones of an ox.

"LEFT BEHIND; "*"

Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ARTISTS AND PRINTERS.

DICKEY SPRY kept his word so far as having the timber for the seats at the theatre was concerned, for so anxious was he to fulfill his part of the contract that he devoted the next afternoon and evening to the work.

He made arrangements with Mrs. Green whereby he could get into the house during the afternoon, while she was attending to her fruit stand, and by nine o'clock in the evening he had made seats enough to accommodate at least two hundred boys, providing, of course, that they were willing to stow themselves in snugly.

After the work was done there was not a member of the firm but thought they had a valuable addition in the person of Mr. Spry and his timber, and they listened with more attention to his suggestions than they had on the previous evening, when it was possible that he would not carry out his portion of the contract as fully as they desired.

When they stopped work that evening they looked at their theatre with a great deal of pride; for it was now so nearly completed that any one could tell, at a very searching glance, what it was intended for.

The scenery was all in its place, and Nelly had made a quantity of rosettes of different-colored tissue-paper, which were to ornament the rough, unpainted boards.

All that remained to be done was to make the cur-

tain, and hang it so that it could be rolled up and down, and to arrange a place for the candles that were to serve as foot-lights.

What that curtain should be made of had been a vexing question for the partners to settle, and many and serious had been the discussions regarding it.

Ben had insisted that they ought to buy white cloth enough to make a regular curtain; but on considering that proposition carefully they had discovered that it would cost nearly three dollars, and they hardly felt justified in going to so much expense.

Finally it was decided to buy large sheets of stout brown paper, which could be both pasted and sewn together, in order to make sure that they would not be pulled apart by their own weight. They should then be ornamented in some artistic manner by the firm.

By the time this important question was settled it was so late that no more work could be done that night; but before Dickey departed for his hogshead home there was an emphatic demand made upon Mr. Dowd for some particulars as to the play which he had promised to have in readiness for the opening night. It was then Wednesday, and since the first performance was to be given on the following Saturday evening, it did surely seem as if the actors should know what they were to do on that important occasion.

"It will be all right," Mopsey said, so decidedly that they would have been obliged to be satisfied even if he had not added, "Friday night we'll all come here an' practice, an' then I'll tell you all about it."

On the following day business was so good that it was very late before the partners could get to work on their theatrical enterprise. If their profits had not been so large, they would have regretted the delay deeply.

But they worked the faster when they did get the chance, and while the others were interested in putting together the curtain, which bade fair to be a marvel of art, Ben labored industriously in making the tickets.

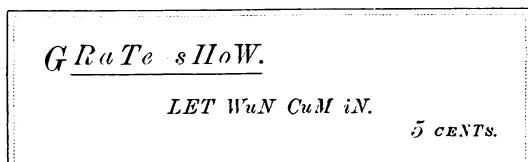
An acquaintance of his had a large lot of card-board



* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

clippings, which he had gathered in a printing-office as he delivered papers from time to time, and these Ben had purchased with the understanding that he was to give in return free admission to the entertainment for three evenings, providing, of course, that the theatre remained open to the public that length of time.

From these odds and ends Nelly had cut about a hundred properly shaped pieces during the afternoon, while she was in charge of the fruit stand, and these Ben was converting into orders for admission by printing on them, in rather a shaky hand, and with a new lead-pencil he had bought for that express purpose, the following:



As it was proposed to charge eight cents for seats in the two front benches, Ben printed, in addition to the above, twenty very unique cards, similar to this:



It was a long job, and he had bitten his tongue until it was sore in his efforts to make the printing readable, while his fingers ached from clutching the pencil so firmly; but he finished his task before the curtain was completed, and was able to give his advice as to ornamenting it.

It was while working on the curtain that Johnny displayed his skill as an artist, for he had assumed the sole charge, insisting that the others should proceed under his direction.

It was spread on the floor, and Master Jones was pursuing his work on his hands and knees, with two candles stuck in bottles as his only light. But Johnny appeared to be equal to his task, for he was dashing on the color rapidly, not heeding the fact that one side of his nose was a beautiful green and the other a vivid red, while his chin was as black as if he had been trying to paint on a beard.

It was on the central figure of this work of art that Johnny was expending the most of his labors, and to those who were watching him it appeared something like an irregular rainbow or the interior of a paint shop, until Master Jones printed under it, to avoid any possibility of mistake, "WILD iNGuN." Then all could see the resemblance at once.

Johnny was proud of his work, and when at last it was completed he stood in silent admiration of what he had created, regardless of the fact that the hot tallow from the candle he held in his hand was running down over his fingers.

It had been decided to have a small painting in each of the four corners, to prevent the Indian from looking lonely, and these were to be done by the firm.

Paul drew his entirely in black, in the right-hand lower corner, and it was a very fair representation of two guns and a sword, although the barrels of the guns were rather more crooked than they should have been, while the edge of the sword was notched as if it had had some hard usage.

Dickey printed in red the same notice that the boys had seen in his home, offering a reward for the apprehension of Tim Dooley; and although his partners declared that it was not at all appropriate for the curtain of a dramatic stage, he insisted that it should remain there, citing the fact that he had contributed more in value to the general

fund than the others had. It was an argument that could not be disputed, and Dickey's notice was allowed to remain, although Johnny contended that the audience would think his Indian had been intended as a portrait of the missing Tim.

On the upper left-hand corner Mopsey painted, with all the colors at his command, a picture of a schooner under full sail, with a row of what was at first supposed to be guns showing over the rail, but which he explained were pea-nuts, adding that she was represented as having a full cargo on board.

Ben, with fingers still aching from severe exertion with the pencil, drew a picture of his blacking-box and brush, which would have been quite a correct likeness if he had not made the mistake of painting the brush nearly three times as large as the box.

Then, in order that Nelly might do something toward beautifying this wonderful curtain, she was allowed to print the name of each member of the firm, as well as her own, around the border, giving more color to the whole, even if it did not add to it in an artistic sense.

It was unusually late when all this was done, and the members of this grand enterprise were obliged to go to their respective beds, much as they would have liked to continue at their work all night.

The hundred and twenty tickets were divided equally among the five partners, that they might sell as many as possible before the opening of the doors on Saturday night, in order to lessen Mrs. Green's duties as door-keeper.

It was also agreed, before they separated that night, that Ben and Dickey should not attempt to do any business the next day, but devote all their time to hanging the curtain and hunting up old bottles to use as holders for the foot-lights, so that everything would be in readiness for the rehearsal in the evening.

During the next forenoon those of the partners who pursued their regular business had all they could do to attend to those who wished to buy papers and theatre tickets, and more particularly the latter.

There had been very much talk and speculation among this portion of the news-selling world as to the theatre, and every one was anxious to secure a ticket as early as possible, lest if they delayed until near the time for the performance they should be unable even to gain admission.

Of course where so much had been said about any one particular thing as had been said about the theatre, and where so many rumors had been flying around, exaggeration as to the size, furnishing, and general appearance of the place could not be prevented. Some thought that an army of carpenters had been at work fitting up the theatre in the highest state of art and elegance; others said that it was upon the stage only that much labor had been expended, and that that portion of the theatre was more beautiful than any other stage that could be found elsewhere in the city. Then the more imaginative, paying no attention to the stories that related to mere detail, circulated the most startling rumors as to the amount of brain-work Mopsey Dowd was doing on the new play, which was to be his masterpiece, and far surpass anything Buffalo Bill or Sixteen-string Jack ever wrote.

Since Mopsey was found at his place of business with the same regularity as before this gigantic scheme had been planned, some of his admirers insisted that he worked nights, spending the time when he should have been asleep in bringing forth the most startling and blood-curdling scenes, to be given with all their attendant horrors on the night of the opening of the theatre.

With all these things to give a spur to the sale of tickets, it was little wonder that they were disposed of readily. When night came all had been sold save those which Ben and Dickey held, and the demand was still very great.

Each member of the company was quite as much ex-

cited when he went home that night as if the performance was to be given then, for the rehearsal was to be held, and all had their parts to learn.

Ben and Dickey had worked faithfully, and done all that had been left for them to do. The curtain was hung—a little awkwardly, to be sure, on account of the uneven manner in which the stage had been built. But there it was, whether straight or crooked, where all the beauty of its many-colored illustrations could be seen if the candles were held near enough to it.

When called upon to hoist and lower it, Ben and Dickey showed evident signs of nervousness. But they did succeed, after some considerable time, in getting it up and down without tearing it, although it was plain to be seen that they were relieved when it was up for the second time, and Mopsey had ordered it left there, so that the rehearsal could be proceeded with without fear of injuring it.

The foot-lights had been arranged by nailing narrow strips of board on the under side of the stage, allowing them to project about six inches from where the curtain would come when it was lowered. On these strips the bottles, some large and some small, were to be placed, each with a candle in it. Ben was confident that they would remain there safely enough, provided no one walked very heavily on the stage.

No one had thought of lighting the main body of the hall until Ben and Dickey noticed the omission, and supplied it by tying candles around two barrel hoops, and hanging them up like chandeliers, which added greatly to the general appearance and finish of the place.

After all these things had been inspected, the party adjourned to dinner, in order to fortify themselves for the trying mental labor before them. Dickey remained as the guest of his partners, on special invitation from them and Mrs. Green.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REAL GIANTS AND DWARFS.

BY MARY A. BARR.

“**H**ES as big as a giant.”
“Yes, and a great deal better.”

The speakers were two little girls who had been carried across Broadway one day during a snow-storm by a very big policeman; and as they stood beside the tall blue-coated fellow they seemed such little dots that it reminded me of some very interesting stories of both giants (real giants) and dwarfs, which I think the little readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would like to hear about.

Giants are first mentioned in the Bible in Genesis, chapter vi., verse 4. Now if you will take your Bible and turn to Deuteronomy, chapter iii., you can read the story of Og, King of Bashan, whose bedstead was thirteen feet long and made of iron. He was a mighty ruler, and the last of his race, and wonderful stories are told of him in the Eastern legends. One says that he escaped the flood by wading only knee-deep beside the ark, and that one of his bones was used for a bridge over a river. Another tells how one day, after the Israelites had conquered him, he noticed that their camp extended six miles, so he went and tore up a mountain six miles round at the base, and put it on his head, intending to carry it to the Israelites' camp and throw it upon them, so as to destroy them. But the word of the Lord prepared a worm which bored a hole in the mountain over his head, so that it fell down upon his own shoulders.

Of course you all know of Goliath of Gath, and that he is said to have been eleven feet five inches high; his coat of mail weighed two hundred and eight pounds, and his spear-head twenty-five pounds. Just think of little David facing such a monster!

The Roman Emperor Maximus was nearly nine feet high and of great bulk or size. He used to take his wife's

bracelet for a thumb ring, and his strength was so great that he was able to draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He ate forty pounds of meat and drank six gallons of wine every day.

I wonder how many of you can tell where Cornwall is? It is one of the counties of England, and has always been famous for its giants. One of them, called Holiburn, was of such strength that he is said to have killed a lad one day by patting him on the head. Another giant, called Trebiggan, is said to have dined every day on children, whom he fried on a flat rock outside his cave. His arms were so long that he could snatch the sailors from the ships which passed by the Land's End, and sometimes, after he had had his fun, he would replace them.

At the end of the last century Antony Payne, another Cornish giant, was born. His father was a farmer, and was in comfortable circumstances, and sent the lad to school. He seems to have been a very good-natured fellow, for he allowed his school-mates to use his back as a black-board to work out their lessons on, and his strength was so great that he used to take two of the biggest boys under his arms and climb some neighboring cliff to “show them the world,” as he said. The country lads still say, “As long as Tony Payne's foot,” if they wish to describe anything of extra length. When he was twenty-five years old he was seven feet two inches in height, and afterward grew two inches more. His portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, by order of King Charles II.

Oliver Cromwell's porter, Daniel, was seven feet six inches in height, and a large O on the back of the terrace at Windsor Castle is the record of his height, made by order of Cromwell. He went crazy with study, and his Bible, which was presented to him by Nell Gwynne, is still preserved.

Most of you have read of the regiment of giants raised by Frederic William, King of Prussia, the men of the front rank all standing seven feet in their stockings. These men were after his death presented to his son's Queen as a body-guard, and walked on each side of her coach to support it in case it should fall. They used to shake hands over the roof of the carriage.

Cornelius MacGrath, a famous Irish giant, whose skeleton is now in Trinity College, Dublin, wore shoes fifteen inches long, and his wrist measured a quarter of a yard.

Another famous Irish giant was Patrick Cotter, better known as O'Brien. He was a bricklayer by trade, but grew to such proportions when a mere boy that his father hired him to a showman for £50 a year (about \$250). He used to sit on a table and rest his arm on the top of the door while he talked to you, and one night in Bath he terrified a watchman by quietly reaching up to a street lamp and taking off the cover to light his pipe. He died when he was forty-six, which was very old for a giant.

In 1866 a Chinese giant visited England with his wife. He was nearly eight feet high, and when he called on the Prince and Princess of Wales, at their request he wrote his name on the wall of the room in which he was received, nearly ten feet from the floor.

It is a curious fact that there is only one mention of a dwarf made in the Bible. I suppose many of you have read of little Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf who was baked in a pie, and who, when the pie was cut, stepped out, dressed in full armor. He was presented to Queen Henrietta Maria by the Duchess of Buckingham. Jeffrey was just seven years old at that time, and only one foot and a half high; he never grew to be more than three feet.

I do not suppose that I can tell any of you much that would be new to you about Tom Thumb. His real name was Charles S. Stratton, and he was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut. He was so small when he was five years old that he would hide in Mr. Barnum's pocket.

There are not many little boys and girls who are able to

read that have not heard of General Garibaldi. When he was in Sicily a dwarf presented himself as a volunteer, but he was refused both by the Council and the General himself. But after the first battle the little fellow came up to Garibaldi, and joyfully exclaimed:

"See, General, you would not take me, but you could not prevent my coming. I have fought well—indeed I have—and I am wounded, too."

The General recognized the little fellow, and replied, "Ah, bravo! and where are you wounded?"

After some hesitation the other showed a wound between his shoulders.

"Oh, fie!" said Garibaldi—"wounded in the back! I knew you would never be any good."

The little soldier went away greatly confused. Another battle soon followed, and before it was fairly over, the little fellow again accosted his chief.

"Here I am, General, wounded again, but this time in the right place," and pointing to a wound in his breast, he fell dead at the General's feet.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

BY JOHN A. DOHRMAN.

JUST between the towns of Hoboken and Weehawken, in New Jersey, lies the little hamlet of Union Hill, an old-fashioned village peopled mostly by Germans, and in this village has stood for many years a great frame



JULIE BROHMER.

building, used principally as a hotel, and known to all the towns-people by the name of "The Old Swan."

In years gone by this place was quite a famous resort, but it gradually ran down until it became at length a cheap boarding-house.

Among the many inmates of the building were Julie Brohmer, a little eight-year-old girl, her mother, and three younger children. The smallest, a little girl baby of two years, was little Julie's especial charge, and her mother could always leave the little baby with Julie, sure that no harm would come to her so long as her faithful little sister was near.

Julie attended the public school as regularly as her duties at home would allow, and, unlike most little girls of her age, when she came home she did not care to run out in the street and play at "tag" or "hide-and-seek," but instead staid at home and relieved her mother of the care of her younger brothers and sisters, and acted the part of a small housewife.

The other evening, about half past nine, little Julie sat in a room on one of the lower floors patiently waiting for her mother to come in that she might go to bed. She had just put her little baby sister to sleep in the back room, and as Julie sat waiting so quietly, her half-closed eyes and frequent yawns told only too well that the "dust-man" was on his rounds.

Suddenly, as she sat there, some bright sparks fell from the ceiling and smouldered on the floor. Almost at the same instant a number of the tenants who lived upstairs ran wildly through the hall and past the door, screaming, "Fire! fire!" at the top of their voices. In another moment the flames appeared in the very room in which little Julie sat. She heard the cries of fire, and the people rushing madly into the street. But there was no one to tell her what to do, or even to think of her, in that moment of excitement.

Perhaps a good many of the little girl readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, if they had been in Julie's place, would have screamed and run out of the house as quickly as they could. But that was not what brave little Julie thought of as she saw the sparks falling about her, and the red glare of the fast-approaching flames.

No, indeed; for she knew that in the back room her baby sister slept unconscious of any danger, and the brave little girl thought first of her duty to that helpless infant. So, without thinking twice, she dashed forward, and groped through the smoke and falling sparks until she reached the baby's crib. Then, snatching out the little two-year-old, sleeping peacefully as it was in its little night dress—a pretty heavy burden, too, for so small a girl—and clasp- ing it tightly in her arms, she ran out of the room, struggling through the smoke of the hall, until at last she reached the open air.

She did not stop even then, but ran on until she had reached the opposite side of the street. There she sat down on a convenient rock and watched the fire, still holding her little sister tightly to her breast to protect her from the cold. And in this position, after hunting all over, and almost concluding that Julie had perished in the flames, her mamma and the neighbors found her.

Brave little girl! Though only eight years old, when danger threatened she did not have to be told what was right for her to do, nor did she for a moment lose her presence of mind, but bravely rescued her baby sister.

So, little girl readers, as you look at the picture of Julie Brohmer that accompanies this article, showing her just as she appeared on that night, think what a brave little girl she was, and try to learn from her brave act a lesson of *courage and self-control*.



CAMPING OUT.

THE CAMP, AND WHERE TO PITCH IT.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AS the Archer boys, Ben, Aleck, and Robert, or "Bob," as he was always called, had never camped out, they were of course very anxious to do so, and their parents had finally consented to allow them to try it during the coming vacation. Many and long were the discussions as to where they should go, and what they would need to take with them. Their father could give them but little advice, as he had had no experience in camping.

Aleck, who was the most delicate of the three, thought they ought to carry cot beds, while the others declared that to sleep on the ground was the best part of the fun. And though they all haunted the kitchen while Maggie was cooking, and watched her every movement, they failed to understand how similar operations were to be performed over an open camp fire, and almost made up their minds that it would be necessary to carry a cooking stove into camp with them.

While the boys were in the midst of their perplexities, their uncle, Captain Harry Archer, who was in the army, and had for some years been stationed on the far Western plains, came home on a furlough. Of course he knew all about camping out, and of course the boys beset him with questions as to the hows, whys, and whats of camp life the minute he came down-stairs upon the morning after his arrival.

"Hold on, boys!" he cried, laughing. "It would take me two hours to answer the questions you have asked me in two minutes. Wait until after dinner, when, if you will come into the library, we will have a chat on camp life."

The boys were polite enough to wait patiently until evening. But as soon as dinner was over they hurried into the library, where they were soon joined by Captain Archer. Settling himself comfortably in the big reading chair, while his nephews gathered around him, the Captain said:

"Now, boys, before you ask any questions, let me ask you a few. In the first place, have you fully decided that you would rather camp out during your vacation than to spend it in any other way?"

"Yes, sir," they answered, all together.

"Have you made up your minds to endure patiently and without grumbling many hardships and discomforts of which you have not thought, and against which you can not possibly provide beforehand?—in fact, are you prepared to 'rough it'?"

"Yes, sir, I think we are," replied Ben, the eldest.

"Good, so far. The more fully you are prepared to 'rough it,' the more agreeable will be your surprise when you discover how easy it is to 'smooth it,' and make camp life thoroughly comfortable and enjoyable. Now I propose to give you a few talks about camp life, and I want each of you to bring a small blank book, and take notes of whatever may seem best worth remembering. Have you decided where to go?"

"The Adirondacks," answered Ben, and the others nodded their heads.

"You couldn't have chosen a better place. Let us, then, suppose you have reached the Adirondacks by going up the Hudson to Albany or Troy, taking a Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's train to Saratoga, the Adirondack Railway to North Creek, and stage to Blue Mountain Lake, where you will engage your boat. With Stoddard's Map of the Adirondacks, you will not need a guide, who, by-the-way, would prove a very expensive and almost useless luxury unless you proposed making a hurried and extended tour of the whole Adirondack region.

"From Blue Mountain make your way into Raquette Lake, the largest and one of the most beautiful in the

mountains, and somewhere on its shores, or on those of Forked Lake, just beyond, select the spot for your camp. This should be near the lake, and also near a spring or a stream of running water; it should be on a gentle slope, as free as possible from rocks, roots, and stumps, and, above all, must be perfectly dry.

"Do not carry a tent of any kind, but get your mother to stitch together on her sewing-machine three breadths of strong cotton sheeting, each a yard wide and three yards long. Make this water-proof by soaking it for a day in a solution of three gallons of water, twelve ounces of lime, and five ounces of alum. After soaking, rinse in warm rain-water, stretch and dry it in the sun, and you have a light water-tight roof for your forest home. The frame, siding, and floor will all be found in the immediate vicinity of your camp.

"For the frame cut two stout poles about eight feet long, each having a fork at one end. Sharpen the other end, and drive them a foot into the ground, about eight or nine feet apart. Cut a stout cross pole, and rest its ends in the forks of the uprights, fastening it with bits of rope or pliable bark. Cut two poles ten feet long for the sides of the frame, rest one end of each on the cross pole close beside the forks of the uprights, and let the other rest on the ground; or, better still, on a second set of cross pole and forked uprights only two feet high, which will form the back of the shanty. Your frame will then look like this." Here Uncle Harry made this hasty sketch on a piece of brown paper.

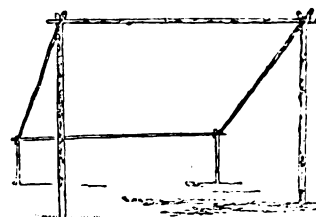
"Having erected your frame, stretch the water-proof muslin tightly over the roof, tacking it to the cross and side poles. Above this lay another

frame, upon which place a number of cross poles, or rafters, about six inches apart. There should be a clear space of about two inches between these and the muslin roof. These rafters are to be covered with a thatch of green boughs to protect the roof from the flying sparks of the camp fire.

"Add to the frame-work a few upright side poles, twine a quantity of spruce, hemlock, or balsam boughs in and out among these to form the sides of the shanty, and your camp shelter is complete."

"But, Uncle Harry," cried delicate Aleck, "what are we to do for beds?"

"That I will tell you next time," answered the Captain. "Now run away, and come to me again to-morrow evening, when we will have a talk about 'Camp Needs and Comforts.'"



TOMMY TELFORD'S EDUCATED PIG.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

SUCH a show as that is not often seen! Certainly North Pumpkinville had never been honored by a visit from one that could compare with it. When the great procession passed through the streets every man, woman, and child who possibly could turned out to see it, and bedridden Aunt Plumy Rideout and rheumatic old Dr. Forest, who had not been moved for years, were carried to the window.

Menageries had been seen in the town before, and so had circuses, but this, to quote the language of the handbills, "combined all the great artistic, moral, and intellectual attractions of both, together with marvels unknown to either." Not only were there dozens of the tiniest and most fascinating Shetland ponies imaginable, walking just behind a huge monster of an elephant whose tread seemed to shake the earth; not only were there lions

and tigers and giraffes—the tallest giraffe of all carrying a morsel of a negro baby on his back—and beautiful Arabian horses, and snakes frightful enough to make one's hair stand on end, but there was a man who swallowed swords!

There was a report current among the boys in North Pumpkintown that he chewed them, and in fact lived on them as his regular food. But that was more than the handbills announced; and it was Philly McWhapper who started the report, and Philly was not to be depended upon. But if he didn't *chew* swords, he certainly swallowed them. There couldn't be any trick about it, for Tommy watched with all his eyes.

Then there was a little girl, a little crumb of a girl, who rode in a chariot like a walnut-shell, and not much bigger, and a giant who stood ten feet in his stockings. There was a wild man from Borneo, who looked like a mild sort of orang-outang, and a gorilla that looked like a savage sort of man, and a mermaid with the head and shoulders of a woman and a fish's tail—a creature which all Pumpkintown supposed existed only in story-books.

Best of all, according to Tommy Telford's opinion, were the performing animals. Of course he liked to look at the curiosities, the mermaid and the wild man especially; and there was a tattooed man who was very interesting. It was this tattooed man that on the day of the procession aroused a lively discussion between Tommy and Ned Jenkins, the boy who lived next door, as to whether he was or was not "born so."

But it soon became monotonous for such a lively boy as Tommy just to look at queer things. It was a great deal more amusing to see the big baboon "walk the barrel," and the elephant sit down in a chair, ring the bell for his supper, and when it was brought, eat it like a person; that was something worth the while.

The trained dogs were wonderful; they did everything but speak. And the horses! There was a pony there that knew almost as much as the school-master. He could draw the figure 8 on the blackboard, and wipe it out with a sponge. Tommy was convinced that if he only had the little mustang pony that Dick Jarvis wanted to sell for a mere trifle, he could teach him to perform that trick. But his father wouldn't buy him. He said he "couldn't afford it," and that Tommy was "just as well off without it." Tommy had come to the conclusion that his father either never was a boy or had forgotten how a boy feels.

He heaved a deep sigh, even amid the delights of the show, at the thought of that pony.

Tommy felt sure that he knew how to train animals as well as anybody. He had almost decided that when he grew up he should be a lion-tamer or a snake-charmer. Had he not taught his dog Snip to kneel down, and to read the newspaper with spectacles upon his nose, and even to lie down as if he were dead, and let the old drab parrot fasten her bill upon his one long tooth, and draw him over the floor? Tommy was of the opinion that that performance was worthy of a place even in this show.

After the trained dogs had finished their performances the educated pig appeared. Tommy became very much excited. They had a pig at home, but he had never heard that pigs could be trained. If there was a creature in the world that wouldn't take kindly to an education, Tommy would have said it was a pig.

This educated pig didn't look so very unlike their pig. He was thin, but Tommy remembered with a thrill of delight that their pig wasn't so very fat. This pig had black spots on him, and their pig was plain, but Tommy couldn't see that there was any necessary connection between black spots and intelligence.

But the marvels that this pig performed were almost beyond belief. He stood on his hind-legs and went through a musket-drill; he danced with a big black bear; he made a most graceful bow, with one of his fore-paws upon his breast; he rode horseback around the ring; he fired a

pistol! In spite of the evidence of his eyes Tommy could have hardly believed that he was a pig if he had not once uttered an unmistakable piggish grunt.

Tommy felt that until this day he had never realized the value of education. He felt, too, that his life hitherto had been little better than wasted; he had not realized what great things might be done; he had never educated a pig! But no more time should be wasted! The instruction of their pig should begin at once!

It was dark when he reached home after the show, but he went to the barn, and by the light of a lantern he carefully inspected the pig. He *didn't* look very promising. He was more unlike the educated pig than Tommy had thought. But education might be expected to change a pig's looks.

The pig was not accustomed to receiving visitors by lantern-light, and he blinked inquiringly at Tommy. "He really does know something! He is wondering what I came for," thought Tommy, and felt greatly encouraged.

He took an apple from his pocket, and held it above the pig's head. Piggy looked up and waved his snout wildly in the air for a moment, then with a grunt fell to burrowing in his trough, all his past experience teaching him that eatables were to be found there.

"Anyway, he *thinks*, and I'll have him standing on his hind-legs in less than three days!" cried Tommy.

At the next lesson Tommy held a turnip over the pig's head, being assured by Timothy, the "hired man," that he had an especial fondness for turnips. And he did put his fore-feet up into his trough, and made a desperate effort to snatch the turnip. Then finding it still above his reach, he put his feet upon the side of his pen, bringing himself into an almost upright position. Tommy was delighted. He let him have the turnip, and he considered that real progress had been made.

He thought that if the support upon which piggy leaned were suddenly removed he might possibly stand upon his hind-feet. At all events, the experiment was worth trying. With labor and pains he arranged the side of the pen so that it suddenly fell outward, while piggy's paws rested upon it. Strange to say the result was not what Tommy had anticipated. The side of the pen fell out, and the pig came tumbling after, and rolled into the middle of the barn floor, as angry and astonished a pig as ever was seen.

Tommy wasn't discouraged; he said to himself that success could not be expected at the first trial. Then for a little variety he decided to teach piggy to "walk the barrel," like the big baboon in the show. He found an empty barrel, let the pig out of his pen, and began the experiment in the middle of the barn floor. But alas! this kind of gymnastics seemed much more disagreeable to the pig than the other. His squeaks and grunts made everybody in the neighborhood think he was being killed, and, at length, with a rush of which one would have thought him to be incapable, out of the barn door he went!

And out went Tommy in pursuit. It was provoking to have him behave so, but it wasn't much to catch a pig, he thought.

In ten minutes from that time he had changed his mind. He tried to head the pig off before he got out of the yard, but the pig was too quick for him. Out of the gate and down the road he ran, with Tommy close behind. Fear of that barrel seemed to have given him the strength and speed of a dozen ordinary pigs. Tommy remembered to have heard his father say that the reason the pig didn't grow fat was because he was a "racer." Tommy began to think the name extremely appropriate.

Once or twice Tommy did succeed in getting ahead of him, but by doublings and twistings and turnings, the pig managed to escape.

Tommy began to think he had been unwise in trying to educate that pig. He wasn't sure that the pig didn't know more than he did.

People ran to the windows to see the chase. A small boy shouted:

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he ran."

A disagreeable boy called out, "Whin ye catch that pig it's airlier up ye'll be than ye war this marnin'!"

And another remarked, contemptuously, "He will niver catch him; sure he ain't the size!"

On hearing this Tommy was strongly tempted to stop

inspired either by his father's threats to "murther him" if he let go, or by the cheers of the boys.

When they reached the office of the justice of the peace, Teddy attempted to drag the pig in, but his father cried out: "Sure ye wouldn't be bringin' the dthirty baste intil the gintleman's orufice. Bring him where his honoir will see him, jist, that he'll know I'm afther spakin' the truth."

So Teddy stood in the doorway, clinging to the wildly struggling pig, while the Irishman dragged Tommy before the justice, and in an excited manner explained to that gentleman that he caught him in possession of his stolen pig.



and roll up his sleeves and "have it out" with those boys, but if he did this the pig would be out of sight before he was done, and, besides, they were rather large boys; so he pretended that he didn't hear them.

They were in Tipperary now, a little Irish settlement on the outskirts of North Pumpkintown. Pigs were not uncommon in the streets of Tipperary. Tommy's pig met one of his kind, and stopped to exchange civilities. Now Tommy thought he had him. But suddenly out of a house came an old Irishman, and seized him (Tommy) by the collar.

"Ah, ye spalpeen! it's yersilf is afther stalin' me foine pig, is it, an' him gone since last Chewsday wake, an' that thin it's mesilf wud hairdly know him, but for the shairt bob-tail iv him, and the shmall little bit torn aff his ear! Pit the rope around the pig, Teddy, quick, an' fetch him along wid ye!" he called to a boy who had followed him out of the house. "It's to the justice I'm takin' this young raskill, an' we'll bring along the pig itsilf to prove to his honor that it is stalin' he was."

All Tommy could say was of no avail; the man persisted in dragging him along into the main street of Pumpkintown Centre, attended by a throng of hooting boys, and followed by Teddy and the pig. It was some little consolation to look back and see the terrible struggles that Teddy had with that pig, which evidently still felt that he was fleeing from an education. He rolled Teddy in the dirt; he dragged him into a mud puddle; he kicked him over backward. But Teddy clung to the rope still,



"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the justice, turning to Tommy.

"It isn't his pig at all!" cried Tommy, hotly. "It is my own father's pig. My name is Tommy Telford, and I live in North Pumpkintown, and anybody can tell you that it is our pig. I was making him walk a barrel, and he didn't like it, and ran away. He's not a common pig at all, he's a racer, and he's educated—partly."

"Was your pig educated?" asked the justice, turning with a twinkle in his eye, to the Irishman.

"Edjicated, is it, sirr?" said the Irishman, looking deeply perplexed. "Sure it isn't radin' an' writin' ye mane, sirr, an' him a pig!"

"What do you mean by saying he is educated?" asked the justice of Tommy.

"I have been trying to educate him like the pig in the show," answered Tommy.

"Can you show us anything to prove the truth of what you say?" asked the justice.

Tommy's heart sank. When he came to think of it, that pig had very small claims to an education.

"If you'll give me an apple, I'll try him," he said, faintly.

There were a good many men and boys lounging about, and they came crowding up to see what was going on.

Tommy held the apple above the pig's head, against the door. Probably his violent exercise had given the pig an appetite, for he instantly became quiet, and eyed the apple with a longing grunt. Then he raised himself slowly by putting his fore-feet upon the door. Tommy drew the apple slightly back, over the pig's head, and away from the door. The pig did it! he actually did! For one instant he stood upon his hind-legs, without support, and snatched the apple. The spectators laughed and cheered, and so did the justice. Tommy's heart swelled high with pride. He felt amply rewarded for all his trouble.

"I don't think that is your pig," said the justice to the Irishman. "I know Tommy Telford's father, and I think it is all right."

The Irishman went off uttering threats of vengeance, but when he was out of hearing he remarked to his son: "Sorra a bit is that our pig, Teddy! an' him always a dacent baste, wid no quareness till him. Sure that's not a right pig, an' it's onlucky that kind do be."

A man who was standing near stepped up to Tommy, and asked him if he wanted to sell the pig.

"I'm getting up a show," he said, "and he's one of the lean kind that can be trained. What will you take for him?" Tommy had heard his father say that the pig never would get fat enough to be good for anything, and he would be glad to sell him for ten dollars. For himself, he was quite willing to part with him, for he had come to the conclusion that training a pig was harder work than he cared to do.

"What will you give for him?" asked Tommy.

"I'll give you twenty dollars, and that's more than you could get from anybody else. He wouldn't be worth half of it in the market; but he's just what I happen to want."

The bargain was very soon concluded. Tommy parted from the pig with very little regret, but he made an arrangement to see the man afterward, and learn how he prospered in training the pig. He felt a curiosity to know whether that pig would ever "walk the barrel."

His father laughed when Tommy told him about it, and said that, as he had never expected to get anything to speak of for the pig, he thought Tommy was entitled to the twenty dollars; and, moreover, that as he had such a zeal for training animals, he would give him enough more money to buy the mustang pony.

Tommy was obliged to turn fifteen somersaults to express his delight.

"Nobody could say that educating that pig was a failure, after all," he exclaimed, as he ran off to make a bargain for the pony.



A HAPPY TRIO.—By MARGARET EYTINGE.

T WAS one of the very prettiest sights that ever I did see,
The sight I saw in a city park one pleasant summer day:
A little white girl and a little black girl and
a doggie—that makes three—
Playing together beneath a tree in a charming, friendly way.

The dog, with uplifted head, held fast between
his teeth one end
Of a skipping-rope, and his mistress grasped
the other in her hand,
And she steadily turned and turned and turned
the rope for her dark-faced friend,
Who skipped and jumped with as light a
heart as any in the land.

And I think it would have been hard to tell
which was the happiest one,
The sweet small maid with the golden hair,
blue eyes, and winning smile,
Or the cunning dog that now and then glanced
sideways at the fun,
Or the child who skipped and hopped and
jumped, a-laughing all the while.



LITTLE folk who have now and then happened to see a number or two of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but who do not live near any bookseller or postmaster who can furnish them with the paper, are sometimes puzzled to know how to obtain it. They are informed that they may write directly to the publishers for this purpose. Any letter addressed to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City, N. Y., inclosing \$2 for a year's subscription to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, will receive prompt attention. A subscription may begin with any number; it is not necessary to wait until the end of this volume or the beginning of the next one. A great many children like to begin their subscriptions with the first chapter of the current serial story. If they mention this wish when forwarding their subscription, the publishers will comply with it. Money should be sent by post-office order, by draft, or by registered letter, in order to avoid loss.

The people of Havana were dreadfully frightened some weeks ago by the explosion of a powder-magazine. The powder went off first, and four minutes later the collection of bomb-shells and grenades exploded, scattering destruction everywhere, and shaking the city to its foundations. It is supposed that an accidental spark, or some carelessness on the part of a boat's crew who were sent to bring a quantity of powder for the artillery barracks, produced the catastrophe. As none of them are left alive to give an explanation, it must always remain a mystery.

A little girl of twelve, the daughter of the Marquis of San Carlos, wrote the following description of it to her aunt in New York.

MY DEAR AUNT SUE,—I write to tell you of what has happened to us. The day before yesterday we had an explosion. We were all playing in the court, when we heard a horrible noise. We ran upstairs immediately. All the family was assembled together, asking each other what it was and what we must do. At the end of a few moments we heard a second noise, a thousand times louder than the first. We were horribly frightened, and when we saw the wall between the saloon and my room tumbling down, we rushed down the stairs, trembling and crying, into the street. We went as far as the port, just as we were—without any hats, just as we were at home in the house. Mamma had baby in her arms, and he was crying. The streets were filled with people, all looking terrified.

At the end of an hour we came back to the house, feeling very much frightened to return. When we got there, we found that *all one side of the house had fallen down*. Every one must stay on the other side. But we are all safe, except the house, which has suffered very much.

Mamma and every one send much love, and they all want to know how Uncle John is. Is he better? Send us at least a postal card to say how he is getting on. Good-by, my dear Aunt Sue; I send you many kisses. Your little

MINNIE, who loves you very much.

The house in which Minnie lives is one of the largest private houses in Havana—a so spacious that though the wall on one side has fallen, there is still room for a large family. It is built on high arches round a large central court, or *patio*, in which the children were playing when the explosion took place. The children who read *Young People* will be interested in Minnie's letter. As she speaks more French and Spanish than English, they must be indulgent to her. AUNT SUE.

LAKE VIEW, ILLINOIS. I live in a pretty suburb of Chicago called Lake View; it is situated on Lake Michigan. I have lived here almost three years, and go to a very good school, which is about two blocks from my home. I am twelve years old, and am in the fifth grade. The town has about twenty thousand inhabitants, and consists principally of private residences. We have a Congregational church and several missions. There are nine public schools, and one high school, which is situated in the centre of the town. Lincoln Park is near us, and has a great many beautiful flowers in it in the summer-time. CLARA L. H.

OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO, CANADA. I have often intended writing to the Post-office Box, but never sent a letter. I have a cat named Muff, but she is not nice; she scratched my ear in three places and my face the other day. I

have only one brother; his name is Rob, and he is older than I am. My birthday is in May. I skip, and play ball, tag, hide-and-go-seek, and other games. It was very warm on Sunday, but yesterday and to-day it has been very cold. I had a dear little white rabbit, whose name was Willie, the summer before last, and one night it was outside, and the dogs chased it and frightened it so that in the morning it was dead. Rob has a little dog, and he calls him Tiny; he will take hold of the rope on the sleigh and pull me up and down in the winter, and thinks it great fun. In the summer we go down bathing, and have splendid fun trying to swim. N. M. C.

LA CERRA, NEAR NAPLES. I am an English girl fourteen years old. We live in a country place called La Cerra, about two hours' railway journey from Naples. The paper was a present from a friend Christmas before last, and was given me again this year; I like it very much, especially Mrs. Lillie's stories and "The Ice Queen." I have two sisters, and a brother who is in America. My second sister gives me lessons for three hours every morning. I have three cats for pets, which I am very fond of. My sister paints heads in oil-colors, and I paint flowers in water-colors; we paint together every afternoon; it is very nice. I go to Naples about every five or six months, and enjoy it immensely. We have many friends there. ZOË W.

IQUIQUE, PERU. I am a little boy seven years old. I live in a little place on the coast of South America called Iquique. Visitors are delighted with it, but after living a few years here they find the tidal waves and fires are very bad. Last week opposite our house there was a fire. I will tell you how it was. It was in the night. Some bad men threw some bladders filled with petroleum, and a lighted paper on the end of them, into an empty room; that's how it happened. I live in the second biggest house here. We have a few flowers in boxes, but none on the ground. I'll tell you why: everything is barren, because it never rains. I have a little brother only four months old; his name is Edmund; he is a jolly little fellow: I play with him very often. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; a kind lady sends it to me. I hope you'll print this; and perhaps I'll write again. Good-by until another time. DAVID B.

A very good letter, David; not only composed nicely, but written in a bold, clear hand which is very business-like. I hope the flowers in the boxes will flourish, and reward you for taking care of them.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. I am a little girl ten years old. I like "The Ice Queen" very much. I am reading *The Swiss Family Robinson* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. We have a cherry-tree, and it is just getting into full blossom. I went into the country last summer, and I had lots of fun. I used to drive the cows home and hunt eggs. FLORENCE F.

HOUSTON, TEXAS. Although we had an unusually late spring, the weather here was lovely, and our April was like your June. The roses, violets, and many other flowers, are in bloom, and the trees are in full leaf. Papa is a cotton broker, and in business here, but I have never spent a summer at the South, although I was born in New Orleans. The negroes bring in the fire-wood from the country in wagons drawn by six or eight oxen or two or three teams of mules. All the street cars are drawn by mules. Houston is very much like other small cities, but is not as pretty as Northern cities. Mamma thinks it small, but I think it large, having over twenty-two thousand inhabitants. It is so muddy here in winter that the postman is almost buried even on horseback. He comes around on his little scrubby mustang pony, and blows a whistle at the gate. There is splendid hunting in the country, and papa goes when he has leisure. The last time he went he shot nearly one hundred snipe, eight mallard ducks, some small ducks, four curlews, a bittern, three jack-rabbits, and an enormous sand-hill crane. The latter stood nearly five feet high, and was of a lovely soft gray color. Papa says if these cranes are only wounded they will fight hard, and can give terrible blows with their bills. I used to have good times craw-fishing, but mamma stopped me because it made me ill. We catch craw-fish with a piece of meat tied to a string. We let the meat down into their holes, which they make in the soft mud, and when they seize it we drag them out. A craw-fish looks like a very small lobster. I am just nine years old, and mamma says she is not proud of my letter for that age, but I hope you will excuse the mistakes. LOTIS KOSKUTH R.

I am proud of it, dear. It is an excellent letter.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think I will write and tell you of our anniversary. It is just fifty-five years since the first Protestant Sunday-school was started in Brooklyn; so every year all the schools join in a parade, which is broken into

several different divisions. Our school belongs to the Prospect Park division, and the other schools parade in different parts of the city. A large number of the schools go to the Park in the street cars, and then we all take seats, and then we sing, and some gentlemen make speeches, and then the schools all form in line and pass in review past a large stand that is occupied by our Mayor and a great number of prominent gentlemen. Then each school goes to the place allotted to it, and every one is given all the sandwiches and cake he or she can eat, and then we all have a nice large box of candles, and our band plays us very sweet music nearly all the time. Then by that time it is six o'clock, and we are all tired, and go home. Our school had 3000 sandwiches, 600 cakes, and 1900 boxes of candles. Ours is considered the largest school in Brooklyn. Can you guess which school it is? It is estimated that there is 12,000 children in our division at the Park. BESSIE H.

Children's Day in Brooklyn is a delight to the whole city, and there is no prettier sight anywhere than the beautiful Sunday-school army, with flags flying, drums beating, bugles blowing, flowers blooming, and little feet keeping time to the music, while the cheeks match the roses, and the bright eyes sparkle. I am afraid to guess which school is yours, dear, for I might not guess right.

POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA. I am a little girl seven years old. We are trying to raise birds; we had fifteen. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have a little sister younger than I am. I go to school. My sister's name is Emmie; she is six years old. She does not go to school, but she can spell cat, rat, mouse, and dog. One time I fell down-stairs. I did not hurt myself very much, but I had to stay in bed for a month. RUTH S.

FLINT, MICHIGAN. We thought we would write and tell you how much we enjoy *Young People*. We do not take it weekly, but buy it at the end of the year in a bound volume. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is situated here, and it is very interesting to go through the building. We are acquainted with some of the little girls there. There is also a Conservatory of Music in the city, and we both take lessons on the violin, and have played in a number of concerts. We wonder if there are any other readers of *Young People* who play the violin. We are both making a collection of picture cards, and have large scrap-books of them. We have a new Music Hall, and it was opened December 10, 1883, by Emma Abbott, in *Martha*. We enjoyed it very much. FLORA and GERTIE.

WAINFIELD, VERMONT. I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one brother and two sisters. My papa has a store, and I enjoy staying there very much. I am taking music lessons now. I have a little bantam hen; she lays an egg every other day. I have just sold her first dozen of eggs. My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like it very much. LOT R. G.

CLAYTON, MICHIGAN. I was thirteen years old on October 12, 1883. I am very fond of reading; I have read *The American Conflict*, by Greeley, *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Milton's poems, and *Public Men of To-Day*. I have four pets—a bird named Willie, a cat named Tabby, a horse named Lady, and, best of all, a baby sister Edith. Well, I must stop now, with three cheers for the Postmistress. CLARENCE D.

MOBILE, ALABAMA. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much; I read all the letters in the Post-office Box, and thought I would like to see one printed that I wrote. I am ten years old, and have four brothers and one dear little sister. We are all going to spend the summer at Portersville, a watering-place on the Gulf of Mexico, and expect to have a fine time fishing, sailing, and bathing. I can not write of my pets, for I have none; somehow I am unfortunate, for they either die or get killed. Mamma says we love them too much. We have some curious insects here, which I think would surprise some of the boys in the North. The first comes we call "Junie" bugs, and a pair of locusts with a string attached, making a humming team; then the "doodle" bugs, which we coax from their holes in the ground with a little rhyme: the "mosquito-hawk" and "devil-horse" are two very funny-looking "birds." I could tell the boys lots more funny ones, but think I have written enough for the first time. SAM C.

Write again.

LANCASTER, WISCONSIN. I am a boy twelve years old, and have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly three years; I like it very much, and thought I would write you a letter. I live on a farm, and my only pet is a pony; his name is Dock; and my sister has one named Snip. I have four brothers and two sisters. My sister Nellie has a dog named

Tip, and he will fight for her. I think "The Ice Queen" and Jimmy Brown's stories are the best. Ever your friend, WILLIE R. W.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

One morning, a year ago last November, our house was a scene of great gladness, occasioned by the birth of a little baby brother. He is now eighteen months old, and very bright for his age. He says almost everything, and has light curly hair and black eyes. He has the whooping-cough very bad at present. I am his godmother.

About a year ago we moved to Toledo. I suppose you remember I used to live in Buffalo. We like the city very much, and although the population is not as large as in Buffalo, it covers more ground, the houses are so scattered; but it is very pleasant in summer.

I have been to Niagara Falls, and think the views there are grand; and the Falls look like chunks of ice sliding down a hill when the electric light shines on them. I have an aunt living in Arizona, where the cactus grows forty feet high. There is also another plant which grows very tall, and is used to clean the skin, and which gives drink to a thirsty man when travelling in that country. Auntie has also written us about a tree of which seven men rode through the trunk, side by side, on horseback. One man stood up in his saddle and could just reach the top of the trunk. There is a knot-hole in the tree sufficiently large for each man to ride through, one by one, which they did.

I go to school, and also take German and music lessons. I was confirmed this spring. I am reading the Bible through; have read the New Testament, and am as far as Isaiah in the Old. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes Wednesday mornings while we are at breakfast, and I am very eager to get it; I like all the stories and letters. I am the oldest child and only girl in the family. Brother Gussie is eight years old.

With love to the Postmistress and all the readers of this nice paper, I am one of your little thirteen-year-old friends, H. MACDE S.

How glad I am that you are reading the Bible through! I wish all the children would do the same.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

My papa takes the YOUNG PEOPLE for me. I have had it from the first, and enjoy it very much. I had something the matter with my back, and I went to Philadelphia to be treated. When I got better and could walk, mamma took me to the cat show. There were more than a hundred cages. In one was a cat having three legs and no tail; another had fore-paws like a rabbit. A great big 'coon cat won the prize. I do not go to school, but my sisters and I have a teacher at home. Besides regular lessons, she teaches us music and botany. My elder sister Bessie is playing "Falling Waters." My younger sister Tirzah one of Mozart's sonatas, and I play Von Weber's "Last Waltz." Our mill was burned down last September, but a new one is being built now. My sisters and I went to see the smoke-stack put up. A friend of ours, living near, has two baby foxes, and he lets us feed them. They are tame and very cunning, and play just like kittens. I must say good-by, for I am afraid I have written too long a letter. M. LOUISE N.

SAND HILLS, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

We are having very warm weather here now. It is so warm we had a summer-house built out on the lawn, and we sit out there every day. I planted a great many different kinds of flowers in the spring. Pansies are my favorite flowers. We had strawberries in April. We have a little cream-colored colt three weeks old, which we call Bessie the Maid of Dundee. JENNIE A.

QUINERBAUGH, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have a sister a little younger; her name is Celia. Perhaps you would like to hear about my pets. First I have a pony, and her name is Bettie; we can drive her anywhere all alone. Next I have a dog; his name is Tam o' Shanter. My sister and I are very fond of him. Next we have an Irish linnet, and he is a very sweet singer; and also a canary. We like the paper very much. GEORGE S.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

I am a little boy eight years old, and as I was not able to go to school this term, I amused my-

self much of the time by reading the back numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Mamma binds them together so neatly with a carpet-needle and darning-cotton that they are almost like books. She only uses about ten numbers in each package. We are a family of four brothers, and we all enjoy the paper very much. It is sent to us by Dr. E., of Cincinnati, the man who preached Mr. Garfield's funeral sermon at Cleveland. We have beautiful flowers in our yard, and little Mark and I like to make bouquets. We have also painted some of the pictures in YOUNG PEOPLE. Yours truly, IRVING B.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I think "Ten Days a Newsboy, or Left Behind," is a very nice story, and "The Ice Queen" also was very interesting. I perhaps may some time write a little story myself for the box. I attend the Brown School, and seldom miss; my average is fair. I have a little niece; she was born the day before Christmas, 1882; she is a very cunning baby. CLARA L. S. T.

CARROLL COUNTY, MARYLAND.

I live on a farm, and am ten years old. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it first came out, and like the stories very much, especially "Toby Tyler" and "Nan." We have a lovely little white pony; my brother and sister drive it to school every morning. I study German, French, and Latin. We have five cats, but I hate cats, for whenever I pick them up they scratch me. I like dogs, but papa won't let us have any, because he fears they will go mad and bite us. I had the measles, and had to have my hair cut off. ESTHER S. B.

BEARNADO, CALIFORNIA.

I will tell you about my home. It is situated at the mouth of a cañon, which is covered with beautiful trees, and there is a beautiful stream of water running down by the house. There are mountains all around except in front, where it opens out into a very large and pretty valley, of which they are putting three hundred acres in raisin grapes and tropical fruit trees. On the mountains we get many beautiful ferns of all kinds, which we press and make fern-work, which is very pretty. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Of the stories, "The Ice Queen" is the nicest. MINNIE S.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

I went to school a while, but have stopped now, because I was ill. I studied reading, spelling, writing, drawing, arithmetic, and music. I like to read, and I have read *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *United States History*, Bayard Taylor's *Travels in Lapland and in Africa*, William H. Seward's *Travels Around the World*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Story of the Bible*, and *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*; but I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best. We all read it; that means papa, mamma, and little sister Ruth, who will soon be six. I am nine years old. THAYER D. S.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

I am eight years old, and I have one little brother whose name is Harry. He was five years old the 25th of last September, and he goes to school, and is in the first room, first grade, and I am in the fourth room, third grade. I study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and grammar. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and I like it very much, and it seems to me that the longer I take it the longer I want to. Well, I will close for this time, as you will get tired of reading my letter. Good-by. EDNA C. F.

Juliet R.: Your little pictures are very cleverly drawn.—M. E. B.: I am much obliged for your letter, and enjoyed hearing about your little society with its excellent aims.—Somella S.: I am sorry you did not send me your real name.—M. C.: It is too bad that you can not be happy at school. Is it not partly somebody's fault besides your teacher's?—Lillie D. L.: You sent a dear little letter.—So did you, Lillie Belle.—Alice S. cuts out paper dolls just as Lillie does.—Thanks to Perry, Arthur, and Robert L. for their sweet flowers.—Yes, Katie S., I am sometimes vexed, but I never stamp my foot or slam the door. It is quite possible, dear, to govern that quick temper. It should not be allowed to govern you.—

James A.: Your writing is very good indeed for a boy of your age, eleven.—Mabel P. is a fortunate girl to have a horse for her pet, and that of the family.—Flora K.: Does Topsy wait on the other dolls?—Mark K., Sarah P.: You both sent letters which gave me much pleasure.—Lucilla Y.: Your little sister's poems are very sweet, but I can print only one stanza just now. I may find room for "Weary" some other time. Meanwhile many of the children will smile when they read this.

"Daisy's dot a baby brother.
Sweetest baby ever was born;
But I dess he'll be a bother,
'Cause he cries from night till morn."

Grace D.: I think you are a student at an excellent school.—Rosalind C. S., Eda T., Murray M., Bessie L. B., Maud M., Mary W., Sarah R. S., and Ruth C. B., please accept my thanks.—Remember, little folk, do not write in pencil.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A boat. 4. Peace. 5. A lover. 6. To stray. 7. A letter. 2.—1. A letter. 2. A vessel. 3. A cook. 4. A beak. 5. A letter. ONE OF THE GRASSHOPPERS.

No. 2.

FOUR EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. To work by the day. 2. Robust. 3. A tree. 4. To wind. BROWNIE.
2.—1. A household article. 2. A tree. 3. A luminary. 4. Confined.
3.—1. An animal. 2. Hot and dry. 3. A skin. 4. A small whirlpool.
4.—1. A pyramid. 2. An author. 3. A number. 4. An ancient garden. WALLACE H. KEEP.

No. 3.

A CHARADE.

Our second in the first one day
Went gayly down the street,
While I was left to clean the whole,
And found it hard to beat.
This put me in a raging second,
To find my work delayed;
It vexed me sore, and made me wish
The whole had ne'er been made.

BROWNIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 239.

No. 1.—

C
S H E
S C A M P
C H A M B E R
E M B E R
P E R
R

X P N S
E B E C S A P E
N E T S P I K E
C E K E
E

No. 2.—

W ayles S
H aggis H
I coniz E
T alcos E
E nvelo P

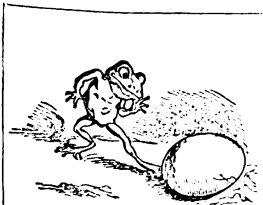
No. 3.—

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Bessie S., Celia B. Adams, Navajo, H. W. Gulajer, C. R. West, Emma Clayton, Rosalie Benedict, Alice Hanna, James Emmons, J. W. Smith, R. P. Camm, Lucy Pease, Franklin H. Washburn, and Edith L. Alban.

SUCCESSFUL WIGGLERS.—Master Fred L. Lobett, J. Underhill, W. Sweet, and A. E. W., who have been successful in reproducing Our Artist's idea of Wiggle No. 36, will please send their addresses to the Postmistress.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"Seems to me this is a fine fresh egg!"



"I guess I'll take it home."



"Not so easy as it looked."



"Hullo!"



"Well! Who'd 'a' thought it?"



SOME ANSWERS TO WIGGLES Nos. 36 AND 37, AND NEW WIGGLE No. 38.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 243.

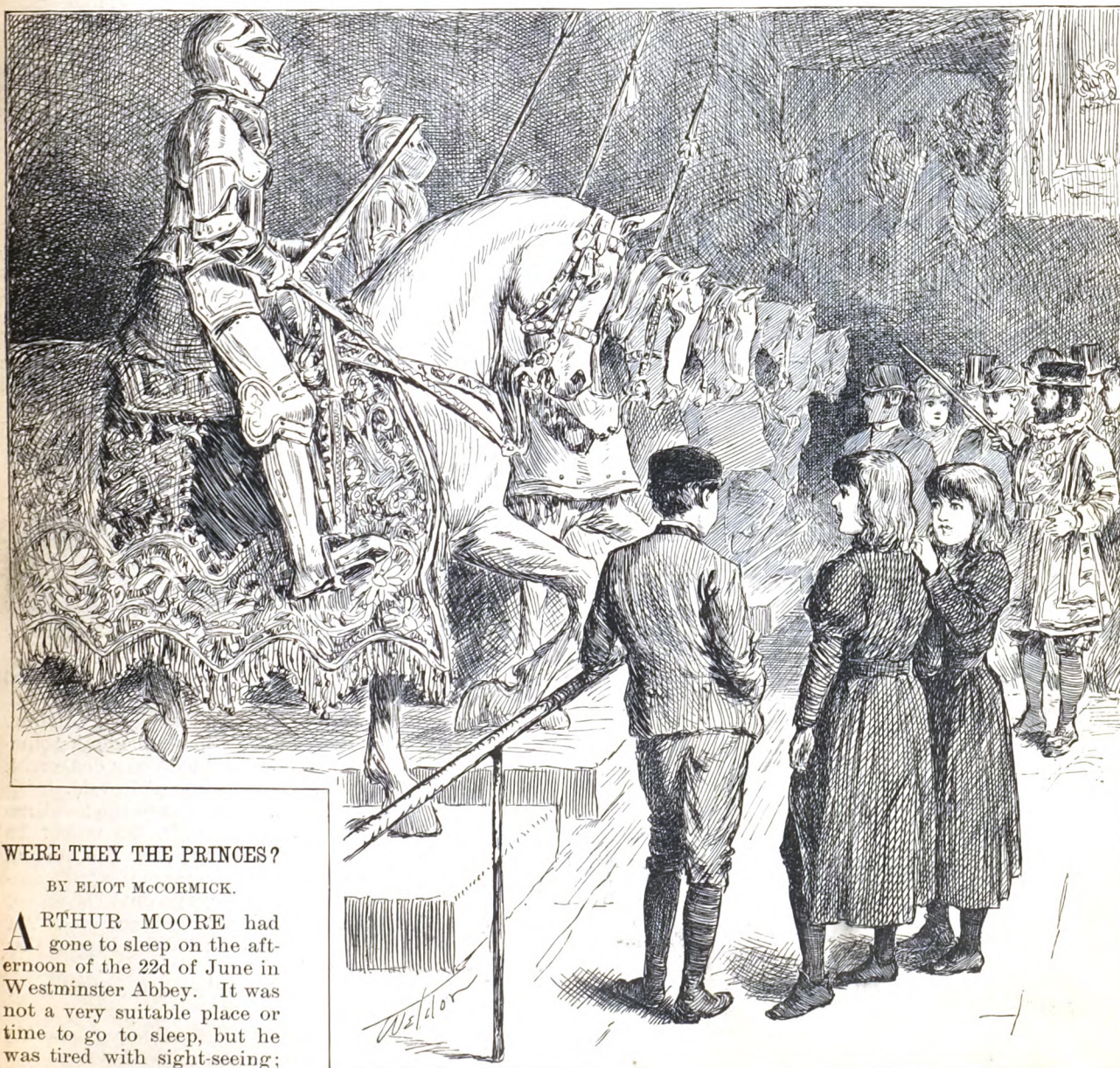
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



WERE THEY THE PRINCES?

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

ARTHUR MOORE had gone to sleep on the afternoon of the 22d of June in Westminster Abbey. It was not a very suitable place or time to go to sleep, but he was tired with sight-seeing; and after viewing the tombs of Edward VI. and the two

little Princes who were killed in the Tower, and in whom he had always taken an interest, he declared he was not going to look at anything more.

"You fellows can tramp around as much as you like," he said, addressing his brother and his cousin, with whom he was travelling in Europe; "I'll lie down here and take a nap. Mind you don't forget to wake me up."

But the wooden bench, when he had tried it a while, proved uncomfortably hard, while the canons' stalls at the other end of the choir looked a good deal more inviting. Betaking himself to one of these, Arthur curled himself up in it, and in a moment was sound asleep. His brother and cousin, when they came to look for him, supposed that he had gone, and went home themselves. The old verger who locked up the Abbey a little later never imagined that he had left within it a sleeping boy.

When Arthur woke up he heard the murmur of voices. "That's Joe and Harry," he said in his bewilderment. "Hello, Joe, isn't it time to go home?"

To his surprise, the voice which came back to him was neither that of his brother nor his cousin.

"We're not Joe nor Harry," the voice said.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Arthur; and then he took out his watch to see how long he had slept. The hands pointed to seven, and he had gone to sleep at five: that would make it two hours. But the place was strangely light for seven at night, and looking up at the clere-story windows, Arthur saw the rays of the sun coming in from the east, whereas when he went to sleep they had been slanting from the opposite side. Could it be possible that he had slept all night? But if that were so, whose were the voices? It was still too early for the Abbey to be open.

As Arthur's gaze fell from the windows to the ground he saw the figures of two boys. One was about his own age; the other seemed about ten years old. They were dressed like the boys of Christ Hospital, in yellow stockings and knee-breeches, with a long blue gown, and their golden hair fell in thick waves over their shoulders. There was not any reason why he should be scared. He had seen the Blue-coat boys all over London, and why might they not be in Westminster Abbey at night as well as himself?

"I beg your pardon," he said again, "but I thought you were my brother and my cousin. My name is Arthur Moore," he added, by way of introduction.

The boys bowed courteously. "Ours is Plantagenet," the elder said; "I am Edward, and my brother is Dick."

Arthur felt puzzled. "Why, that's a distinguished name," he said. "Are you descendants of the old kings—Richard and the Edwards and the rest of them?"

The boys laughed. "We belong to the same family."

"And how did you happen to get here so early in the morning?" asked Arthur.

"How did you?" said the other.

"Oh, I was locked in."

"So were we," said Edward, and the two laughed again.

Arthur winked at them in a knowing way. "Oh, I know all about it," he said; "you can't fool me. You're Blue-coat boys playing hookey. Don't you be afraid, though; I won't give you away. What I want to know is how you're going to get out."

"Oh, we can't get out till the verger comes," said Dick; "we never do."

"Then you've been fixed this way before?" said Arthur, with some curiosity.

The brothers looked at one another. "Three times, isn't it, Ned?" the younger asked.

The other hesitated a moment. "This is eighteen hundred and eighty-three, isn't it?" he asked.

"Of course," said Arthur, thinking it an odd question.

"Well, then, it has been three times before this: it was just four hundred years ago to-day, you know."

Arthur was now quite mystified. "What was four hundred years ago?" he asked.

Edward moved away. "Oh, never mind, if you don't know," he said. "It's of no consequence."

This was very strange, but not so strange as the next remark.

"Who is the King now?" Dick asked.

Arthur looked at the boys in amazement. "There isn't any King," he said, slowly.

Edward turned quickly around. "No King!" he exclaimed. "What has happened?"

"It's a Queen. Her name's Victoria."

The brothers drew a breath of relief. "Oh," said Edward, "I thought there had been another civil war."

Arthur shook his head. "No," he said, "there hasn't been one since King Charles had his head cut off."

"Well, how about the Queen?" said Dick. "Has she any children?"

"Oh, lots," said Arthur. "There's the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of Edinburgh, and Connaught, and Albany, and ever so many princesses, and all of them have children. There's no end of heirs."

"And do they all hate one another?"

"Hate! they think the world of one another."

"But don't Edinburgh want his nephews out of the way?—smother them in the Tower, you know, like—"

"Like the little Princes," exclaimed Arthur, eagerly.

Edward frowned. "They weren't so little," he said.

"No, I don't suppose they were, but that's what they're called. Oh, my, no! The Prince of Wales's children think the world of their uncles, and especially of Edinburgh. Why, nothing pleases them like their uncle Alfred's dropping in of an afternoon with his violin."

Edward smiled grimly. "Old Gloucester used to have a friendly way of dropping in with his sword," he said.

"Ay, and his nephews hated him like poison."

"Well, I should have thought they would," said Arthur. "But these fellows are a different sort, and things are different now from what they were then."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Edward, drawing a long breath. "Dick, the world must be really getting better." Then he added, turning to Arthur, "Would you like to take Dick and me around London when we get out, and show us some of the sights?"

Here was another puzzle. If they were Blue-coat boys they ought to know all about London. Why should they need anybody to show them the sights? Arthur, however, recollected that the school had a branch at Hertford. Perhaps the boys belonged there, and had never been in London before, or so long ago that they did not remember anything about it. At any rate, he felt greatly pleased at being asked. "Why, to be sure," he said. "We'll go to the Tower, if you say so; that's where everybody goes first."

The boys drew back with scared faces, while Ned threw one arm protectingly around his brother.

"We don't care to go there," he said; "the associations are not agreeable."

"Oh, well, then, anywhere you please," said Arthur, who perceived without knowing it that he had said something unpleasant. At that moment he heard a door creak on its hinges. "That must be the verger," he said.

In a moment the boys had vanished. For the first time Arthur felt uncomfortable. What did it all mean? he wondered. Who were the boys, anyhow? He hurried over to the transept door, where the verger was just coming in. "Have you seen the two boys go out?" he asked.

The old man looked at him in a bewildered way. "I hain't seen nobody," he said, slowly; "did it happen you were shut up here all night?"

Arthur nodded. "I and two other fellows," he said: "Blue-coat school-boys."

The verger shook his head. "I see nobody," he said; "but maybe they were not Blue-coat school-boys."

Arthur stared. "Why, what do you mean?" he asked. "They were dressed that way."

"That is the way all boys used to dress," he said, "four hundred years ago."

"And do you mean to say they were ghosts?" asked Arthur, excitedly.

He shook his head again. "I mean to say nothing, but some say that every hundred years, on the 23d of June, his Majesty Edward the Fifth and Richard, Duke of York—the Princes, you know, who were killed in the Tower, and lie buried yonder—come back to see if the world is getting better. It is just four hundred years to-day, you know, and this would be the time for them to come."

Arthur shivered a little. Had he really been talking to the little Princes? A good many things seemed to make it probable; but then who had ever heard of such a thing? And they might be Blue-coat school-boys. Nevertheless, he felt nervous and shaky until he got out of the door. Then his doubts and fears vanished as he saw them both waiting for him outside.

"Ah," he said, "I was afraid I had lost you."

The boys smiled. "Oh no," Edward said, "not yet. You're going to show us London, you know."

Arthur nodded. "All right. Where shall we go first?"

"I should like to see the Queen," said Dick.

"You could hardly do that," said Arthur, doubtfully, "unless you go to Windsor, where she lives. But I'll tell you what: the Prince and Princess of Wales are going to Windsor to-day; I saw it in the paper; and if we go up to Paddington Station perhaps we can get a glimpse of them."

Edward's pale face lighted up. "But can any one see them?" he asked. "Will they travel without a guard?"

"Oh, they have their own private carriage, you know," said Arthur, "and there'll be half a dozen servants along. You can see them easy enough if you get to the station a little beforehand. We will go to Charing Cross, and take the omnibus there," he added.

"Would Charing Cross be there yet?" asked Edward.

"Not the old one," said Arthur; "that was destroyed in the civil war, but there's a copy of it there."

"And Temple Bar—is that destroyed too?"

"That was pulled down three or four years ago. There's a sort of pillar now to mark the spot."

"And are the spikes on top of that?" asked Dick.

"The spikes?" repeated Arthur, in wonder.

"Ay—where they stuck the traitors' heads. If they don't put them on Temple Bar, where do they put them?"

Arthur recollected that in old times the top of the Bar was used in this horrible way. "Oh yes," he said, "I remember. But they don't do that now. There are no traitors, and they don't cut off people's heads any more."

A quick light came over Edward's handsome face.

"Ah, Dick," he exclaimed, "it's surely getting better."

It was a long ride to Paddington, but by-and-by they had accomplished it, and safely reached the station. By this time Arthur began to feel hungry. "Let's have some breakfast now," he said; "there'll be time enough before the Prince comes."

Edward bowed courteously. "Thanks," he said, "but Dick and I do not need any: we will wait while you eat."

This fairly took Arthur's breath away. That two boys of his own age should not want any breakfast was something that he could not understand. It did not, however, take away his own appetite. When he had finished a good substantial breakfast it was nearly time for the Prince, and the three boys went out on the platform, where quite a crowd had already gathered.

Presently there was a stir around the entrance to the waiting-room. Then two policemen moved the crowd back, while a large, fine-looking man, accompanied by a tall and elegant lady and two young girls, advanced through the double line of people to the carriage.

"That's he," whispered Arthur, excitedly, "and that's his wife and the two girls. Ain't they daisies, though?"

One of them turned at that moment, as though she had

heard Arthur's remark, and looked curiously in their direction. Next to Edward stood a poor old woman, whose body was bent in an attitude of respect. Near her was a little child who seemed to be looking wistfully at the beautiful flowers which were fastened at the girl's breast. That was the way, at any rate, in which the young Princess read the look, for, taking the flowers off, she hastily pulled them apart and distributed them—some to the old woman, some to the little girl, and some to the other children who pressed eagerly forward, until not only all her own but her sister's were gone. One beautiful white rose fell to the ground, and Edward, stepping forward, picked it up.

"The white rose of York!" Arthur heard him murmur, while the girl smiled prettily, and entered the carriage.

They waited a moment while the train moved off, and then with the crowd retraced their steps to the street.

"How beautiful it was!" said Edward, thoughtfully, as they walked along the Edgeware Road. "Who would ever have dreamed in the old times, Dick, of brightening people's lives with flowers? Let us go to the Tower," he added, suddenly. "If things have changed there, I'll believe it's better everywhere in the world."

"But you said the associations were not pleasant," Arthur ventured to remark.

"Well, they are not; but maybe it will be so different that we'll forget all about the associations."

"We can't get in, of course," said Edward, as they drew near the entrance.

"Get in!" exclaimed Arthur; "of course we can get in. It's perfectly free."

Dick hung back a little. "Ay!" he said, doubtfully, "but if one gets in, can he get out?"

Arthur pointed to the line of people moving in and out the gate. "Do you see them?" he asked. "One may come out as freely as from Westminster Abbey—more freely than when you're locked up in the Abbey overnight."

They went in through the little gate-house, where one of the old Beef-Eaters was keeping guard, and followed the crowd over the moat to where the gate goes in underneath the Bloody Tower. It was here, Arthur remembered, the little Princes were killed, and looking at the boys he was hardly surprised to see Ned's face grow pale, while Dick grasped his brother more tightly by the arm. Making their way across the court-yard, they entered the Horse Armory, passed by the armed figures, the headsman's block, and instruments of torture, and then around to where a door led out again into the court-yard. Passing through this, a few steps brought them to the entrance to the White Tower, where a long passageway confronted them, with a circular staircase at its further end. At the foot of the staircase stood a little girl, and as the boys came near they could see that she was crying.

"Why, what is the matter?" Arthur asked, sympathetically. "What are you crying about?"

The child looked up at him with her tear-stained face. "Look at that," she said, pointing to a brass tablet that was sunk into the wall.

Arthur knew what it was, but he watched the others curiously as they read it. It told briefly how the bones of Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York, were found beneath the spot and removed to Westminster Abbey. As he looked he fancied he could see Dick's face grow suddenly pale. Edward smiled a little, that was all. Dick's voice, however, was steady as he asked, "Well, what of that?"

The child's lip quivered. "Don't you know what happened to them?" she asked.

"Tell us what it was," said Edward.

"Why, their bad uncle killed them; he had them smothered in the Tower. Haven't you ever seen the picture?"

The boys shook their heads.

"They are sitting on their bed, so frightened! and one can almost hear them say, 'O, Lord, methinks this going to our bed, how like it is to going to our grave!'"



"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Arthur could see tears in the boys' eyes.

"But they've been dead four hundred years," said Dick, tremulously. "It's four hundred years to-day."

"Yes; but I'm sorry for them just the same."

Edward laid his hand lightly on the child's head. "Don't grieve over that," he said; "no doubt they were better off than if they had lived. Are you all alone here?"

She looked around in alarm. "Oh, where are my papa and mamma?" she cried. "I forgot all about them;" and then she began to cry again.

They went from room to room, but neither the father nor the mother appeared. With every turn the child's grief and fright increased, until she burst into loud sobs. "Oh, I'm lost!" she cried. "They've gone and left me."

But Edward, looking through a window in the thick wall, had discovered a great crowd in the court-yard outside. "Have the people risen up?" he asked, with some alarm; "are they attacking the Tower?"

Arthur himself did not know what it was. But as he stood for a moment uncertain in the doorway, some one in the crowd gave a scream and rushed toward them. At the same moment the child tore herself away from his hand. "Oh, mamma!" she cried; and then she was folded in her mother's arms.

The crowd, which turned out to be simply the people who had come out of the Tower in the last half-hour, and who had been waiting with the woman for the child to come out, finding that their help was no longer needed, gave a loud cheer and moved away.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Edward, when they were all gone.

"What is wonderful?" asked Arthur.

"Why, the sympathy," he explained, "the good-feeling. Fancy that child crying over two fellows that have been dead four hundred years! and then all the people waiting to see the mother and the child meet again! and then the Tower itself—everything free and open—no prisoners, no soldiers, no bolts and bars, no headsmen's axe! See, Dick, how green the grass is on Tower Hill! Ah! things are better, after all. It's a beautiful world," he cried, looking up at the blue sky and the bright sun; "and it gets more beautiful all the time. I'm satisfied, Dick. Let's go back to the Abbey."

They made their way out of the gate-house and through the streets until the gray old towers of Westminster appeared in the distance. The boys said little, and Arthur himself was silent; indeed, he did not know what to make

of it. Presently they came to the transept door, which they entered again, Edward and Dick this time leading the way. As the door swung back, a flood of music poured out.

What was it the choir were singing? Arthur had no trouble in making out the words of the "Gloria in Excelsis": "Glory be to God on high! on earth peace, good-will to men." Had the boys recognized it also? He glanced around, and caught the look of rapt expectation on their faces. "On earth peace," he heard the elder murmur. "Peace and good-will, Dick. It's better now than ever it's been before. What will it be a hundred years to come?"

An outburst of melody withdrew Arthur's attention for a moment. When he turned around, the boys were not there. Not far away stood his friend the verger. "Did you see them go this time?" he cried, eagerly. "See who?" asked the old man.

"Why, the boys—the Blue-coat boys I told you about this morning. I've been with them all day."

The verger shook his head. "Nay," he said, "I saw no one."

"But they were here a moment ago," Arthur insisted; "and when I turned around again, they were gone."

"Ay," said the old man, "that's always the way: here one moment and gone the next. Like enough they were Blue-coat boys."

"But you said this morning they were Princes."

"I said naught. To-day would be the day the Princes would come back—that is all."

"And how can I tell?" cried Arthur, in distress.

The old man raised his hand as the music died away. "You can not tell," he whispered; "no one can tell."

"LEFT BEHIND,"*

Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AUTHOR'S TRIALS.

WHEN the dinner was ended—and the members of the dramatic company made short work of it in order to begin their professional duties as soon as possible—Mopsy Dowd fully realized that he was about to invite his partners to pass judgment upon him.

Whether he was entitled to it or not, he had some considerable fame as an author, and for that reason he had taken upon himself, and even eagerly, the task of preparing an original play for the great event now about to take place.

When he rose from the table he knew that every eye was upon him, and that each one present expected to hear him say something relative to the effort of brain and mind he was making. He was a genius, and would be until his friends found him out, which occurrence would not be very far off if he should say anything then, for the very good reason that he did not know what to say.

He knew that something must be done, and that speed-

ily, which would bear out his claim to distinction, and, with a view to gaining time, he said,

"You fellers go into the theatre, 'cause I ain't quite ready yet, and I'll go up to my room to think over one or two things."

This speech was needed at the moment, for his partners were beginning to suspect that Mopsey was not all he claimed to be, because he had been so quiet as to his play; but now perfect trust was restored by his words, and the proprietors of the theatre went up to their temple of art feeling every confidence in the author who was struggling in the privacy of his chamber for their success.

The delay in the beginning of the rehearsal was just what Nelly wanted, for it enabled her to add what she considered would be the crowning beauty of their decorations. She had conceived the idea only that afternoon while engaged in keeping the sound peaches at the top of the basket and the unripe ones at the bottom.

A friend of hers, whose mother kept a thread-and-needle emporium that was contained in a willow basket, and displayed to the public very near her fruit stand, was skillful in the art of making paper flowers. From time to time she had presented Nelly with specimens of her skill, until everything in the house that could be pressed into service as a vase was filled with these never-fading and odorless roses.

It had occurred to her that these flowers might be so arranged on the wall as to form the word "Welcome," and when she suggested her idea to the boys, after Mopsey had gone into his room, they were delighted with it.

The delay caused by the author enabled them to go to work upon this last and most beautiful of their decorations at once.

Dickey went out for a paper of tacks, and Johnny drew on the wall, directly opposite the entrance of the hall, the outlines of the word to be filled up with the paper flowers. But there was a difference of opinion among those who were watching him as to how the word should be spelled.

He had drawn out the letters "Welcum," which Paul insisted was not right. He then spelled the word correctly, and referred the matter to Ben for a decision.

Thus appealed to, as if he was an authority in such matters, Ben looked wonderfully wise, but refused to give any decision until after he had written the word down on a bit of paper, that he might see which looked correct.

After some moments of anxious suspense for Johnny, who had built a very frail stand to enable him to reach a point on the wall where it would be impossible for any of the audience to tear the flowers down, Ben announced that neither was correct, and that the word should be spelled "wellcom."

It was in vain that Paul insisted Ben was wrong. The decision had been given, and the others decided that where a matter was left to a third party for settlement, all must be satisfied with

the ruling. Therefore Johnny marked out the letters as Ben had said, and after Dickey's return with the tacks the flowers were put up, forming a very gorgeous and badly spelled word.

Before the partners had finished admiring this very beautiful ornament on the wall of their theatre a noise was heard on the stairs, and, on looking out, Dickey announced by frantic gestures that the author was coming.

It was a moment of anxious expectancy, for at last they were to know the result of their partner's labors, and they were also to learn just what they were to do on the important occasion. Dickey was particularly anxious, probably fearing lest his part should not be such as would admit of his carrying a sword and shield.

Mopsey walked into the room with slow and measured step, as if he knew the weight of the words he was about to speak, and feared lest, being too heavy, they might topple him over.

But Master Dowd was not one who did anything in a careless manner. He did not deign to speak until he had walked the length of the room, disappeared behind the scenery, and stalked out upon the stage, holding a huge sheet of paper in his hand as if it was a weapon with which he was about to strike any refractory member of the firm should his play not be exactly to their liking.

"Fellers," he said, as he cleared his throat. Then noticing the female portion of his company, he corrected himself by saying, "Fellers an' Nelly!—When we first made up our minds to build this theatre—" Here he waved his roll of paper around as if to point out which theatre he meant, when his attention was attracted by the new ornament, thereby causing him to forget what he was about to say.

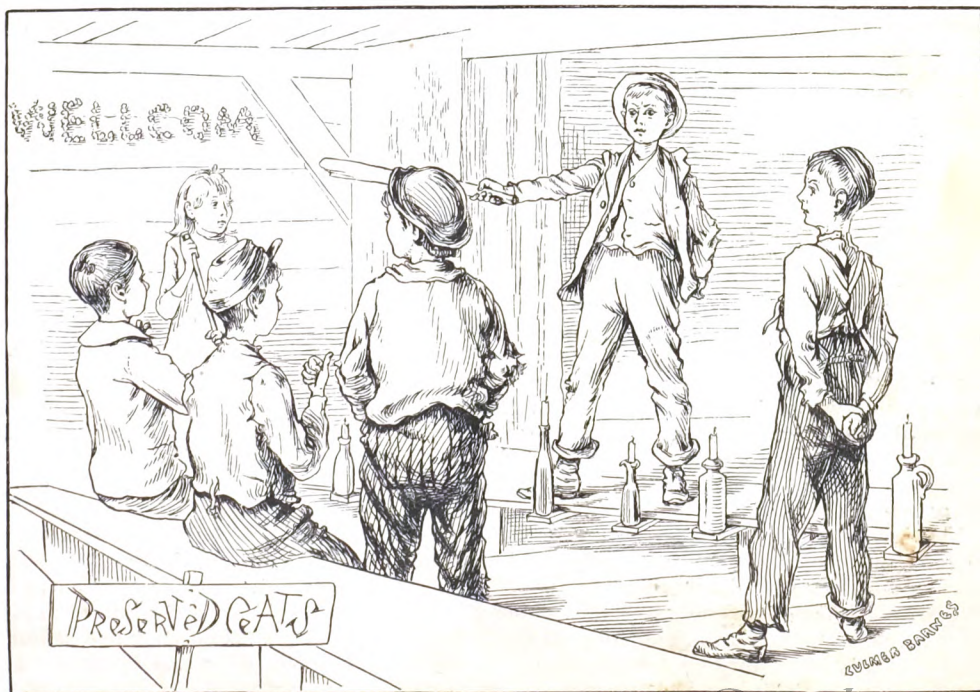
"Who put that up?" he asked, almost angrily.

"I did," said Johnny; and then, anxious to shift any responsibility of the spelling to the shoulders on which it belonged, he added, "but Ben spelled it."

"Well, fix it," commanded the disturbed author. "If any of the fellers should see that they'd think we didn't know nothin' at all. Put it w-e-double l-k-o-m."

Johnny started to obey him, thinking with delight that he had been almost right before, and Mopsey continued:

"When we built this place I said I'd fix up a play my-



self, so's we'd be sure to have everythin' all right. But business has been so good, an' I had so much trouble with my pea-nut roaster—for I broke it twice, an' had to hire one offer the Italian that keeps across the street—that I thought we'd play somethin' the boys all knew, and we'd kinder lay over anythin' they'd ever seen at the same time. So I thought we'd play the whole of Shakespeare, an' that would give everybody a fair show."

There was a look of disappointment on the faces of his hearers as he said this, and noticing it, he added quickly, "You see, we couldn't get up a whole play new, an' give all hands a chance to do fightin'; an' then, agin, Dickey wouldn't have a shield an' a sword any other way than this."

This last argument changed the look on Dickey's face at once, and he was perfectly satisfied with any arrangement now, for he knew his ambition was to be realized. The others were careful to show no signs of approval until they were satisfied that they had been treated as well as Dickey had.

"Of course," continued Mopsey, as he looked around at his audience much as if he expected to hear some of them say that he couldn't write a play, "the first thing we had to have was a programme, an' I've made one out, so's you'll know jest what you've got to do."

Here Mopsey unfolded the paper he had carried in his hand, and displayed a bill of the play. The following is as nearly like it as possible:

GRATE SHOW - At MRS GREEN'S BORDIN HOUSE
THE HOME OF SHAKESPIRE
SATURDAY NITE, 8 in the evening

RICHARD 3	Mopsey DOWN
MAK BETH	Dickey SPRY
OTHELLO	Shiner JONES
HAMLET	POLLY WESTON
THE GHOST	Ben TREAT
A SINGER	NELLY GREEN

PRICE 5 CENTS. PRE-SERVED CATS 8 CENTS
GRATE TIME.

Mopsey waited patiently until all had read this wonderful production, and he was pleased to see that nearly all were satisfied with their parts. Ben Treat was the only one who appeared to think he had any cause for complaint, and he very soon made his grievance known.

"I can't play ghost," he said, fretfully; "I don't know nothin' 'bout it, an' I want more to do."

Mopsey had made up his mind as to what he should do in case of any dissatisfaction, and he said to Ben, in tones of deepest scorn:

"A great feller you are to get up a fuss before you know what you've got to do! an' you oughter be ashamed of yourself. Why, you've got an awful lot to do. In the first place, you've got to come an' most scare the life out of Polly, an' then when he runs away you've got to do a song an' dance an' turn three or four handsprings before you sink right down through one of these holes. I don't know what you do want if that don't suit you, unless it is to do the whole play."

Ben had nothing more to say; he realized that his was really an important part, and he was abashed by the withering sarcasm of the angry author.

Then each of the others, fearing lest he should not have as good an opportunity for the display of his talents, demanded to know what he was to do.

"Now I'll begin an' tell you the whole thing," said Mopsey, as he prepared to show how all of Shakespeare's plays could be performed on one evening by a small company. "In the first place, Nelly comes out, all dressed up, an' sings a song; then the play commences. I come out with a sword an' pistols, an' tell about my hoss runnin'

away, an' after I get through Shiner comes out an' picks a fuss with me, an' I kill him."

Here the speaker was interrupted by the gentleman who had been selected to play the part of Othello with the remark that it was hardly fair to dispose of him at such an early stage of the performance, more especially on the first night.

"But you come on agin an' dance," said Mopsey, fretfully. "Why don't you wait till I get through? After I kill Shiner, Dickey comes in, an' we two have a reg'lar fight, an' we both run away. Then Shiner jumps up, an' dances jest as long as he can, an' down comes the curtain. In the next act Polly comes out an' talks a lot of stuff; an' when he gets through, Ben comes right up through the floor an' scares him awfully; an' when he runs off, Ben does a song an' dance, an' that ends that act. Then Nelly sings another song, an' we all come out fightin'; an' when we get through, Dickey dances a clog; an' if that hain't show enough for five cents, I don't know what is."

In fact, the partners were of Mopsey's opinion, and since they were all to appear in the last act in a grand fight, they would not have complained even though it had been necessary for them all to die in the first scene.

Even if Mopsey had not written an original play, he had covered himself with glory in this arrangement of Shakespeare's works, and if there had been any doubts as to the success of their enterprise, they were dispelled now.

Of course it was necessary to make some arrangements for costumes, and an exciting discussion began at once, during which Mrs. Green was called upon to see what she could do toward fitting the party out.

Mopsey proposed that a further assessment of twenty-five cents be made on each of the company, and announced that, prosperous as business was just then, he had decided to shut up shop the next day in order to give his whole attention to the important work of preparation.

Dickey volunteered to sacrifice his business also in order to aid him, and it was believed that with the funds just raised these two could buy and hire weapons enough to arm the entire party.

Mrs. Green had several things which it was thought could be used with good effect, and all hands went to work making wooden swords, in case there should be any trouble in finding the real articles.

Nelly made more tickets, so that all who were anxious to witness the performance might at least have one, and Paul was given charge of the money that had been received thus far; for all were anxious to see the entire receipts of that night's performance in one unbroken whole, even if it was necessary to advance funds from each pocket in order to make the necessary purchases.

During the remainder of that evening Mopsey rehearsed the different members of the company separately, until he was convinced that they could carry out their respective parts perfectly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT PASSION MUSIC.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

I WAS staying once in a little sea-bound village just on the borders of Spain, and there I became very much interested in talking with two of the country people; one was a pretty young peasant woman of the Basque race, the other a lad, also a Basque, who spent most of his time fishing. From them I heard a great deal about the curious allegorical and religious performances which from time to time they had taken part in. These were plays given in the public squares at certain seasons. The characters were usually chosen from the Bible, and the plot of the play, or rather its chief idea, would be some Biblical scene.

From time immemorial these plays had been given, and the ideas of the people were too simple to make them wish the custom altered. No form of dramatic or musical representation is older, and so we ought to have great respect for them, knowing they have come down from very pious, early times.

In some ways the *Passion music*, which I hope we will now hear every year in America,* has its origin in the same feeling which influenced the writers of those early Christian plays; and although its form varies now very much, it still keeps the original idea—that of describing in music the story of the Passion of our Lord.

We use music for so many lighter purposes that sometimes people shrink from the idea of associating it with anything so sacred. Yet, after all, what art is more fitting to speak to us of what ought to be dearest to our hearts? The grand and simple story of His life is not any less beautiful because we listen to it sung by pure voices with the accompaniment of harmonious sounds.

Passion music seems to have had its origin in the fourth century, when S. Gregory Nazianzen first prepared it in real form. None of this music is preserved, but we know that it was very widely sung in the early Church.

A great many different ideas followed these first ones down to the time of the Reformation. Finally the idea of a more perfect form of Passion music worked its way on to about 1728, when Sebastian Bach conceived the idea of writing a complete Passion oratorio. His plan was to give the exact words of the Gospel as far as possible, with good choruses, some recitatives, and four-part chorales.

The great musician succeeded almost beyond his own expectations. It is impossible to describe the tremendous and sublime effect of this great work. It is written for two orchestras and two choirs; it seems to contain every variety of musical expression, and the whole thing breathes such a purely devotional spirit that it is like the prayer of some strong Christian heart.

Bach was at the time organist of the old Church of St. Thomas in Leipsic, as well as Cantor of the school, and so he had every opportunity of bringing out his work in perfection. It was produced for the first time on Good-Friday, 1729. Between the two parts a sermon was preached, and it is recorded that the entire service produced a wonderful effect upon all present.

But later the interest in this marvellous music seemed to flag. For a century it lay untouched; and as it will undoubtedly continue to be given in America, I think the story of how it was *unearthed* will prove interesting to the young musicians whom I am addressing.

During the winter of 1827 Felix Mendelssohn,† then about eighteen years of age, was living in Berlin in his father's household. It was a charming one, the brothers and sisters being united by affection and many sympathies. They seem to have been equally fond of music, painting, and literature. Naturally such a delightful young circle drew into it many agreeable friends. Felix's chosen companion was Edward Devrient, an artist, whose voice was exquisite, and whose knowledge of music was quite equal to that of Felix's.

Every Saturday Devrient and other friends used to meet at Felix's home to practice vocal music, and as Felix had a great enthusiasm for "old Bach," he one day suggested their trying the Passion music, which was unknown, except in name, even to these ardent students. So they began upon it, and their enthusiasm grew as they learned page after page, the various parts, as Devrient says, filling them with new reverence for the Bible story.

It occurred to Devrient to produce the music in public.

The little circle was startled by such a venturesome idea. Mendelssohn declared it would be a failure. Old Zelter, his teacher, was the most influential musician in Berlin, and Felix well knew how much opposition he would have to expect from him.

But Devrient persisted. He knew that if Felix once undertook it, all would go well. At last the two friends decided to go to Zelter and see what he would say to their plan. Devrient has left a very entertaining description of this interview.

Zelter lived in the Musical Academy; they found him at home, but sitting with his long pipe in a cloud of smoke. Out of this he looked at the two young men, exclaiming, "Why, how is this? what do two such fine young fellows want with me at this early hour?"

"Now," writes Devrient, "I began my well-studied speech about our admiration of Bach, whom we had first learned to prize under his guidance. . . . He enlarged upon the difficulties of the work, which required resources such as existed in the Thomas Schule when Bach himself was Cantor there; the necessity for a double orchestra and double chorus. . . . He had become excited, rose, put aside his pipe, and began walking about the room. We, too, rose. Felix pulled me by the sleeve; he thought nothing more could be done."

But Devrient persisted, and finally Zelter agreed "to speak a good word for them." When they left the room Felix laughingly called his friend an arch-rascal. "Anything you like, for the honor of Sebastian Bach," exclaimed Devrient as they went into the street.

They began the rehearsals, the arrangement of the score, all the fascinating though severe labors which belong to the preparation of any such work. When they went to engage the solo singers, "Felix," says Devrient, "was child enough to insist on our being dressed exactly alike."

They wore "blue coats, white waistcoats, black neckties, black trousers, and yellow gloves," the fashionable attire of the time; but an idea may be had of how economically a young German lad of that period was brought up by Devrient's story that Felix's pocket-money having run out, he loaned him a thaler (about one dollar) to buy his gloves, upon which Madame Mendelssohn was quite displeased, saying, "Young people should not be assisted to extravagance."

It was just one hundred years since Bach's music had last been heard, and this idea filled the two young men with enthusiasm. They could think and talk of nothing else. One day, as they crossed the Opern Platz, Felix stood still, suddenly exclaiming, "To think that it should be an actor [Devrient] and a Jew that give back to the people the greatest of Christian works!"

The performance was in every way successful. Zelter's prejudices vanished, and all Berlin went wild over this revival of an interest in Bach. A second concert was called for, and in other towns the music began to be studied and produced. What seems to me best worth recording of this is the fact that by perseverance in the *right* direction these two young men did a lasting favor to all the world.

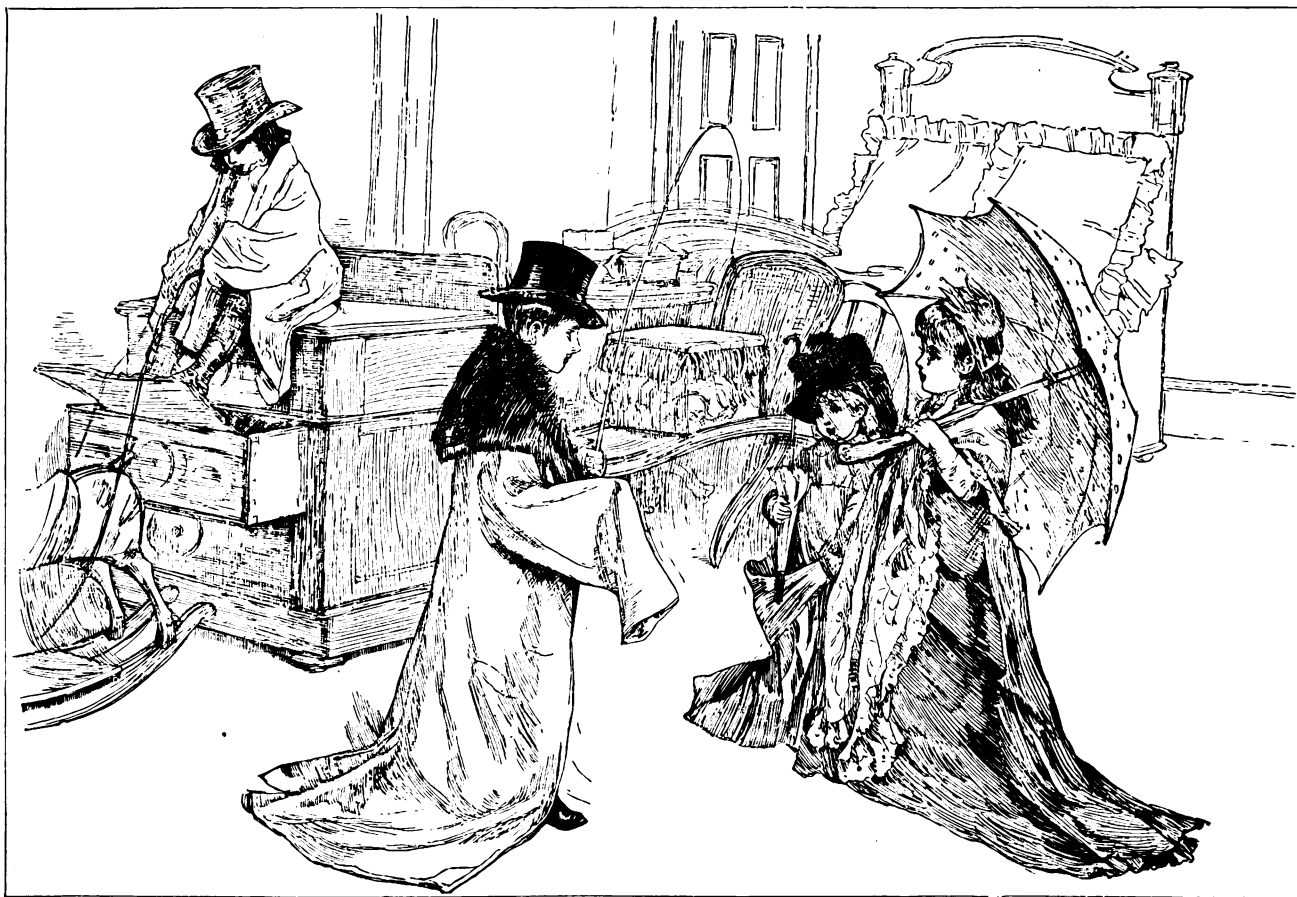
Devrient sang the part of Christ. He says of it: "Deeply affected by the work as it proceeded, I sang with my whole soul and voice, and believed that the thrills of devotion that ran through my veins were also felt by the rapt hearers."

Truly, as Devrient says, we owe thanks to that year 1829, in which the "light of Bach's greatest music" was given to us.

At Felix Mendelssohn's funeral, in 1847, Devrient must have had sad and sweet memories of this time of their youth. Among the various selections of sacred music sung on that occasion, the final chorus of the Passion music, "We sat down in tears," was given with most solemn effect.

* It was first given by the Oratorio Society of New York, in March, 1880.

† Mendelssohn, the famous musician and composer, was born in 1809, and died in 1847.



"THE CARRIAGE WAITS."—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

A RUMPUS AND A RIOT.

THE following story, which is quite true, tells what happened because one old turkey gobbler was too curious, and wanted to know, you know.

Never was there a more peaceful scene. The old farmhouse drowsed in the morning sun; the little breezes had forgotten to ruffle the leaves; the brook slipped along without a murmur; there was never a quack or a cackle in the barn-yard; and everything and everybody seemed to be sound asleep, from grandma in her rocking-chair to the grand old shepherd dog winking and blinking at his post between the bee-hives.

Then it entered into the mind of an inquisitive old turkey to explore one of the bee-hives. Plunging his long neck into the hole by which the bees enter, he took a survey of their domain. Whether his glance was considered impertinent or not we shall never discover, but in some way it awakened the anger of the bees, who at once began a savage attack upon him. The innocent turkeys of the flock who chanced to be near shared the fate of the guilty gobbler, and it seemed as if the bees of all the hives agreed to give the turkeys a sound stinging. In a moment some of the latter were nearly covered with bees.

The turkeys were so tortured by the stings of the bees that they hopped, jumped, flew, rolled, and made every kind of noise of which they are capable. Many other fowls being in the yard, the bees were carried among them by the turkeys, and by them to the dog. He finally became so pained and enraged that he jumped as high in the air as his chain would allow; he rolled, barked, frothed at the mouth, and it seemed as if he would become rabid.

The men of the family were all off in the lots. The large dinner horn was blown. The man of the house ran hastily, covered himself with a shawl, groped his way to

the dog, cut the strap that was around his neck (not waiting to unbuckle it), and the dog, Shep, ran into the kitchen, nearly covered with bees. "High-wine," made from apple juice, was poured over him. This stupefied the bees for a time, and they fell to the floor.

It would be impossible to give any idea of their numbers, but they were *many*. The good farmer, his wife, and the hired woman killed all the bees that had been on the dog; then Shep was put in the cellar, where he could get cool, for his flesh all over was hot with stings.

The chickens being covered with feathers, they did not suffer as much as the turkeys, but these, having their heads and necks bare of feathers, were easy prey. It was not long before the bees had the whole yard to themselves. One turkey was found nearly dead. It was carried to the piazza, and while some one was trying to relieve it of pain and save its life the bees smelled it, and pounced upon it. It flapped its wings, rolled off the piazza, and was dead. A bird in the top of a tree near was attacked, and flew away in torture.

It being wash-day, the servants tried to hang the clothes on the line; they drove them into the house. The farmer's wife went out and tried to hang up the clothes, but they attacked her; they seemed determined to have no living thing around but themselves. It was almost noon before one piece could be hung up. The grass as well as air was full of bees.

The next day the dog was very sick; his head and eyes were greatly swollen, but the probability is that he will get well. Only one turkey died; the rest seem to have recovered, but they keep far from the house and bees. The cat evidently understood the situation at the beginning, and ran to an upper room and hid under the bed.

The panic is happily over, and peace once more reigns in the farmer's yard.



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

HOW TO KEEP A SECRET.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

I.

"IN violet," my Mamma says,
A secret should be kept;
I heard her say so to Papa
Last night before I slept.
I heard her talking in my room
With Papa, soft and low.
'Secrets are kept in violet,'
And I'm so glad I know;
For I've the loveliest secret
I want to talk about,
Of course I can't tell any one,
Lest it should be let out.
But I can tell the violets"—
She darted down the walk.
"You see, they're just the very ones,
For violets don't talk."

The violets heard a whisper,
A murmur soft and low,
Then warningly she ended with,
"You mustn't tell, you know."

II.

I knew her small first finger-tip
Was scarred with needle pricks,
And that something was often brought
For dear Mamma to fix.
And on my birthday by my plate
A handkerchief I found,
All snowy white, and neatly hemmed
With tiny stitches round.
"Tis yours," she cried; "I was so 'fraid
I could not get it done.
See all the stitches round the edge:
I hemmed them, every one.
It was a secret. Did you guess?
I kept it; no one knew,
'Cept Mamma and the violets,
'Twas being done for you."
"Tis beautiful," I said, and kissed
Her shining curls of gold;
And it was kept *inviolata*,
For not a violet told.

FISHING FOR STARS.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

NEWTON stood at the window in his night-gown, waiting for his nurse to put him to bed. It was a beautiful summer night, and the stars were shining as if it were a pleasure just to stay out all night and shine. A great tree stood so near the house that its branches almost touched the window in which the boy stood, and as they gently waved to and fro in the soft evening breeze they seemed to whisper all manner of wonderful things. Newton's nurse did not come as quickly as usual that night, and he stood for quite a long time listening to the branches and watching the stars; he was not lonely, because he loved to get into corners and quiet places and dream of all kinds of queer things. By-and-by there was a step on the stairs, and in came the nurse, a little out of breath, as if she knew she were late, and had been running upstairs.

"Little boy, did you think I had forgotten you?" she asked.

"I wasn't thinking about it at all," said Newton; "I was wondering if the stars ever come down."

"Yes," said nurse, "the stars do come down sometimes. I saw one fall only a little while ago. Why, the pond in the garden is sometimes full of them."

Newton's big dark eyes were bigger than ever when he heard this.

"How do they get there?" he asked, looking up eagerly into the face of his nurse.

"Why, dear, how could they get there except by shining," answered the nurse, brushing the curly hair and getting everything ready for bed.

"Was it in our pond you saw them?"

"Yes, in our pond last night, after you had gone to bed and I had gone out for a little walk in the garden."

"I wonder if they ever come down in the day-time," said Newton, half to himself.

"Oh no," answered nurse; "they get into the pond only when they shine in the sky, and of course they can't shine when the sun is up."

Newton asked no more questions, but got softly into bed, and lay there for a long time wide awake, thinking about the stars in the pond. Even after he fell asleep he did not stop thinking about them, for he dreamed that he was in the boat, and that the stars were floating on the water like shining lilies. He watched them a long time, and then he leaned over and gently put his hand under a little star, and was just lifting it out of the water, when he awoke.

All the next day Newton thought of nothing but stars, and the hours seemed a good deal longer than usual, because he was so anxious for night to come again. At dinner his father said, "Newton, what have you been doing all day?"

"Catching stars, papa."

"Catching stars!" said Mr. Brooks, very much astonished at this queer answer to his question. "How did you do it?"

"Well, they come down sometimes, nurse says."

"Yes," said Mr. Brooks, "they certainly do, or pieces of them do. I saw one fall last night."

"Did you?" and Newton's eyes got bigger and bigger. "Where did it hit?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Mr. Brooks, smiling; "I was too sleepy to look it up. Just as I was going to bed I looked out of the window, and suddenly a bright star dropped down the sky, and seemed to fall into the trees at the end of the garden."

That was the very spot where the pond lay, and Newton was sure the star had fallen into it. All day he had been wishing that he might go down there after dark and see for himself; but how could he do that when he was sent to bed every night at seven o'clock?

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were going out that evening, and just as they were starting Newton ran after his mother, and caught her hand as she was getting into the carriage, and whispered,

"Can I stay up later to-night?"

Mrs. Brooks kissed him and said he might, and Newton ran down into the garden with a very serious face, as if he had important business on hand. He had made a careful plan, and he wanted to see that everything was ready. First he walked down to the pond and looked at the boat; it was fastened to the stake, but it was not padlocked, as he feared it would be. Then he went to the stable and took the crabbing net from the big nail on which it always hung, carried it to the pond, and hid it under a lilac bush, and then walked back to the house as if nothing unusual were about to happen.

Half past six was a long time coming that evening, and Newton went a good many times to look at the clock in the hall; at last the nurse called him, and he hurried through his tea in a way that would have shocked his mother if she had been there to see the performance. When he slipped down from the table it was seven o'clock, and he had just one hour before bed-time. It was early in September, there was no moon, and it was already quite dark. Newton sat down on the piazza steps and waited, watching very impatiently for the coming of the stars in the sky, and thinking how he could best get into the garden without being seen by the servants in the house. It was a still evening, and one by one the stars stole out of their hiding-places, and began to shine through the net-work of branches that overhung the veranda; the darkness seemed to be full of katydids, and every one of them talked as fast and as loud as it could. At last the clock chimed

half past seven, and Newton stole quietly down the steps and along the gravelled walk, and got into the garden before any one noticed that he was gone. Once among the shrubs and trees he ran swiftly along the dusky walks to the clump of tall trees that stood together at the edge of the pond. He was so excited that his heart beat like a little hammer. Would the stars really be in the pond, and could he catch one?

When he reached the pond he looked eagerly over the surface, and there, near the middle, and beyond the dark shadows which the trees seemed to cast on the pond, soft but very clear shone the stars in the motionless water. The boy ran to the lilac bush, drew out the net, and threw it into the little boat; then he gave the boat a little push, which was sufficient to send it several feet into the pond, and to send him flat into its bottom. He picked himself up and found he was floating straight out to the stars; the pond was so small that a good strong push would have sent the boat almost over to the other shore. Newton crawled to the bow, drew the net after him, and waited until he should float exactly over the stars. He began to feel that it was a pretty solemn business; it was very dark all about, and even the little pond seemed large and mysterious; there was no sound but the strange, weird noise of the rustling leaves; the stars overhead seemed to be looking down very tenderly at the stars underneath, and Newton wondered if they would be angry if a star were taken out of the pond. The boat made little ripples as it moved along, and when it had almost reached the middle of the pond the stars began to quiver and tremble, and then they seemed to fall to pieces, and get scattered into little gleams of light. Newton was very much afraid they were going out entirely; but in a minute the boat became still and the water calm again, and there was a splendid great star right in front and only a little way off.

Newton had never heard of anybody who fished for stars before, and he was not sure whether he ought to have had a hook with some sort of bait, or whether the net was the right thing; but as the star lay perfectly still on the surface of the water he made up his mind that the net was better than a hook.

He kept very quiet, for he did not know but that a noise would frighten the star away; in fact, he was so excited that he hardly breathed. Without a sound, and almost without a motion, he pushed the pole of the net over the side of the boat, and ran the net right under the star. Then he pushed the pole down, and the net rose dripping, with the star in the middle; but, sad to relate, the star seemed to run through the meshes of the net, and fall back into the water in a thousand drops. Newton pulled the net in and looked at it; it was unbroken, and he could not understand how the star could have gotten through and out if it had once been inside. He waited until the water became quiet, and then pushed out the net again; again it seemed to hold the star in the circle of its meshes, but again, as it rose dripping out of the pond, the star fell back in a shower of drops. The boy was greatly disappointed, but he was not ready to give up yet: perhaps he had been too slow.

He waited until the water became quiet again, and then he suddenly stood up in the bow of the boat and gave the net a quick push into the water. Instantly there was a great splash, and boy, boat, and stars were all mixed up in one grand commotion; the whole pond was in an uproar. Newton had pushed too far, and fallen overboard! Fortunately for the star-fisher it was a very still night, and George, who happened to be standing in the stable door smoking his short black pipe, heard the first splash, and ran to the pond without waiting to hear anything else. When he got there the boat was bobbing up and down, and the ripples were coming ashore in great circles, and George looked about anxiously to see the cause of the commotion. He was not kept waiting long, for in a sec-

ond Newton's head came up out of the pond, looking for all the world like a round black ball in the water. Before it had time to go down again George had caught the dark curls and was pulling curls and all to shore.

For a minute or two Newton was so stunned that he hardly knew what had happened or where he was. The water ran out of his ears and eyes, and flowed in little streams from his clothes. George had read that something ought to be done with drowning people as soon as they were pulled out of the water, but he couldn't remember what it was that ought to be done; however, he did the only thing he could think of, and held Newton head downward for a minute, and then gave him several hard shakes. This brought the boy to his senses, and in a moment George carried him to the house. The nurse was too much frightened to scold him; she took off his wet clothes, gave him something warm to drink, and got him into bed as fast as possible. The next morning it was all so like a dream that Newton couldn't make up his mind whether it had really happened or not until he saw his clothes hanging before the kitchen fire after breakfast.

WALKING-CANES.

GROWING THEM FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

IT has become a habit with me when walking in the woods to keep a sharp lookout for stocks for walking-canes, so that in the course of many years I have got together quite a unique collection. To these a number has been added through exchanges with friends.

This hobby has borne other fruit than the mere gathering together of curious canes. For have I not learned the scientific and common names of most of our trees and shrubs, their habits and their values, their uses in the arts and sciences, their medicinal qualities? So you see, my young reader, what unthinking people would call a useless and eccentric occupation (this gathering of old sticks) has in reality proved to be an innocent and instructive pastime, and I propose to continue to ride this walking-cane hobby just as diligently as I used to ride grandpa's walking-cane to "Banbury Cross," when a child.

My first interesting cane capture consisted of a very curiously shaped natural cane, as shown in Fig. 1. It was of a young hickory sapling at whose roots grew a bitter-sweet vine, which, being of an ambitious turn of mind, had taken many turns around the sapling in its eagerness to climb up in the world. The sapling in the mean time extended its bark well over the leader of the tough and clinging bitter-sweet, till but little of it was to be seen. At last the sapling, feeling unusually vigorous, burst asunder the clinging bitter-sweet vine, the result being a very unique walking-cane, and a good illustration of the "survival of the fittest."

The dead bitter-sweet vine was withdrawn from the hickory, and from its root a handle was carved and bent. On many occasions I have twisted vines of bitter-sweet and the fox-grape around saplings of oak, hickory, and chestnut, and have obtained very satisfactory results.

Where a vine is situated some distance from the sapling selected for a cane, the vine can be "piped" (laid under the ground) up to the sapling, and then twisted around it and securely fastened at the top with wire from three feet to four feet above its root, as shown in Fig. 2. If the sapling is so situated that it obtains a bountiful supply of food and sunlight, a unique cane of natural growth will be the result, as shown in Fig. 3.

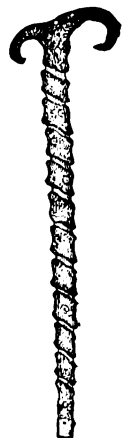


Fig. 1.

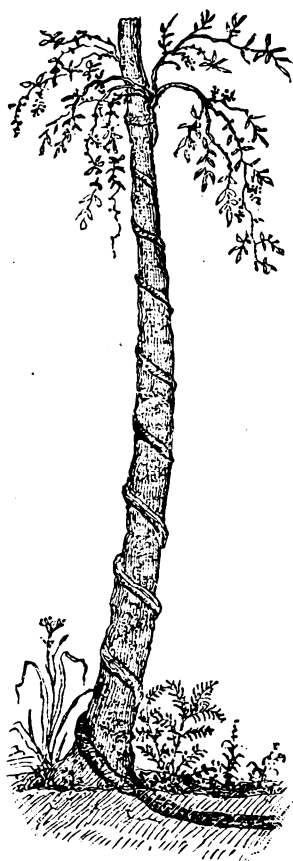


FIG. 2.

I bound them together with a living cat-brier vine, which was planted at their base, and in course of time obtained a light walking-cane of novel pattern, as shown in Fig. 5. Another very interesting experiment was grafting three willow stocks together so that they formed a union, and became as it were one tree. This was done by carefully cutting away two slices from three young willows so as to form an obtuse angle as shown in Fig. 6.

The angles so formed were carefully and accurately fitted together, as shown in the section, Fig. 7. To hold the willows closely together, and to exclude all air, I wrapped them tightly with strips of unbleached cotton sheeting. As soon as they showed signs of life at their tops by sending out young branches, I felt certain that a union of their barks would form at the points indicated by the arrows in Fig. 7. But it was not till several trials had been made that I was successful in this novel experiment of combining three willow saplings.



FIG. 3.

It very often occurs that after a tree has been cut down a number of canes or suckers will start up from the stump (Fig. 8). These suckers make excellent walking-canes when properly cured and peeled. For a lady's riding whip I know of nothing better than three willow withes plaited together. This plaiting must be done when the willow withes are young, and when attached to the parent tree, on which they are allowed to remain for a year after having been plaited together. By this time they will have grown firmly together in consequence of

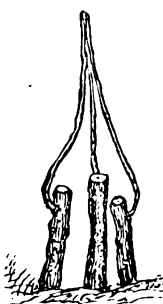


FIG. 4.

At this season of the year, when so many young people are spending their vacations in the country, why not try this interesting experiment, so that next year when you return to the same place you will see exactly how far the contest for existence between the sapling and the vine has progressed, and also when to expect the result of your first experiment in growing walking-sticks?

Having taken a hint from nature in the case of the bitter-sweet vine and the hickory sapling, I extended my experiments in many directions. Taking three cuttings (slips) of basket-willow, I planted them close together, as shown in Fig. 4. After they had taken root and begun to push out branches, I reduced the number of branches to one for each cutting, always retaining the most vigorous branch.

As the three willow-trees increased in height, the side branches were constantly cut off. This treatment forced the growth of the willows upward, so that when they had attained a height of five feet

the bark conforming to the bent strands of the plait.

The following kinds of native woods are used for walking-canes:

Holly.—Sticks of this wood are found growing out from the sides of older growths, and shooting up in nearly a straight line. Occasionally they may be cut with a crutch piece across the growing end, or with a crook or knob. These are the most valuable. They may be found on a well-grown sapling in the deep woods. This should be pulled or dug up for the sake of its roots. Saplings and hedge sticks may often be found from three to four feet long, and from three-eighths to a quarter of an inch in diameter. These are not suitable for walking-canes, but they make excellent whip handles. The holly makes tough, supple, and moderately heavy walking-canes, and its close-grained wood admits of much skill in carving the knob formed by the root and its rootlets.

Ash.—Respectable sticks of this wood may sometimes be cut out of a hedge, or pulled from the side of an old stump. Ash sticks must also be roughly trimmed and well seasoned before they are barked and polished. The root knobs admit of excellent grotesque carving.

Oak.—This of all sticks is the most reliable, and stout oaken cudgels are esteemed by most persons as affording the best props for failing legs, as well as the best weapons of self-defense against quarrelsome dogs, ruffians, and tramps. Straight sticks of sapling oak are not always easily obtained, but copse-wood sticks pulled from the trunks of trees form excellent substitutes. These should be selected for walking-canes that taper from one inch below the knob or crutch to one inch at the ferrule end. Oak sticks split in drying when the bark has been stripped off or the knobs

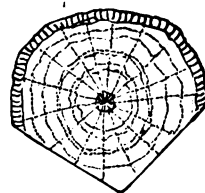


FIG. 6.

and branches cut too close, or when the sticks are dried too rapidly in a very dry place. They are then rendered useless for walking-canes and cudgels.

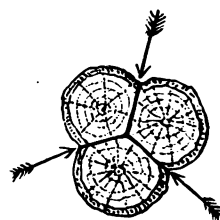


FIG. 7.

Elm.—From the roots of elm-trees saplings often shoot up to a height of some ten feet; these furnish good walking-canes of fancy styles, the rough bark serving the purpose of ornamentation when the sticks are dried, stained, varnished, and polished.

Among fruit trees the cherry, apple, and pear furnish some very nice fancy walking-canes, being supple and of moderate strength.

When canes are half dried, that is, when the bark is shrunken, has lost its sappy greenness, and refuses to peel freely, they may be trimmed, straightened, or bent, as required. The wood and also the form of the knobs and roots will admit of much taste being displayed in grotesque and fancy carving. But about how this may be done I shall tell you in another article.

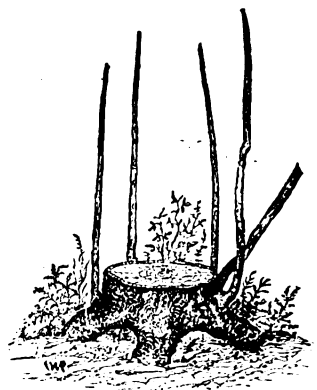



FIG. 8.



FIG. 5.



Serious Advice.

Jigger! Jigger!
Jamboree!
Little Ethiopian
Up a tree.

What's he at, the little blossom?
Looks as though he's after 'possum.
Does not signify to me,
But limb's not strong as it might be.

Jigger! Jigger!
Jamboree!
Should n't snigger,
But-he! he!!-

He'll hark to what we say to him
When next he ventures on a limb.
Of course it wouldn't bear his weight!
He should have tried, at any rate!

Jigger! Jigger!
Deary me!
Pretty figure,
Is n't he?

Haven't any wish to preach,
But when a thing is out of reach
We're very apt to get a fall
In trying for it - that is all!

H. Pyle.





THE BIRD'S NEST.

Down amid the flowers, the ferns, and the grass,
Cunningly and sweetly the birdie made her nest
Where she thought that none would see it though the merry winds
might pass,
And murmur of her secret from the east to the west.

She never dreamed of Harry, whose eyes are everywhere,
Whose little feet go dancing o'er hillock and through dell.
Dear birdie, you may trust him; he wouldn't think it fair
About your little nestlings around the world to tell.

He'll only whisper softly to loving sister Grace:
"Oh, down beside the river, and where the lilies shine,
The very prettiest sight, dear, is in the prettiest place:
Three little callow birdies, and I mean to call them mine.

"But I'll never, never touch them; I'll watch them day by day,
And by-and-by will hear them sweetly singing from the tree.
Till they're strong and big and happy, and have learned to fly away,
They need not be a bit afraid of any boy like me."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SHEMLAN, MOUNT LEBANON, SYRIA, May 3, 1884.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I wrote you once before, and told you about a journey among the Lebanon villages, and you kindly asked me to write again. A few weeks ago papa, my brother, and I set out for the long-talked-of visit to Zahleh and Baalbec. We started about seven o'clock A.M. Theo and I rode donkeys, and papa his horse. The morning was fresh and clear, and nature seemed smiling to see the lovely young leaves, grass, wheat, and barley springing up from their winter sleep. It was quite cool for some time, for the sun had not yet risen very high over the hills. It was only a quarter of an hour to the next little village, called Souk-el-Ghureb, where papa has his training school for native helpers; after passing that we rode on for about half an hour to the next village. This is a very pretty little place, where a good many foreigners and rich natives have built their summer residences. There are many oak trees about Aaleh, which give a picturesque look to the houses, a number of which are tile-roofed. After passing Aaleh we came to the Damascus carriage-road. It is travelled so much that in summer, when there is no rain, it is very white and dusty, and is very trying to the eyes from the glare of the sun upon it; but now, as it was yet early in the spring, the road was not very dusty, and, protected from the sun and glare by a veil and white muslin around my straw hat, I did not mind it at all.

Pretty soon we came in sight of a little silk factory and a nuns' summer retreat, all alone among the hills. We rode on for some distance, with mountains on our right and left and before us; the sea was at our backs now, and only when there was a turn in the road could we view it easily. There are little "khans," or inns, all along the way, about an hour (and sometimes more) apart. It would take a more skillful pen than mine to describe that beautiful mountain scenery. Some that were near us were covered with green, others farther on were blue as blue can be; but I think the far-away white-topped mountains were the prettiest of all. From many the snow was

melting, and showed little patches of brown earth, which only made the shining snow look whiter.

And now, after riding a little more than four hours, we stop at one of the little khans, which is half-way between Shemlan and Zahleh, for we are getting hungry, and it is nearly twelve o'clock. There is a fresh, clear spring of water coming out just below the khan. The old khan-keeper brings us some little native stools to sit on and a low round table at which to eat, then some water from the spring, and with the sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs mamma had put up for us we managed to make a very good meal. This khan is a great stopping-place for the muleteers and camel-drivers on their way from the Bakah, which is an elevated plain four hundred feet above the sea. It lies between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and is put down on maps as Coele-Syria. It supplies large quantities of wheat and barley to the towns and villages on the mountains. When we had finished our lunch and rested, papa gave the khan-keeper some "bucksheesh," and we went on again. In a short time the sea was wholly hid from our sight by the mountains. All along the road we met long trains of camels and donkeys, and a good many Bedouin Arabs on their horses.

At last, after nearly three hours' riding from the khan, we catch the first glimpse of the Bakah—a vast plain stretching for miles away to the base of the distant hazy blue mountains. It was nearly all green, but there were stripes and squares of brown earth here and there. It was the first time we children had ever seen anything of the kind, for our home is on the mountain and I enjoyed it very much. After an hour and a half we reached Shitara. This village is a diligence station half-way between Beirut and Damascus. Perhaps some of Harper's Young People don't know what a diligence is. It is a covered carriage, painted yellow on the outside, with little windows all around, a coupé in front, and seats on top. Six horses are required to draw it. There are ten stations all along the road from Damascus to Beirut, each one having six horses for changing with those in the diligence; altogether there are sixty-six horses. In this way they are able to go very fast.

At Shitara we dismounted, and bought some lemonade at the hotel, and rested under the trees. Here a missionary living in Zahleh met us, and we all rode on together. The road for quite a distance was bordered on both sides by poplars and a kind of fragrant willow; the leaves are delicate silvery gray on one side and pale olive green on the other. Peeping through the trees, we saw large clover fields, looking so cool and green that it made us long to go and lie in them. After a while these gave place to great grape vineyards, but these did not look so pretty, for there were only a few leaves out as yet.

A good many donkeys and horses with their little colts were grazing on the green, and a few cows and buffaloes. Soon we left the main road, and began ascending a long steep hill. Just as we reached the summit the whole city of Zahleh broke on our view. It is quite a large place, of about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The houses are somewhat different from other Lebanon houses; they are all whitewashed on the outside, some of them tinted blue, and the flat roofs project over the walls a little all around. The houses are built on such steep hills that the roofs of some are the door-yards to the houses above them. Looking off to the right, we see the gorge for which Zahleh is quite noted. Here we were met by another missionary and his little boy. The poor tired donkeys seemed to know they were near their journey's end, and mine, which

had given us similar songs on the road, now set up a prolonged bray, and they both hurried up a little, so we were soon inside the city. The people in the streets made all sorts of exclamations and remarks (especially the women) about our looks, dress, and general appearance, but we paid no attention to them.

The next three days were passed very pleasantly among our friends. There were a good many native calls, too.

Tuesday, about 1 o'clock P.M., we took the carriage from Maallaca, a village adjoining Zahleh, to Baalbec. It was a long four hours' ride across part of the great plain of the Bakah. In a little while the air was scented with the quantities of lavender growing in the fields of wheat and barley on each side of the road. In two hours we stopped at a little station to change horses, and we came out of the carriage and had a drink. There were some Bedouins around, and among them a woman with two little girls. The oldest, who was about four or five years old, was a very bright little thing, with rosy brown cheeks and sparkling black eyes; she had on a gayly colored calico dress and a little red jacket, and a handkerchief tied on her head. She gathered and brought me some of the lavender. Then she asked me if that gentleman was my father, etc., and why I wore a hat and long dress (riding skirt). She amused me very much. Then we went on again. We were very glad we weren't on donkeys, it was so hot and dry.

The six pillars in Baalbec can be seen from a great distance. About fifteen minutes from the ruins, outside of Baalbec, are eight pillars standing in a circle, with a great stone urn by them. They are made of a kind of granite which is brought from Egypt; there is none like it in Syria. No one knows what those pillars were put there for, all by themselves. Pretty soon we ride into Baalbec, and now the pillars stand out clear and grand against the blue sky and white mountains. But they looked so much smaller than I had imagined them, I was a little disappointed.

Arriving at the Victoria Hotel, we are ushered upstairs to a nice piazza, on which open the two rooms which we are to occupy, and from which we have an excellent view of the ruins. There are clean rush mats on the floor, two iron single bedsteads in each room, a long divan across one side of the room, centre-table, wash-stand, and two small closets in the wall, besides a large rug—all looking very clean and inviting.

It was now five o'clock, and after unpacking our saddle-bags and resting for about half an hour, we went over to the ruins. Papa took us first all around the outside wall, where the moat was when the Mohammedans used the temples as a fort. The stones are immense; all that are on the first tier above-ground are about twelve and a half feet thick and the same in width, some larger. The corner-stones each would make a respectable room. Coming around to the southwestern side, we are by the pillars which looked so small from such a short distance, but which in reality measure about twenty-two feet around the base, gradually enlarging toward the middle, and then narrowing again to the top. Some pillars have been thrown down by the Mohammedans, and we were able to examine the carving on the capitals, but a good deal is broken and spoiled. The pillars stand a few feet out from the temple, and the carving on the ceiling between them and it is something exquisite, so fine and correct. There were also some fluted pillars on the northeast side which were very beautiful.

The six pillars (belonging to the great temple, which has the largest foundation stones), are the most perfect of any that are left. They stand quite a distance from the other ruins, all alone, and look very grand and beautiful. They measure fourteen feet in diameter.

Then we went around to the eastern side, into the temple of Jupiter. As we go in, at one side of the entrance is a small opening close to the ground. I got flat down and squeezed through, then ascended a long, long flight of stairs, around and around, like a screw. I didn't know when I would reach the top. At last I came to a little *taka*, as it is called in Arabic, or a small window without glass. Going up a few more steps, I was at the top, on the broad wall. I had hard work getting out when I came down.

After that we went down to what are supposed to have been the stables. We go through a long, dark, broad passageway, on which open a great many stables, and smaller passages leading to other stables. A native man, who was with us told us it was 280 steps from one end to the other. It is a question how this passage could have been lighted.

When we came out it was near seven o'clock, and we hurried back to the hotel for supper. After tea we went over to see an English lady who has a large day school for the Baalbec children, most of them Moslems.

The next morning, after breakfast, we went over again to the ruins, and examined them more carefully. We brought away some little pieces of the Egyptian granite.

Then we went up to Bas el ain, or "Head of the Spring," ten or fifteen minutes' walk from the ruins. The road leading to it from the village is lovely, bordered on both sides by trees, and then on one side by the river. Soon we come to a large green place, through which the river runs. There are great walnut trees on its bank,

and little mossy islands in it. The water is clearer than anything I ever saw; the pebbles at the bottom could be plainly seen, also the myriads of tiny fishes swimming about. We went clear up to the place where the water spouted up from beneath the rock. We staid there as long as we could, it was so delightful.

On our way back to dinner, as we passed the place where the new Government-house is being erected, we saw a statue of Venus without her head. It was found when they were digging the foundations of the new hotel, the "Palmyra." The head was carried off by an Englishman, who paid an immense price for it.

After dinner we went to see the great stone in the quarry. It measures seventy feet long, seventeen feet wide, and fourteen high. Three good rooms could be cut in it, leaving room for partition walls. It is cut very correctly, and is one of the most wonderful things we saw there. Next day, after an early breakfast, we set out on donkeys for Zahleh, stopping about one o'clock for our lunch. We were six hours on the way. That afternoon the Pasha arrived at Zahleh. The house-tops were crowded with people watching to see him go by. He was invited to the Governor's house. The Governor is not a rich man, and so they borrowed a good many things for his entertainment; among them was a wash-stand from the missionary. The soldier who came to take it wanted to know if he should take the tooth-brushes also! They sent the turkey, etc., to be roasted at the missionary's house, for they had no oven. In the evening rockets were fired off.

The next morning we bade good-by to our kind Zahleh friends, and returned home, having had a very delightful time.

JENNIE C. P. (12 years old).

Very few girls of your age, Jennie, are able to write so charming a descriptive letter as this which we are all reading with delight. Your pen has drawn pictures for us. Not many little girls, however, have had your splendid opportunity of visiting grand historic ruins and journeying through the beautiful Syrian mountains.

The receipts for your favorite Arab dishes will appear next week.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* only a month, but I think it is the best paper I have ever taken. I love to read the Post-office Box very much. The children tell about their pets, so I think I will write to you about ours. We have a little rooster named Johnny. One night last summer the rats caught him, and hurt his legs so badly that it is perfectly useless. We have a large hen that takes up for him when the other chickens peck him and hurt him, and at night, when the old hen goes to roost, the little rooster comes, and she opens her wing, and he gets in under it and goes to sleep. Then when the old hen dusts herself in the ash box he will come up and get close to her, so that when she shakes herself the dust will fly on him. Then we have a little bird named Dicky, and he is very tame. We let him out of his cage, and he flies around and alights on our shoulders, and pecks us on the ear and neck. One day mamma was writing a letter, and he came and got on it before it was dry and blotted it. CHARLIE D.

The writer of the following letter has a genuine love of her native land and its history.

NEW MARKET, TENNESSEE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—It is two years since my last letter to you was printed. Then I told you about my little twin brother and sister, Josie and Jessie, who are now nearly three years old. In *YOUNG PEOPLE*, No. 205, page 760, is a perfect picture of Jessie, as "Little Curly Head." Josie is also a curly head, with deep blue eyes and a happy nature. He makes funny speeches, but has not learned to pronounce his "t's"; he calls me "Girlic." When they were born, papa set out a chestnut-tree for each of them—tiny trees that came in the mail—but they are now ten feet high, and are growing beautifully. Although I am twelve years old, I have been at school only two years altogether, but my studies at home keep me busy, reading American history or studying geography. It seems fortunate to live in such a great and beautiful country. I like to read the historical sketches of Mr. George Cary Eggleston. Ever since mamma told me my great-great-grand-papa, John Stark, led the gallant fellows who thrashed the British at Bennington, I have taken more interest in history, and want to learn more about the wise and brave men (and women too) who did such good work at the beginning of our great republic. And don't you think, dear Postmistress, that girls as well as boys should know more about the lives of our statesmen and heroes before they learn about the kings and queens and soldiers of other lands? It would be too bad to grow up like a nice old lady who once called on us, and seeing the pictures of George and Martha Washington on our sitting-room wall, asked who they were. When mamma told her, the old lady said, "Some of your kinsfolk, I reckon. Martha favors you" (pointing at me). "Oh no," said mamma, laughing; "George Washington was our first President, a great and good man."

"Why, laws a-massy," exclaimed our visitor, "I never heard of him. I reckon he was afore Jackson's time." Here also, in our sitting-room, is a large picture of Garfield, whose life was so interesting and whose death so sad. I have a small picture of him, taken when he was fourteen. He looks like many another country boy; but was he not a noble boy at that age to go away from home to chop so many cords of wood, and, when he was paid for it, to carry the money home to his dear mother? God bless her! Some boys I know, if they had the courage to do so much hard work, would want to buy a bicycle, a Texas saddle, a silver watch, or something of that kind. GERTRUDE E. W.

It is well for boys and girls to be thoroughly taught United States history, and to be familiar with our own great names, but we must not neglect the history of older countries. As you study, you will find that it is a good plan to take history up in periods, reviewing the whole world in this way.

NEWTONVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am eleven in July. I have a bird and a cat. I have a little niece two months old. My sister teaches me, and I like it very much. "I have a brother twelve years old, who goes to the public school. I have written once before to *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, but the letter wasn't published. I like it very much; I have taken it for a long time. I like to read very much, and I like *Little Women* better than anything I have read. I like all Miss Alcott's books very much. My sister and I had a sewing bee last fall of twenty little girls, who came every other Saturday to sew for poor babies. We took the things into Miss B.'s home, and they liked them very much indeed.

E. A. W.

That was a perfectly lovely thing to do. I am sure you enjoyed it.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and live with my mamma and papa and three brothers. I have a very kind auntie, who lives in Iowa, and who has been sending my brothers and myself the *YOUNG PEOPLE* for four years. Our whole family enjoy reading the paper very much, because there are so many nice stories in it. I have only one pet, and that is a dear Maltese pussy that a lady brought from Pennsylvania and gave to me; her name is Fanny, and she is quite old. My brothers have a bay horse named Ned, and mamma has a black and more gentle one, named Kitty, that she can drive. We have no relatives in Lawrence, but a very dear grandma who lives in Iowa City, and who always remembers when birthdays and Christmas are near, so that makes up for it.

NELLIE A.

WINTARIA COTTAGE, CARTARET, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am not a very little girl, but I take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* and a great many very interesting books and papers published by Harper & Brothers. I have duplicate specimens of fossiliferous limestone (Cincinnati and Niagara), a spine of a sea-urelin in chalk, and several other specimens, and will send them to some of your little readers if they will send stamps for their postage. If I have more than one applicant I will divide the specimens as nearly equally as I can. Will you please tell the children? and please ask them to write before they send for the specimens. Address

MRS. FRANK W. TRATHAGEN,
Box 256, Rahway, New Jersey.

MONOMOY POINT LIGHT-HOUSE, HARWICH PORT,
MASSACHUSETTS.

I live in a light-house on Monomoy Island in the summer. In winter I live at our home in Harwich, Massachusetts, which is eight miles across Chatham Bay. I go to school in the winter, and mamma teaches me at home in the summer. I go with papa almost every night to light the lamp in the tower. The tower is painted red, and is thirty feet high, and stands about one hundred yards from the Atlantic Ocean. There is a life-saving station two miles and a quarter from here. My uncle is the keeper, and I go to see them drill. Papa has a sail-boat, and I have a little boat ten inches long, which I sail in the harbor when the wind does not blow too hard. I have no playmates except a large water-dog, whose name is Spot. He will bring out of the surf the fowl that papa shoots, and he will bring anything that we throw into the water. I have a velocipede that I ride on around the light-house. There is a large platform built around the house, so as to keep the beach sand away from the buildings. I have good times here in summer, rowing, fishing, swimming, and sailing. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since it was first printed. Papa has bound all the volumes, and I have four nice books. I like "The Ice Queen" the best of all the long stories, and "Mr. Thompson" of the short ones. I am eight years old, and I like to study my lessons. Geography I like the best of my studies. Grandpa gave me a large map New-Years. From a lover of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. MARCO B. J.

WHITE HAVEN, TENNESSEE.

I am a boy eight years old, and do not like to go to school, but love to play ball and marbles. I got sixty-five head marks at school for perfect lessons. The young people have a literary club here, and I am a member, and say speeches at school. I have a pet cat, and want a goat very much. I have four cousins in the same house with me, all of them boys, and one a little baby named Sam. We are your little Southern friends, and enjoy the nice paper. This is the first year we have taken it. As this is my first letter, I hope to see it in print, and will look in every paper for it. THOMAS H.

For a boy who does not love school, you did wonderfully well. Now if you will only begin to love it, you will be able to count your head marks by hundreds.

POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

My teacher said I might write a letter to you to-day instead of a composition. I used to see *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* at my teacher's, and liked it so much that papa said we might take it. I like to read the stories and look at the pretty pictures. I can paint and play on the piano. I have no brother, but I have three sisters. I was sick when I was little, and when I got well I was deaf and dumb; but now I am learning to talk, which I think is very much nicer than making signs with the fingers. A little boy that I know goes to the Institution in Philadelphia, and he talks with his fingers. A little girl said I was not deaf and dumb, but I was deaf and smart. I wish you could see how pretty the mountains look around Pottsville now. The laurel will soon be in bloom. MAMIE R. K.

You dear child! How glad I am that you can make music for others, though you can not hear it yourself!

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in wheat, but not in rye.
My second is in laugh, but not in cry.
My third is in stop, but not in go.
My fourth is in think, but not in know.
My fifth is in white, but not in black.
My sixth is in niche, but not in crack.
My seventh is in lingo, but not in screw.
My eighth is in paste, but not in glue.
My ninth is in moon, but not in star.
My tenth is in engine, but not in car.
My whole is—guess it if you can—
The name of a good and famous man.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

- 2.—My first is in eagle, not in hawk.
My second is in ash, but not in pine.
My third is in horse, but not in mule.
My fourth is in friend, also in foe.
My fifth is in ice, but not in snow.
My sixth is in brace, but not in bit.
My seventh is in lake, but not in pond.
My eighth is in dress, but not in gown.
My whole is the name of a famous man,
An honored, lamented American.

J. HOWELL K.

No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A letter. 2. A minor. 3. Was anxious.
 4. From head to foot. 5. Dances. 6. Quits. 7. Blows. 8. Common abbreviations. 9. A letter.
- NAVAJO.
- 2.—1. A letter. 2. The young of a wild animal.
 3. Compeers. 4. Coaxed. 5. Self-moving. 6. Hindered. 7. A common vessel in the Mediterranean.
 8. Effected. 9. A letter.
- NAVAJO.

No. 3.

A VERY EASY SQUARE.

1. Not good. 2. A liquor. 3. A cage.
- WALLACE H. KEEP.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 210.

- No. 1.—Lambrequin. Base-ball.
No. 2.—T-ask. C-age. S-can. H-at. S-table.
G-lass.
No. 3.—S-t-rap. S-p-are. S-k-ill. S-c-owl.
S-c-ore.
No. 4.—
- | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M | O | D | E | R | O | S | E |
| O | V | E | N | O | D | O | R |
| D | E | A | D | S | O | F | A |
| E | N | D | S | E | R | A | S |

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Paul Boeh, Amy and Fannie Dryden, Alfred B. Lord, William Lamping, Sherman K. Hart, Boyt Weil, C. L. Holt, G. Shoppers, Navajo, The Man in the Moon, Florence E. Stryker, B. C. E., Jesse L. Godine, Amy Best, Lulu Pearl White, Thomas Inglis, Chalmers Bell, and Daisy J.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A SHIP IN DISTRESS.

A SHIP at sea sprang a leak which could only be stopped by a piece of wood measuring twelve feet square. Unfortunately the only plank the crew had on board was nine feet wide and sixteen feet long; and yet the carpenter contrived by one

upon it to keep his hawser taut and from touching the water. Very soon he reached the shore, and quickly leaping to terra firma, he sped his way homeward.

Thinking that he might be a special expert, and an exception in that line of boatmanship to the rest of his companions, I tried several of them. They all came to shore in like manner.

cut to divide the long piece of wood so that the two pieces formed an exact square. How did he do it?

THEY ALL KNEW HOW.

I TOOK a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip, and set him afloat on the quiet waters of the pond. He walked all about the sides of his bark, surveying the situation very carefully, and when the fact that he was really afloat and about a yard from shore seemed to be fully comprehended, he looked out for the nearest land.

This point fairly settled upon, he immediately began to cast a web for it. He threw it as far as possible in the air, and with the wind. It soon reached the shore, and made fast to the spires of grass. Then he turned himself about, and in true sailor fashion began to haul in hand over hand on his cable. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move toward the shore. As it moved the faster, he the faster drew



THE RACCOON AND THE BUTTERMILK PAIL.—By EVA LOVETT CARSON.

THE Raccoon sat on the buttermilk pail,
And touched his light guitar;
He wept as he sang to a pensive air
His "Ode to a Falling Star."
And he kept one eye where the moonlight fell
On the chicken-house door ajar.

The buttermilk pail was upside down,
You might see with half an eye;
The Raccoon smiled when he saw it there,
But he set it down with a sigh
To think that the buttermilk was all gone,
And he so thirsty—"Oh my!"

But the chickens roosted high that night.
The Raccoon he waited long;
He sang to one and another air
The words of the same old song.
And he feared as he sat on the buttermilk pail
That something or other was wrong.

The farmer stirred about in his sleep,
And sat straight up in bed.
"That rascal's singing again to-night,"
And the farmer shook his head;
"He's singing a song that is much too sad,"
The wise old farmer said.

The farmer took his gun that night
To shoot that sly old 'coon,
And the 'coon picked up his light guitar,
And hoped he'd get home soon.
For an angry man with a gun in his hand
He could see by the light of the moon.

But when the farmer had chased that 'coon
A full mile down the road,
He went back to find his chickens gone,
As a ray of his lantern showed:
For one Raccoon had carried them off
While the other one sang his "Ode."